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YOUNG BENJAMIN FRANKLIN;

OR,

The Right Road through Life.

A STORY TO SHOW HOW YOUNG BENJAMIN LEARNED THE PRINCIPLES
WHICH RAISED HIM FROM A PRINTER'S BOY TO THE FIRST
EMBASSADOR OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

A BOY'S BOOK ON A BOY'S OWN SUBJECT.

BY

HENRY MAYHEW,

AUTHOR OF "THE PEASANT-BOY PHILOSOPHER," "THE WONDERS OF
SCIENCE; OR, YOUNG HUMPHREY DAVY," &c., &c.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN GILBERT,

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1862.

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"But the work shall not be lost."—*Passage from the Epitaph of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself.*

"It's hard for an empty sack to stand upright."—*Proverb from Poor Richard's Almanac.*

TO THE

RIGHT HON. EDWARD HENRY,
LORD STANLEY, M.P., Etc., Etc., Etc.

MY LORD,—You have been so uniformly kind to me in my labors upon social matters, that, as the present book treats of subjects in which you have always taken a lively interest, I have availed myself of this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to you, and of assuring you that I am, my lord, yours, with every sentiment of esteem for your friendship and admiration for your genius,

HENRY MAYHEW.

3 Kensington Square, 17th December.

P R E F A C E.

It was Walter Scott who first raised his voice against the folly of writing down to the child, saying, wisely enough, that the true object among authors for the young should be to write the child up to the man. As people talk broken English to Frenchmen, and nurses prattle the baby dialect to babies, so it was once thought that boys' books should be essentially puerile—as puerile in subject and puerile in style as the tales about “Don't-care Harry” (who was torn to pieces by a hungry lion merely because he *would* persist in declaring that he “didn't care” about certain things in life), and such-like tender bits of verdure that used to grace the good old English spelling-books of some quarter of a century back.

Conformably to the Walter Scott theory, this volume has *not* been penned with the object of showing boys the delight of slaying a buffalo or a bison, nor yet with the view of impressing upon them the nobility of fighting or fagging at school. The one purpose of the book is to give young men some sense of the principles that should guide a prudent, honorable, generous, and refined gentleman through the world. It does not pre-

tend to teach youth the wonders of optics, chemistry, or astronomy, but to open young eyes to the universe of beauty that encompasses every enlightened spirit, and to give the young knights of the present day some faint idea of the chivalry of life, as well as to develop in them some little sense of, and taste for, the poetry of action and the grace of righteous conduct.

It has long appeared to the author that the modern system of education is based on the fallacy that to manufacture a wise man is necessarily to rear a good one. The intellect, however, is but the servant of the conscience (the impulses or propensities of mankind being merely the *executive*, rather than the *governing* and *originating* faculty of our natures); and hence the grand mistake of the teachers of our time has been to develop big brains at the cost of little hearts—to cram with science and to ignore poetry—to force the scholar with a perfect hot-bed of languages, and yet to stunt the worthy with an utter want of principle; in fine, to rear Palmers, Dean Pauls, Redpaths, Davisons, Robsons, Hughes, Watts, and a whole host of well-educated and hypocritical scoundrels, rather than a race of fine upright gentlemen. Society, however, seems to have had its fill of the mechanics' institute mania; the teachy-preachy fever appears to have come to a crisis; and, in the lull of the phrensy, the author of the present book wishes to say *his* say upon the means of worldly welfare, the laws of worldly

happiness, and the rules of worldly duty to the young men of the present generation.

As to the handling of the subject, some explanation is needed. Uncle Benjamin, who is made the expounder of the Franklinian philosophy to the boy Benjamin himself, is not a purely imaginary character. He has been elaborated into greater importance here, certainly, than he assumes in the biography of his nephew; but this has been done upon that Shaksperian rule of art, which often throws an internal moral principle into an external *dramatis persona*; and as the witches in Macbeth are merely the outward embodiment, in a weird and shadowy form, of Macbeth's own ambition, and have obviously been introduced into the play with the view of giving a kind of haunted and fatalistic air to a bloody and devouring passion (a passion, indeed, that, if represented really and crudely, rather than ideally and grandly, as it is, would have made the tragedy an object of execration instead of sympathy—a bit of filthy literality out of the Royal Newgate Calendar, instead of a fine supernatural bit of fate, overshadowed with the same sense of doom as an old Greek play); even so, in a small way, has Uncle Ben here been made the exponent of the Franklin view of life, rather than his nephew Benjamin to be the first to conceive and develop it. Some may urge that, by this means, the genius of Franklin is reduced from its original, cast-iron, economic character, to a mere sec-

ond-rate form of prudential mind. Nevertheless, there must have been *some* reason for the printer-embassador's "Poor Richardism;" say it was organization, temperament, or idiosyncrasy, if you will, that made him the man he was; still the replication to such a plea is, that even these are now acknowledged to be more or less derivative qualities, in which the family type is often found either exaggerated into genius or dwarfed into idiocy. Hence it is believed that no very great historic violence has been committed here in making a member of the Franklin family the father of Benjamin Franklin's character, even as his parents were assuredly the progenitors of his "*lithiasis*." Moreover, Uncle Benjamin was his godfather, and that in the days when godfatherhood was regarded as a far different duty (the duty of moral and religious supervision) from the mere bit of silver-spoon-and-fork-odand that it is now. Again, from the printer's own description of the character of his uncle, it is plain that Uncle Ben was not the man to ignore any duty he had taken upon himself. Besides, the old man lived in the house with Benjamin's father, and had himself only one son (who was grown up and settled as a cutler in the town); so that, as the uncle was comparatively childless, it has been presumed that the instinctive fondness of age for youth might have led the old boy to be taken with the budding intellect and principles of his little nephew and namesake, and thus to have exceeded his

sponsorial duties so far as to have become the boy's best friend and counselor, loving him like a son, and training him like a novice. Farther we know that Uncle Benjamin was a man of some observation and learning; he appears also to have been a person of considerable leisure, and perhaps of some little means (for we do not hear of his following any occupation in America); so that, when we remember how slight is the addition that even the profoundest geniuses make to the knowledge-fund of the world, and how little advance those who take even the longest strides make upon such as have gone before them, we can not but admit that Franklin must have got the substratum of his knowledge and principles *somewhere*—since, born under different circumstances, he would have been a wholly different man. Surely, then, there is no great offense offered to truth in endeavoring to explain artistically how Benjamin Franklin became the man he was, nor any great wrong done to history in using Uncle Ben as the means of making out to youths what was the peculiar “Old Richard” philosophy that distinguished the printer-sage in after life. The main object was to give the young reader a sense of the early teachings Benjamin Franklin when a boy *might have* received (and doubtlessly *did* receive) from his old Non-conformist uncle, and accordingly the latter has been made, if not the virtual hero, at least the prime mover of the incidents in the present book.

Those critics who know the difficulties of the problem with which the author has had to deal—who are acquainted with the many speculations that have been advanced as to the seat and sources of the intellectual and other pleasures of our nature, will readily discern that the principles here enunciated have not been “decanted” out of previous æsthetic treatises, but are peculiar to the present work, and spring—naturally, it is hoped—from the idiosyncrasy of the characters enunciating them. Again, it is but fair to enforce that the views here given as to the means by which labor is made pleasant have sprung out of the author’s previous investigations rather than his readings, and so, indeed, has that part of the book which seeks to impress the reader with a livelier sense of the claims of the luckless, and even the criminal, to our respect and earnest consideration. Principles, in fine, that have cost the author a life to acquire, are often expressed in a chapter, and expressed, it is hoped, sufficiently in keeping with the current of the story to render it difficult for the reader to detect where the function of dramatizing ends and that of propounding begins.

The “jail proper” described in this book is hardly the jail proper belonging to little Benjamin Franklin’s time.

Nor has the deviation from historic propriety been made unadvisedly. It is generally as idle as it is morbid to paint past horrors. To have set forth the atrocities and iniquities practiced in the

British jails a century and a half ago would have been following in the track of the pernicious French school of literature, where every thing is sacrificed to melodramatic intensity, and which is forever striving to excite a spasm rather than gratify a taste.

The genius of true English landscape painting, on the contrary, is "repose;" and the genius of modern English poetry is "repose" too—a kind of Sabbath feeling which turns the heart from the grossnesses and vanities of human life, and lets the work-day spirit loose among the quiet, shady, and healthful beauties of nature. The intense school and the repose school are the two far-distant extremes of all art, and they differ as much from each other as the sweet refreshment of an evening by one's own fireside does from the heated stimulus of a tavern debauch.

For these artistic reasons, then, the dead bones of the old jail iniquities and cruelties have not been disinterred and set up as a bugaboo here. Such a picture might have been *true* to the time, but mere literal truth is a poor thing after all. Why, Gustave le Gray's wonderful photograph of the Sunlight on the Sea, that is hanging before our eyes as we write, is as true as "Mangnall's Questions;" and yet what a picturesque barbarism, and even falsity it is! It no more renders what only human genius can seize and paint—the expression, the feeling, the soul of such a scene—than the camera obscura can fac-simile the human

eye in a portrait, or give us the faintest glimmer of the high Vandyke quality—the profound thinking, talking pupils of that grand old countenance in our National Gallery.

But the real object which the author of this book had in view was to wake not only his boy hero up to a sense of duty, but other boys also, and to let them know (even without doing any great violence to the natural truth of things) what prison iniquities are still daily wrought in the land in which we live. The jail proper of the present story (though the scene *is* laid in British America before the declaration of Independence, and dates a century and a half back) is a mere transcript of a well-known jail now standing in the first city in the world in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty. The details given here are the bare literalities noted by the author only a few months back, and printed in his account of the metropolitan prisons in that wretched fragment of a well-meant scheme, the “Great World of London.” There, if the skeptic needs proof, he can get chapter and verse, and learn that many of the facts here given were recorded in the presence of some of the visiting justices themselves. Jails may have been bad a hundred years ago, but this plague-spot of the first city in the world seems to the author worse than all, because it still goes on after Howard’s labors—after Brougham’s reforms—after Sheriff Watson’s fine industrial schools ; yes, there it stands, giving the

lie to all our May-day meetings, our ragged schools, our city missions, and pretended love of the destitute, the weak, and the suffering. We no longer wonder that the atrocities of the French Bastille roused the Parisian people to rush off in a body and tumble the old prison-citadel down into a heap of ruins; and if Tothill Fields lay across the Channel, the same indignant outrage might perhaps be again enacted. But here, good easy citizens as we are, we pay our poor-rates; we call ourselves miserable sinners, in a loud voice, once a week, from a cosy pew; our "good lady" belongs to a district visiting society, and distributes tracts in the back slums; we put our check into the plate, after a bottle or two of port, at a charity dinner; and, this done, we are *self-content*.

We once passed a quiet half hour with Mr. Calcraft, the hangman, and in the course of the conversation he alluded to *Mrs. Calcraft*! The words no sooner fell upon the ear than a world of wonder filled the brain. Even *he*, then, had somebody to care about him. There was somebody to hug and caress him before he left his home in that scratch wig and fur cap in which we saw him come disguised to Newgate (for the "roughs" had threatened to shoot him), and carrying that small ominous satchel basket, at two in the morning, on the day of Bousfield's execution.

The wretched lads in Tothill Fields prison are worse off than Calcraft himself. They have nobody in the world to care about *them*.

Nobody! Yet, stay, we forget; there is this same Calcraft to look after a good many of them.

In fine—to drop the author and speak *in propria personâ*—I have attempted to write a book which, while it treated of some subject that a boy would be likely to attend to, should at the same time admit of enunciating such principles as I wished *my own* boy, and other boys as good, and as honest, and earnest as he, to carry with them through life; and yet I have striven, while writing it, to do no positive violence to truth either in the love of one's art or in the heat of one's "purpose." In plain English, I have sought to be consistent to nature—true to the spirit, perhaps, rather than the letter of things—even though I had a peculiar scheme to work out. And now, such as it is, I give the present volume to the youth of the time, in the hope that it may serve them for what I myself felt the want of more than any thing after leaving Westminster School, as a young man crammed to the tip of one's tongue with Latin and Greek and nothing else, viz., for something like a guide to what Uncle Ben calls "the right road through life."

H. M.

YOUNG BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

PART I.

YOUNG BEN'S LOVE OF THE SEA, AND HOW HE
WAS WEANED FROM IT.

CHAPTER I.

“WHAT EVER SHALL WE DO WITH THE BOY?”

A PRETTY chubby-faced boy, with a pair of cheeks rosy and plump as ripe peaches, was Master Benjamin Franklin in his teens.

Dressed in a tiny three-cornered hat, a very small pair of “smalls,” or knee-breeches, and a kind of little, stiff-skirted, fan-tailed surtout, he looked like a Greenwich pensioner in miniature, or might have been mistaken (had the colors been gayer) for the little fat fairy coachman to Cinderella's state carriage.

It would have made a pretty picture to have handed down to our time could an artist have sketched the boy, as he sat beside his toy ship, in the old-fashioned, dark back parlor behind the tallow-chandler's store, “at the corner of Hanover and Union Streets,” in the city of Boston, New England.

Over the half curtain of a glass door a long deep fringe of white candles, varied with heavy, tassellike bunches of “sixes” and “eights,” might be seen dangling from the rafters of the adjoining

shop, with here and there several small stacks of yellow and white soap, in ingot-like bars, ranged along the upper shelves; and the eye could also catch glimpses of the square brown paper cap which crowned the head of Josiah Franklin (the proprietor of the establishment, and father of *our* Benjamin) wandering busily about, as the shop-bell was heard to tinkle-tinkle with the arrival of fresh customers, seeking supplies of the "best mottled" or "dips."

The back parlor itself, being lighted only from the shop, was dim as a theatre by day, so that all around was wrapped in the rich transparent brown shade of what artists call "clear obscure." The little light pervading the room shone in faint lustrous patches upon the bright pewter platters and tin candlesticks that were arranged as ornaments on the narrow wooden mantelpiece, while it sparkled in spots in one corner of the apartment, where, after a time, the eye could just distinguish a few old china cups and drinking-glasses set out on the shelves of the triangular cupboard.

In this little room sat Benjamin's mother, spinning till the walls hummed like a top with the drone of her wheel, and his sister Deborah, who was busy making a mainsail for the boy's cutter out of an old towel, now that she had finished setting the earthen porringers for the family supper of bread and milk; while young Ben himself appeared surrounded with a litter of sticks intended for masts and yards, and whipcord for rigging, and with the sailless hull of his home-made vessel standing close beside him on its little stocks (made out of an inverted wooden footstool), and seeming as if ready to be "laid up in ordinary"—under the dresser.

The boy had grown tired of his daily work; for the candle-wicks which his father had set him to

cut lay in tufts about the deck of his boat, and the few snips of cotton on the sanded floor told how little of his task he had done since dinner-time.*

Indeed, it did not require much sagacity to perceive that Benjamin hated the unsavory pursuits of soap-boiling and candle-making, and delighted in the more exciting enterprises of shipping and seafaring. On the bench at his elbow was the bundle of rushes that had been given him to trim, in readiness for what was his especial horror—the approaching “melting-day,” together with the frame of pewter moulds that required to be cleaned for the new stock of “cast candles.” But both of these were in the same state as he had received them in the morning; whereas the coat of the boy, and the ground all about him, were speckled with chips from the old broomstick that he had been busy shaping into a main-mast for his miniature yacht, and near at hand were two small pipkins filled with a pennyworth of black and white paint, with which he had been striping the sides of the little vessel, and printing the name of the “FLYING DUTCHMAN, OF BOSTON,” upon her stern.

The craft itself did no small credit to young Benjamin’s skill as a toy ship-builder, though certainly her “lines” were more in the washing-tub style of naval architecture than the “wave-principle” of modern American clippers; for the hull

* “At ten years old,” are Franklin’s own words, given in the history of his boyhood, written by himself, “I was taken to help my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler—a business to which he was not bred, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, because he found that his dyeing trade, being in little request, would not maintain his family. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wicks for the candles, filling the moulds for ‘cast candles,’ attending to the shop, and going errands, etc.” At the opening of our story, the lad is supposed to have been some time at this trade.

was fashioned after the shape of the Dutch "dogger-boats" in the Boston harbor, and had the appearance of an enormous wooden shoe.

It had taken one of the largest logs from the wood-house to build the boat, for she was the size of a doll's cradle at least. It had cost no little trouble, too, and broken not a few gouges in hollowing out a "hold" for her—even as big as a pie-dish; and now that the mighty task had been accomplished, she had sufficient capacity under her hatches to carry a crew of white mice, and might, on an emergency, have stowed away victuals for a squirrel skipper to winter upon.

Yet, in his heart, Benjamin found little pleasure in the amusement. He knew he was neglecting his work for it; he knew, too, that his half-Puritan father regarded disobedience as the prime cause of all error, so that playing at such a time was, after all, but sorry, deadly-lively sport to him. Instead of being delighted with the pastime, he went about it in fear and trembling—with one eye on the miniature mast he was shaping, and the other intently watching the movements of the dreaded brown paper cap in the shop without. Every turn of the door-handle made his little heart flutter like a newly-trapped bird, and every approaching footstep was like the click of a pistol in his ear; so that the stick almost fell from his hand involuntarily with the fright, and the candle-wicks and scissors were suddenly snatched up instead, while an air of the most intense industry was assumed for the time being.

Indeed, the boy's life of late had been one continual struggle and fight between his inclinations and his duty. For the last two years he had been supposed to be engaged at his father's business, though, from the work being any thing but a "labor of love" to him, he had really been occupied

with other things. He was forever longing to get away to sea, and nothing delighted him but what, so to speak, smacked of “the tar;” whereas he sickened at the smell of the “melting-days,” and the mere sight of the tallow was associated in his mind with a youthful horror of mutton fat.*

Born and bred within a stone’s throw of the beautiful Bay of Massachusetts, his earliest games with the children of his acquaintance had been in jumping from barge to barge alongside the quay, and ever since the little fellow had been breeched he had been able to scull a boat across the “basin,” while in his schoolhood he and his cronies were sure every holiday to be out sailing or rowing over to some one of the hundred islands that dappled the blue expanse of water round about the city.

Steering had been the boy’s first exercise of power, and the pleasure the little cockswain had felt in making the boat answer as readily as his own muscles to his will had charmed him with the sailor’s life, while the danger connected with the pursuit served only to increase the delight of triumphing over the difficulties. Again, to his young fancy, a ship at sea seemed as free as the gull in the air† (though it has been well said, on the contrary, that a ship is a “prison without any

* “I disliked the trade,” Franklin tells us himself, in the account of his early life, “and had a strong inclination to go to sea; my father, however, declared against it. But, residing near the water, I was much in it and on it. I learned to swim well, and to manage boats; and when embarked with other boys I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in case of any difficulty.”

† The writer (who was a midshipman in his youth) would seriously advise boys to abandon all such silly notions as to the pleasures of a sailor’s life, for he can conscientiously say that it is not only the hardest and most perilous of all callings, but one in which the *living*, the *housing*, and the *gains* are of the poorest possible kind.

chance of escape"). Nor did he ever see a vessel, with its white pouty sails, glide like a snowy summer cloud across the bay toward the silver ring of the horizon without wondering what the sailors would find beyond it, and longing to be with the crew, to visit strange countries and people, and see what the earth was like, and whether it was really true that there was no end to the world, nor any place where one could stand on the brink of it, and look down into the great well of space below.

For the last hour or two, however, the youth had laid aside his ship tools, and, having given his sister instructions about the sail she had promised to make for him, had taken from his pocket the book which his brother-in-law, Captain Holmes—he who had married his half-sister Ruth, and was master of a sloop—had brought him that day (as he ran in at dinner-time just to shake hands with them all), on his return from his last voyage to England. Benjamin had been burning to read the volume all the day long; for it was entitled "*The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, by Daniel De Foe,*" and the captain had told him that it had "only just been published in London" at the time when he had set sail from that port.

From his earliest childhood the little fellow had been "passionately fond" of reading, and all the halfpence his big brothers and his Uncle Benjamin gave him he was accustomed to devote to the purchase of books.* A new book, therefore,

* "From my infancy," says our hero, in the narrative of his boyhood, "I was passionately fond of reading, and all the money that came into my hands was laid out in the purchasing of books. I was very fond of voyages. . . . My father's little library consisted chiefly of works on polemic divinity, most of which I read. I have often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more

was the greatest treat that could possibly have been offered him, and such a one as his brother-in-law had brought him (for he had already turned over the leaves, and seen that it was about a sailor cast away on a desert island) was more than he could keep his eyes off till bedtime.

It had been like a red-hot coal in his pocket all day.

So, now that his mast was “stepped,” and Deborah was getting on with the sail, young Benjamin had got the volume spread open on his knees, and was too deeply absorbed in the marvelous history of Crusoe’s strange island life to think either of the wicks, the rushes, or the mould for the “cast candles,” or even the punishment that surely awaited him for his neglect.

Again and again his mother had entreated him to put down the volume and go on with the wicks.

“Benjamin,” she would cry aloud, to rouse the lad from the trance he had fallen into, “do give over reading till after work-time, there’s a good child!”

The eager boy, however, sat with his nose almost buried in the leaves, and, without raising his eyes from the book, merely begged to be allowed to read to the end of “*that* chapter;” though no sooner was one finished than the pages were turned over to learn the length of the next, and another begun.

“I wish Captain Holmes had never brought you the book!” the kind-hearted mother would exclaim, with a sigh, while she tapped the treadle of her wheel the quicker for the thought—inter-

proper books had not fallen in my way. There was among them ‘Plutarch’s Lives,’ which I read abundantly, and still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe’s, called ‘An Essay on Projects.’”

jecting the next minute, as she heard the shop-bell tinkle, and stretched up her neck, as usual, to look over the blind, and see who was the new-comer: "Why, there's your Uncle Benjamin got back from meeting, I declare! It will only lead, I'm afraid, to fresh words between you and your father. Your head, Ben, is too full of the sea already, without any vain story-books of sailors' adventures to lead you astray."

"I am sure it was very kind of the captain," little Ben would reply, "to make me such a nice present; but he always brings every one of us something at the end of each voyage. I can't talk to you, though, just now, mother; for, if I was to get the strap for it, I couldn't break off in the middle of this story—it's so nice and interesting, you can't tell;" and the lad again bent his head over the pages, so that the long hair, that usually streamed down upon his shoulders, hung over the leaves, and he kept tossing the locks peevishly back as he gloated over the text.

In a moment he was utterly lost again in the imaginary scenes before him; and then he no more heard his mother tell him that she was sure it was time to think about putting the shutters up, than if he had been fast asleep. Neither could sister Deborah get a word from him, even though she wanted instructions as to where to place the little "reef-points" upon his mimic main-sail.

"Benjamin! Benjamin!" cried the mother, as she rose from her wheel and shook the boy, to rouse him from his trance, "do *you* know, sirrah, that your father will be in to supper directly, and here you haven't cut so much as one bundle of wicks all the day through? How shall I be able to screen you again from his anger, so strict as he is?"

The boy stared vacantly, as though he had been

suddenly waked up out of a deep slumber, and began to detail the incidents of the story he had just read, after the fashion of boys in general, from the time when stories were first invented. “Crusoe gets shipwrecked, you know, mother,” he started off, “and then he makes a raft, and goes off to the vessel, you know, and saves a lot of things from the ship, you know, and then, you know—”

“There! there! have done, boy!” cried the mother, in alarm; “this madness for the sea will be the ruin of you. Just think of the life Josiah Franklin has led since he went off as a cabin-boy, shortly after your father’s first wife died; for, though he was the late Mrs. Franklin’s pet child, I’ve heard your father say that he shut his doors upon him when he came back shoeless and shirtless at the year’s end, and whatever has become of the poor boy now, the Lord above only knows.”*

“But, mother,” persisted the lad, whose brain was still so inflamed by the excitement of the wondrous narrative that he could neither speak nor think of any thing else, “only let me tell you about what I have been reading—it’s so beautiful—and then I’ll listen patiently to whatever you’ve got to say;” and, without waiting for an answer, Ben began again: “Well, you know, mother, Crusoe gets a barrel or two of gunpowder from off the wreck, you know, and some tools as well; and

* “I continued thus employed,” says Franklin, in his Autobiography, “in my father’s business for two years—that is, till I was twelve years old; and then my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, and married, and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was every appearance that I was destined to supply his place, and become a tallow-chandler. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father had apprehensions that, if he did not put me to one more agreeable, I should break loose to go to sea, as my brother Josiah had done, to his great vexation.”

then he sets to work, you know, and builds himself a hut on the uninhabited island."

The dame paid no heed to the incidents detailed by the lad, but kept stretching her neck over the curtain of the glass door, and watching first the figure of her husband in the shop, and then glancing at the wooden clock against the wall, as if she dreaded the coming of the supper-hour, when she knew his father would be sure to demand of Benjamin an account of his day's work.

She was about to snatch the book from the boy's hands, and remove the cottons and the rushes out of sight, when suddenly the voice of the father, calling for Benjamin to bring him the wicks, dispelled the boy's dream, and made the mother tremble almost as much as it did the lad himself.

"Oh, mother, you'll beg me off once more, won't you?" sobbed the penitent Benjamin, as his disobedience now flashed upon him, for he knew how often his father had pardoned him for the same fault, and that he had warned him that no entreaties should prevent him punishing him severely for the next offense.

"Benjamin, I say!" shouted the voice, authoritatively, from the shop.

"Go to him, child," urged the mother, as she patted her pet boy (for he was the youngest) on the head to give him courage, "and confess your fault openly like a little man. You know the store your father sets upon a 'contrite heart,'" she added, in the conventicle cast of thought peculiar to the early settlers in New England; "and rest assured, if he but sees you repentant, his anger will give way; for the aim of all punishment, Benjamin, is to chasten, and not to torture; and penitence does that through the scourging of the spirit, which the other accomplishes through the suffering of the body."

“Go you instead of me, mother—*do*, now, there’s a dear. You will, won’t you, eh?” begged the little fellow, as he curled his arm coaxingly about her waist, and looked up at her through his tears. “Do you tell him, mother, I never shall be able to keep to the horrid candle-work, for I hate it—*that* I do; and though every night, when I lie awake, I make vows that I will not vex him again, but strive hard at whatever he gives me to do, still, when the next day comes, my heart fails me, and my spirit keeps pulling my body away” (the boy had caught the Puritanical phrases of the time), “and filling my head with the delight of being on the water; and then, for the life of me, I can’t keep away from my voyage-books, or my little ship, or something that reminds me of the sea. If you’d only get him to let me go with Captain Holmes—” and, as the dame turned her head away, he added quickly, “just for one voyage, dear mother—to see how I like it—oh! I’d—I’d—I don’t know what I’d not do for you, mother dear; I’d bring you and Deborah home such beautiful things then, and—”

The boyish protestations were suddenly cut short by the sight of the brown paper cap in the shop moving toward the parlor; so, without waiting to finish the sentence, the affrighted lad flung open the side door leading to the staircase, and scampered up to his room, with an imaginary parent following close at his heels.

Here the little fellow threw himself on the “trestle-bed” that stood in one corner of the garret, and lay for a time too terrified for tears; for his conscience converted the least noise into the approach of his father’s footsteps, so that he trembled like a leaf at every motion, his heart beating the while in his bosom like a flail.

After a time, however, the lad, finding he was left by himself, began to lay aside his fears, and to talk, as boys are wont to do, about the hardships he endured.

“He was sure he did every thing he possibly could,” he would mutter to himself, as he whimpered between the words, “and he thought it very cruel of them to force him to keep to that filthy, nasty candle-making, when they knew he couldn’t bear it, and, what was more, he never should like it, not even if he was to make ever so much money at it, and be able to keep a pony of his own into the bargain. Why wouldn’t they let him go to sea, he wondered? He called it very unkind, he did.” And the boy would doubtless have continued in the same strain, had not the little pet Guinea-pig, that he kept in an old bird-cage in one corner of his room, here given a squeak so shrill that it sounded more like the piping of a bird than the cry of a beast.

In a moment Benjamin had forgotten all his sorrows, and with the tear-drops still lingering in the corner of his eyes—like goutes of rain in flower-cups after a summer shower—he leaped from the bed, saying, “Ah! Master Toby Anderson, you want your supper, do you?” and the next minute his hand was inside the cage, dragging the plump little piebald thing from out its nest of hay.

Then, cuddling the pet creature close up in his neck, while he leaned his head on one side so as to keep its back warm with his cheek, he began prattling away to the animal almost as a mother does to her babe.

“Ah! Master Tiggy, that’s what you like, don’t you?” said Benjamin, as he stroked his hand along the sleek sides of the tame little thing till it made a noise like a cry of joy, somewhat between the

chirruping of a cricket and the pur of a cat. “You like me to rub your back, you *do*, you fond little rascal! But I’ve got bad news for Toby—there’s no supper for him to-night; no nice bread and milk for him to put his little pink tooties in while he eats it; for he’s got all the manners of the pig, that he has. Ah! he’ll have to go to bed, like his poor young master, on an empty stomach; for what do you think, Tiggy dear?—why, they’ve been very unkind to poor Benjamin, that they have;” and the chord once touched, the boy confided all his sorrows to the pet animal, as if it had been one of his cronies at school.

“I wouldn’t treat *you* so, would I, Toby?” he went on, hugging the little thing as he spoke; “for who gives the beauty nice apple-parings? and who’s a regular little piggy-wiggy for them?—who but Master Toby Anderson here. Ay, but to-night my little gentleman will have to eat his bed, though it won’t be the first time he has done *that*; for he dearly loves a bit of sweet new hay, don’t you, Tobe?”

Presently the boy cried, as the animal wriggled itself up the sleeve of his coat, “Come down here, sir! come down directly, I say!” and then standing up, he proceeded to shake his arm violently over the bed till the little black and white ball was dislodged from the new nestling-place he had chosen.

“Come here, you little rascal! Come and let me look at you! There, now, sit up and wash yourself with your little paws, like a kitten, for you’re going to bed shortly, I can tell you. Oh, he’s a beauty, that he is, with his black patch over one eye like a little bull-dog, and a little brown spot at his side, the very color of a pear that’s gone bad. Then he’s got eyes of his own like large black beads, and little tiddy ears that are as

soft and pinky as rose-leaves. He's a nice clean little tigg, too, and not like those filthy white mice that some boys keep, and which have such a nasty ratty smell with them—no! Toby smells of nice new hay instead. There! there's a fine fellow for you," cried the lad, as he rubbed up the tiny animal's coat the wrong way. "Why, he looks like a little baby hog with a mane of bristles up his neck. But Toby's no hog, that he isn't, for he wouldn't bite me even with my finger at his mouth—no! he only nibbles at it, to have a game at play, that's all. But come, Master Anderson, you must go back to your nest, and make the best supper you can off your bed-clothes; for you can't sleep with the cat to-night, so you'll have to keep yourself warm, old fellow, for I couldn't for the life of me go down stairs to get Pussy for you to cuddle just now."

The pet was at length returned to its cage, and Benjamin once more left to brood over his troubles; so he flung himself on the bed again, and began thinking how he could best avoid the punishment that he felt sure awaited him on the morrow.

Yet it was strange, he mused, his father had not called him down even to put the shutters up. Who had closed the shop? he wondered. They must have done supper by this time. Yes, that was the clatter of the things being taken away. Why didn't Deborah come to him? he always did to *her* when she was in disgrace. Who had asked a blessing on the food now he was away? Still he could not make out why he wasn't called down. Had mother begged him off as usual? No, that couldn't be, for father had threatened last time that he would listen to no more entreaties. Perhaps one of the deacons had come in

to talk with father about the affairs of the chapel in South Street,* or else Uncle Ben was reading to them his short-hand notes of the sermon he had gone to hear that evening.†

Soon, however, the sounds of his father's violin below stairs put an end to the boy's conjectures as to the occupation of the family, and as he crept outside the door to listen, he could hear them all joining in a hymn.‡

Still Benjamin could not make out why his punishment should be deferred. However, he made his mind up to one thing, and that was to be off to his brother-in-law, Captain Holmes, at daybreak on the morrow, and get him to promise to take him as a cabin-boy on his next voyage—for that would put an end to all the noises between his father and him.

The plan was no sooner framed than the lad was away in spirit again, sailing far over the sea, while he listened to the drone of the sacred tune below; until at last, tired out with his troubles, he fell asleep as he lay outside the bed, and woke

* “I remember well,” Franklin writes in the description he gives of his father's character in his *Autobiography*, “his being frequently visited by leading men, who consulted him for his opinion on public affairs, and those of the church he belonged to, and who showed a great respect for his judgment and advice.”

† “He had invented a short hand of his own,” says Franklin in his life, speaking of his Uncle Benjamin, “which he taught me; but, not having practiced it, I have now forgotten it. He was very pious, and an assiduous attendant at the sermons of the best preachers, which he reduced to writing according to his method, and had thus collected several volumes of them.”

‡ “My father was skilled a little in music. His voice was sonorous and agreeable, so that when he played on his violin, and sang withal, as he was accustomed to do after the business of the day was over, it was extremely agreeable to hear.”
—*Franklin's Autobiography*.

only when the air was blue with the faint light of the coming day.

His first thoughts, on opening his eyes, were of the chastisement that he felt assured was in store for him if he staid till his father was stirring. So, without waiting to tidy himself, he crept, with his shoes in his hand, as silently as possible down stairs, and then slipping them on his feet, he was off, like a frightened deer, to the water-side.

Come what might, little Ben was determined to be a sailor.

CHAPTER II.

“MISSING: A YOUNG GENTLEMAN—”

“If Benjamin Franklin will return to his home, all will be for—”

“No, no, I won’t have ‘*forgiven*’ put down,” doggedly exclaimed the father, seizing hold of Uncle Benjamin’s arm to stop his pen, as the latter read out, word by word, the announcement he was busy writing for the town-crier; while, in one corner of the room, that important civic functionary stood waiting for the bit of paper, with his big bell inverted, so that it looked like an enormous brass tulip in his hand.

“I ask your pardon, Master Frankling, but we general says ‘*forgiven*’ in all sitch cases,” meekly observed the bellman, with a slight pull of his forelock.

“Oh, Josiah, remember the words of your morning prayer!” interposed the broken-hearted mother, as for a moment she raised her face from out her hands: “‘*forgive us as we—*’ you know the rest.”

“Ay, come, Josh,” said Uncle Benjamin, “don’t

be stubborn-hearted! Think of the young 'never-do-well' you were yourself when you were 'prentice to brother John at Banbury.*"

"That's all very well!" murmured the Puritan tallow-chandler, turning away to hide the smiles begotten by the youthful recollection, and still struggling with the innate kindness of his nature; "but I've got a duty to perform to my boy, and do it I *will*, even if it breaks my heart."

"Yes, but, Josh," remonstrated Uncle Ben, as he laid his hand on his brother's shoulder, "think of the times and times you and I have stolen away on the sly to Northampton, to see the mummers there, unbeknown to father. Ah! you were a sad young jackanapes for the play-house, that you were, Master Josh, at Ben's age," he added, nudging the father playfully in the side.

"I don't mean to deny it, Benjamin"—and the would-be Brutus chuckled faintly as his brother reminded him of his boyish peccadilloes—"but," he added immediately afterward, screwing up as good a frown as he could manage under the circumstances, "that's no reason why I should allow my boy to be guilty of the same sins. There, go along with you—*do*," he exclaimed, good-humoredly, as he endeavored to shake off both the mother and the uncle, who, seeing that the ice of paternal propriety was fast thawing under the warmth of his better nature, had planted themselves one on either side of him. "I tell you it's my bounden duty not to overlook the boy's dis-

* "John, my next uncle, was bred a dyer, I believe, of wool," says Benjamin Franklin himself in his life. * * * "My grandfather Thomas, who was born in 1598, lived at Ecton till he was too old to continue his business, when he retired to Banbury in Oxfordshire, to the house of his son John, with whom my father served an apprenticeship."—See *Autobiography*, p. 3 and 4.

obedience any longer;" and, so saying, he beat the air with his fist, as if anxious to hammer the notion into his own mind as well as theirs.

"Verily, Josiah, justice says all should be punished, 'for there are none perfect, no, not one,' " whispered the religious wife impressively in his ear; "but love and mercy, husband, cry Forgive."

"To be sure they do," chimed in the good-natured uncle; "for, as the mummers used to say in the play, Josh, 'If all have their deserts, who shall 'scape whipping?' So, come, I may put down '*forgiven*,' eh?" added the peacemaker, as he shook his brother by the hand, while Josiah turned away as if ashamed of his weakness. "Ah! I knew it 'ud be so," and quickly inditing the word, Uncle Benjamin handed the paper to the crier, saying, "There, my man, you'd better first go round the harbor with it; and if you bring the prodigal back with you in an hour or two, why, you shall have a mug of cider over and above your pay."

The crier, having nodded his head, and scraped his foot back along the sanded floor by way of obeisance, took his departure, when in a minute or two the family heard his bell jangling away at the end of the street, and immediately afterward caught the distant cry of "Oyez, oyez, oyez! hif Benjamin Frankling will return to his 'ome—"

"Do you hear, sister?" said Uncle Benjamin, consolingly, as he approached the weeping mother; "your boy will be heard of all over the town, and you'll soon have your little pet bird back again in his cage, rest assured."

"Heaven grant it may be so, and bless you for your loving kindness, brother," faltered out the dame, half hysteric, through her tears, with delight at the thought of regaining her lost son.

"Hah! it'll all come right enough by-and-by," said Uncle Benjamin, with a sigh like the blowing of a porpoise, as he now prepared to copy into his short-hand book the notes of the sermon he had heard on the previous evening, "and the young good-for-nothing will turn out to be the flower of the flock yet—take my word for it. Wasn't our brother Thomas the wildest of all us boys, Josh? and didn't he come, after all, to be a barrister, and a great man? And when Squire Palmer advised him to leave the forge, on account of his love of learning, and become a student at law, didn't father—you remember, Josh—vow he wouldn't listen to it, and declare that the eldest son of the Franklins had always been a smith, and a smith, and nothing else than a smith, *his* eldest son should be? Well," the good man proceeded, as he kept rubbing his spectacles with the dirty bit of wash-leather he usually carried in his pocket, "didn't Tom, I say, in spite of father's objections and prophecies, rise to be one of the foremost men in the whole county, and a friend of my Lord Halifax?* ay, and so *your* Ben, mark my word,

* "Thomas, my eldest uncle," wrote Franklin in 1771 to his son, William Temple Franklin, who was then Governor of New Jersey, "was bred a smith under his father" ("the eldest son being always brought up to that employment," he states in another place), "but being ingenious, and encouraged in learning, as all his brothers were, by an Esquire Palmer, then the principal inhabitant of our parish, he qualified himself for the bar, and became a considerable man in the county, was chief mover of all public-spirited enterprises for the county or town of Northampton, as well as of his own village, of which many instances were related of him, and he was much taken notice of and patronized by my Lord Halifax. He died in 1702, four years to a day before I was born. The recital which some elderly persons made to us of his character, I remember, struck you as something extraordinary, from its similarity with what you know of me. 'Had he died,' said you, 'four years later, on the same day, one

will come to be courted by the great some day; for—though he's my *own* godson, and called after *me*, too—he's the very image of his uncle the barrister, that he is; *so* like him, indeed, that if Thomas, instead of dying, as he did four years to a day before Benjamin was born, had quitted this world for a better just four years later, why, I should have said—had I been a heathen, and believed in such things—that the spirit of the one had passed into the body of the other; for your Ben has got the same clever head-piece of his own, and is for all the world the same greedy glutton at a book."

"I grant he's a lad of some parts," exclaimed the flattered father, while slipping on, over the arms of his coat, the clean linen sleeves his wife had put to air for him, "and, indeed, was always quick enough at his learning. But I'm wanted in the shop," he added, as the bell was heard to tinkle without; "so do you, Benjamin, talk it over with Abiah here, and please her mother's heart by raising her hopes of her truant child. Coming!" shouted the tallow-chandler, as he ducked his head under the fringe of candles, while the impatient visitor kept tapping on the counter.

As the husband left the parlor, the tidy wife cried in a half-whisper after him, "Do pray stop, Josiah, and put on a clean apron, for really *that* isn't fit to go into the shop with," and then, finding she had spoken too late, she turned to Uncle Benjamin (who was now scribbling away at the table), and continued, with all the glory of a mother's pride, "I can hardly remember the time when our Ben *couldn't* read: how, too, the little fellow ever learned his letters was always a mystery to me, for I never knew of any one teaching might have supposed a transmigration.'"—*Autobiography, Bohn's edition, p. 4.*

him.* But I can't get Josiah to bear in mind that he was a boy himself once; for, though Ben *may* be a little flighty, I'm sure there's no vice in the child."

And, now that her thoughts had been diverted into a more lively channel, she rose from her seat, and began to busy herself with making the apple and pumpkin pie that she had promised the children for that day's feast.

"It was only a packman with tapes and ribbons," said Josiah, as he shortly rejoined the couple; "but even he had got hold of the news of our misfortune."

"Well, but, Josiah," expostulated the brother, looking up sideways, like a bird, from the book in which he was writing, "don't you remember the time, man alive, when you used to walk over from Banbury to the smithy at Ecton† every week, and go nutting and birds'-nesting with us boys in Sywell Wood, on God's-day, without ever setting foot in His house? and do you recollect, too, how we boys 'ud carry off the old iron from the forge,

* "My early readiness in learning to read," says our hero, in the account he gives of himself" (and which must have been very early, as I can not remember the time when I could not read), and the opinion of all friends that I should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged him (my father) in this purpose of his—of putting me to the Church."—*Franklin's Life*, p. 7.

† "Some notes which some of my uncles, who had some curiosity in collecting family anecdotes, once put into my hands, furnished me with several particulars relative to our ancestors. From these notes I learned that they lived in the village of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, on a freehold of about thirty acres, for at least 300 years, and how much longer could not be ascertained. This small estate would not have served for their maintenance without the business of a smith, which had continued in the family down to my uncle's time, the eldest son always being brought up to that employment—a custom which he and my father followed with regard to *their* eldest sons."—*Life of Franklin*, p. 2 and 3.

and sell it to the traveling tinker, who used to come round with his cart once a month, and put up at the 'World's End' (that was the sign of the inn at Ecton, Abiah," he added, parenthetically, "and the half-way house between Northampton and Wellingborough, in Old England), and how we let father accuse Mat Wilcox—you remember old Mat—who was helping him at the forge then, of stealing his metal, without ever saying a word to clear the poor man? Ah! Josiah, Josiah, we can always see the mote in another's eye—"

"Say no more, Ben," exclaimed the reprovèd brother; "we are but weak vessels at best."

"Now confess, husband," interrupted the wife, as she continued rolling out the paste before her till it was like a sheet of buff leather, "isn't it better that I got you to sleep on your anger before punishing the poor lad? It is but fright, after all, that has driven him from us; and when he returns, let me beg of you to use reason rather than the whip with him."

"Yes, Abiah," dryly observed the husband, "'Spare the rod,' and—" (he nodded his head as much as to say, "I needn't tell you the consequence")—"that is ever a woman's maxim."

At this moment the side door opened stealthily, and Deborah (dressed for the morning's work in a long checked pinafore reaching from the throat to the heels, so that the young woman looked like a great overgrown girl) thrust her head in the crevice, and gave her mother "a look"—one of those significant household glances which refer to a thousand and odd little family matters never intended for general ears.

"You can come in now, Deborah," cried the mother, who, still engaged in the preparation of her apple and pumpkin pie, was busy thumbing patches of lard over the broad sheet of paste, and

converting it in appearance into a huge palette covered with dabs of white paint. "Have you finished all up stairs?" she inquired, looking round for the moment.

The girl, in her anxiety for her brother, did not stop to answer the question, but said in an under tone, as she drew close up to her mother's side, "Has father forgiven Ben?"

The dame, however, on her part, merely replied, "There, child, never mind about *that* just now; you'll know all in good time," and immediately began to catechise her on her domestic duties. "Have you put a good fire in 'the keeping-room,' and sanded the floor nicely, and got out some more knives and forks for the children? for, remember, we shall sit down upward of a score to dinner to-day."

But Deborah was too intent to listen to any thing but the fate of the boy, whom she loved better than all her brothers, for she had been allowed to nurse him when a baby, though but a mere child herself at the time, and had continued his toy-maker in general up to the present moment. So she pulled her mother timidly by the apron, and said, as she glanced hastily at her father, to assure herself that he was still arguing with Uncle Benjamin, "Will father let him come back home? have you found out where he's gone to yet? and do you really think, mother, he's run away to sea?" adding the next minute, with a start, as the thought suddenly flashed upon her, "Oh dear me! I quite forgot to tell you, mother, a man brought this letter to the side door, and said I was to deliver it privately to you."

"What a head you have, child!" exclaimed the dame, as, dusting the flour from her hands, she snatched the note from the girl, and hastily tore it open.

But her eye had hardly darted backward and forward over the first few lines before the mother uttered a faint scream, and staggered back to the bee-hive chair.

In a minute the husband and Uncle Benjamin were at her side, and Deborah, seizing the vinegar cruet from the dresser-shelf, was bathing her mother's temples with the acid.

"God be praised! my boy's at Ruth's," the dame at length gasped out, in answer to the anxious group around her; "Holmes has sent a note here to say he will bring him round in the evening;" and she pointed languidly to the letter which had fallen on the floor.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRANKLIN FAMILY.

JOSIAH FRANKLIN retained sufficient of the austere habits of the Puritans and the early Non-conformists to have made it a rule—even if his limited means and large family (no fewer than thirteen of whom occasionally sat together at his table*) had not made it a matter of necessity—that the food partaken of by the little colony of boys and girls he had to support should be of the plainest possible description. Simple fare, however, was so much a matter of principle with Josiah (despising, as he did, all "lusting after the flesh-pots"), that he never permitted at his board

* "By his first wife my father had four children born in America (besides three previously in England), and by a second ten others—in all, seventeen—of whom I remember to have seen thirteen sitting together at his table, who all grew up to years of maturity, and were married."—*Autobiography*, p. 9.

any of those unseemly exhibitions of delight or disgust which certain youngsters are wont to indulge in on the entry of any dish more or less toothsome than the well-known and ever-dreaded scholastic "stick-jaw."*

In so primitive a household, therefore, there must have been some special cause for the compounding of so epicurean a dish as the before-mentioned apple and pumpkin pie—some extraordinary reason why Dame Franklin should have instructed Deborah, as she did, "to be sure and put out plenty of maple sugar for the children," besides "a gallon of the dried apples and peaches to be stewed for supper"—and why that turkey and those "canvas-back ducks" (so highly prized among the creature-comforts of America) were ere long twirling away in front of the bright, cherry-red fire, and filling the whole house with their savory perfume†—and why, too, the brisket of

* "Little or no notice was ever taken of what related to the victuals on the table—whether well or ill cooked—in or out of season—of good or bad flavor—preferable or inferior to this or that other thing of the kind; so that I was brought up in such perfect inattention to these matters as to be quite indifferent what kind of food was set before me. Indeed, I am so unobservant of it, that to this day I can scarce tell, a few hours after dinner, of what dishes it consisted. This has been a great convenience to me in traveling, when my companions have sometimes been very unhappy for want of a suitable gratification of their more delicate, because better instructed tastes and appetites."—*Life of Franklin*, p. 9.

† The white, or canvas-back duck, derives its name from the color of the feathers between the wings being of a light brown tint, like canvas. These birds breed on the borders of the great Northern lakes, and in winter frequent the Susquehanna and Potomac rivers, in order that they may feed on the bulbous root of a grass that grows on the flats there, and which has much the flavor of celery. It is to the feeding on this root that the peculiarly delicious flavor of their flesh is attributed. They are held in as great esteem in America as grouse with us, and are frequently sent as a

corned beef had been got up from "the cask" below, and was now wabbling and steaming, with its dozen of dough-nuts bumping against the lid of the iron pot on the hob, and the corn-cakes baking in the oven, and the huge bowl of curds—white and cold-looking as marble—standing on the dresser.

Why all this preparation for feasting in a house where the ordinary food was almost as frugal as a hermit's fare?

The Franklin family knew but one holiday in the course of the year—the anniversary of the father's safe landing in America in 1685, which the pious Josiah had made a family "Thanksgiving Day." To commemorate this event, the younger girls (those who had not yet finished their schooling) came home from their maiden aunts, Hannah and Patience Folger, who kept a day-school at Sherbourne, in Nantucket; while the boys who were out in the world, serving their apprenticeship, got leave to quit their master's house for the day, to take part in the family festival; and the grown-up sons, who were in business for themselves, gave over their work, or shut up their stores, and came with their wives and little ones to join in the rejoicing.

So sacred a duty, indeed, did all the Franklins regard it, to assemble once a year under the paternal roof, that none but the most cogent excuse for absence was ever urged or received, so that even those who were away in distant lands strove to return in time for the general meeting.

The morning was not far advanced, and Josiah

present for hundreds of miles. A canvas-back duck, indeed, is reckoned one of the greatest dainties in the States, being more delicate in flavor than a wild duck, though considerably larger. The Americans eat it with currant jelly, as if it were venison.

had hardly done putting up the shutters of his store, as was his wont on this day precisely at ten in the forenoon, before the boys and the girls, and the grown-up young men and women of the family, began to swarm in like so many bees at the sound of a gong.

First came Jabez and Nehemiah—two stout, strapping lads, carpenter's and mason's apprentices (the one had called for the other on his road), dressed in their Sunday three-cornered hats and bright yellow leather breeches, and with their thick shoes brown with the earth of the plowed fields they had trudged over, and carrying in their hands the new walking-sticks they had cut from the copse as they came along.

Then young Esther and Martha made their appearance, wrapped in their warm scarlet cloaks, and looking like a pair of "little Red Riding-Hoods"—for they had come from school at Nantucket, and had been brought to the door by the mate of the New York sloop that plied between Long Island and Boston, touching at the intervening islands on the way once a month in those days. Under their cloaks they carried a bundle containing the long worsted mittens they had knitted for the mother, and the warm patchwork quilt they had made for the father, together with the highly-prized samplers of that time, the latter of which had been done expressly to be framed for the keeping-room.

After these walked in John Franklin, the tallow-chandler (who was just about to set up in Rhode Island), with his young Quakeress wife on his arm; and then followed the married daughter, Abiah, and her husband, the trader in furs and beaver-skins, who had always an inexhaustible stock of stories to tell the children about the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians, including wild

tales of the chiefs "Blue Snake" or "Big Bear," or even Nekig the "Little Otter."

Nor did Zachary, the ship-builder (he who had sent the ducks from the Potomac River), absent himself, even though he had to come all the way from Annapolis for the gathering; and *he* brought with him his motherless little boy, for his young wife had died of the fever since the last family meeting.

There was Ebenezer, too, the bachelor farmer; and the swarthy and stalwart Thomas, the first-born and hereditary smith of the family; and Ruth, with her half dozen little ones toddling close after her, like a hen with her brood of chicks; and Samuel Franklin, Uncle Benjamin's son from London, who had recently set up as a cutler in Boston city; and, indeed, every one of the Franklins that could by any means manage to reach the house at the time.

Only three out of the multitudinous family were absent: James, the printer, who had gone to London to purchase a stock of types—Josiah, the out-cast—and Benjamin, the little runaway.

The absence of the elder brothers created no astonishment; for Josiah had not sat at that board for years—many of the young children, indeed, had never set eyes on his countenance—while all had heard of James's trip to the mother country. But where was Ben? where was Ben? was the general cry, as the family came streaming in, one after another.

Jabez and Nehemiah ran all over the house, shouting after the little fellow. Esther and Martha, too, kept teasing Deborah all the morning to tell them where he had got to, for they fancied he was hiding from them in play, and they were itching to show him the little sailor's Guernsey frock they had knitted for him at school. John

wished to hear how the lad got on at candle-making, and whether he could manage the dips yet, and Zachary to see what new toy-ship he had got on the stocks—and, indeed, every one to say something to him; for he was a general favorite, not only because he was the youngest of the boys, but because he was the cleverest and best-natured of them all.

The news that Ben was “in disgrace” made all as sad as death for a time; but every one had a kind word to say for him to the father. The younger ones begged hard for him; the elder ones pleaded well for him; so that Josiah had not fortitude enough to hold out against such a friendly siege, and was obliged to promise he would let the boy off as lightly as possible; though, true to his principles, the would-be disciplinarian vowed that *the next time* “he’d—he’d—but they should see.”

Mistress Franklin (as the sons and daughters came pouring in one after another, till the house was so full of boys and girls—children and grandchildren—that it was almost impossible, as has been well said, to shut the doors for them) had enough to do between preparing the dinner and tidying the young ones for the occasion; though it almost broke her housewife’s heart to find how buttonless and stringless, and even ragged, their clothes had become during their long absence.

Scarcely had she kissed the boys before she twisted them round by the shoulders, as she eyed them from top to toe, and commenced pouring down upon their unlucky heads a heavy shower of motherly reproofs, while the lads, who were thinking only of the feast, kept worrying her as to what she was going to give them for dinner.

“Dear heart!” she would begin to one, “why

don't you wash up at the roots of your hair, boy?" or else she would exclaim, as she threw up her hands and eyebrows, "Is *that* your best coat? Why, you've only had it a year, and it's not fit to be seen. Where you fancy the clothes come from, lad, is more than I can tell."

The boy, however, would merely reply, "What pie have you made this year, mother? I hope it's a big 'un! Let's have a peep in the oven—you might as well."

Then to another she would cry, as she seized him by his leg like a sheep, "Why, I declare, there's a large hole in the heel of your stocking, boy, big enough for a rat to get through; and if you were a sweep's child, I'm sure your linen couldn't well be blacker."

But this one paid no more heed than the other to the dame's observations; for the only answer *he* made was, "Got any honey, mother, for after dinner? Don't the ducks smell jolly, Jabe—that's all! I say, mother, give us a sop in the pan."

Nor did the girls undergo a less minute scrutiny. "Why didn't a big child like Esther write home and say she wanted new flannels, for those she'd on were enough to perish her. She never saw children grow so in all her life."

"Come here, girl; whatever *is* the matter with your mouth?" next she would shriek, as she caught hold of Martha and dragged her to the light; "you want a good dosing of nettle-tea to sweeten your blood—that you do." Whereupon, heaving a deep sigh, she would add, "Hah! you must all of you, children, have a spoonful or two of nice brimstone and treacle before you leave home again."

Then, as soon as the dame caught sight of Ruth, she began to question *her* about poor little Ben,

continuing her cooking operations the while. At one moment she was asking whether the lad was fretting much, and the next she was intent on basting her ducks, declaring that there was no leaving them a minute, or she'd have them burnt to a cinder.

Now she would fall to stirring the potful of "hominy," and skimming the corned beef; then pausing for an instant to tell Ruth how frightened she had been when she found that poor Ben had left the house that morning, and begging of her to get Holmes to do all he could to set the lad against the sea.

And when Ruth had told the mother that Holmes was obliged to stay and see his cargo discharged at the wharf, and that he thought it would save words if Ben came round with him in the evening; and when she had informed her, moreover, that Ben had forgotten it was Thanksgiving Day at home till he saw her and her little ones leaving for the feast, and that then he seemed to take it to heart greatly, the mother stopped short in her examination of the pie during the process of baking, and cried, as she held it half drawn out of the oven, "I'll put by a bit of every thing for him, and he shall have the largest cut of the pie, that he shall;" adding the next minute, "But he'll be round in the evening in time for the stewed fruit and corn-cakes—bless him!"

Immediately after this she began wondering again whether that girl Deborah had thought about tapping a fresh cask of cider, and "fussing," as usual, now about her boy, and then about her dinner.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FEAST, AND AN ARRIVAL.

WHEN all the family had assembled in the "keeping-room," it was the invariable custom of the Puritan father on this day to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving for his safe arrival in New England; after which the violin was taken out, and he would play while the family joined in a hymn. This was usually followed by a short discourse from Josiah touching the great principles of religious liberty, so dear to the early settlers of America; for the sturdy old Non-conformist loved to impress upon the children gathered round him that he had left the home where his forefathers had lived for many generations, not to seek "treasures that moth and rust corrode," but merely to be able to worship the Almighty as he thought fit, and which was held to be a crime at that time in his native land.*

* "My father married young, and carried his wife with three children to New England about 1685. The conventicles being, at that time, forbidden by law, and frequently disturbed in the meetings, some considerable men of his acquaintance determined to go to that country, and he was persuaded to accompany them thither, where they expected to enjoy the exercise of their religion with freedom. * * * Our humble family early embraced the Reformed religion," writes Benjamin Franklin. "Our forefathers had an English Bible, and to conceal it, and place it in safety, it was fastened open with tapes under and within the cover of a joint-stool. When my great-grandfather wished to read it to his family, he placed the joint-stool on his knees, and then turned over the leaves under the tapes. One of the children stood at the door to give notice if he saw the apparitor coming, who was an officer of the Spiritual Court. . . . This an-

The family devotions and discourse were barely ended ere the "cuckoo clock" whooped twelve, and immediately a crow of delight from the younger branch of the Franklin family announced the entry of the corned beef and dough-nuts.

Such manifestations of the pleasures of the palate, we have before said, were highly disapproved of by the simple-minded Josiah; so, as his eye suddenly lighted upon the young carpenter's apprentice in the act of rubbing his waistcoat, and drawing in his breath in youthful ecstasy, the ascetic father cried, with a shake of the head,

"Jabez, how often have I told you that this giving way to carnal joys is little better than a heathen!"

But scarcely had the parent finished chiding one son than he was startled by a loud smacking of the lips from another; when, glancing in the direction of the sound, he found the young mason with his mouth and eyes wide open, in positive raptures as he sniffed the savory odor of the brown and smoking canvas-back ducks that Deborah was about to place at the bottom of the table.

"I'm ashamed of you, Nehemiah," the tallow-chandler shouted, as he frowned at the lad, "giving up your heart to the vanities of this world in such a manner!"

A secret pull at his coat-tails, however, from Uncle Benjamin, cut short the lecture, for the

ecdote," Franklin adds, "I had from Uncle Benjamin. The family continued," he then proceeds to say, "all of the Church of England till about the end of Charles II.'s reign, when some of the ministers who had been 'outed' for their non-conformity having opened a conventicle in Northamptonshire, my uncle Benjamin and my father adhered to them, and so continued all their lives."—*Franklin's Autobiography*, p. 5.

father knew that the friendly hint meant to imply, "It's only once a year, Josh!"

At length the dinner was ended, grace said, and a button or two of the boys' waistcoats undone; and then the table itself was got out of the way, and the games commenced.

This, however, was a part of the entertainment that the seriously-inclined Josiah was but little given to; and, indeed, it required some more of Uncle Ben's good-humored bantering before he could be induced to consent to it. Even then he insisted that the children should play at "Masters and Men," because there was a certain amount of knowledge to be gained from the representations of the various trades; for nothing annoyed him more than to see youth wasting its time in mere idle amusements.

But, the ice of propriety once broken, Uncle Ben and the children were soon engaged in the most boisterous and childish gambols: not only was "dropping the 'kerchief" indulged in, and the grave Josiah himself made to form part in the ring, but even the wild frolic of "jingling" was resorted to, and the father and mother, and Uncle Ben, and Zachary the ship-builder, and Ruth too, as well as young Abiah and her husband the trapper, and John and his young Quakeress wife, and, indeed, the entire company, were all pressed into the service, and every one of them blindfolded at the same time, while the part of "jangler" fell to the lot of Nehemiah, who ran about the keeping-room like a frantic young town crier, ringing the hand-bell to give notice of his whereabouts to the blind players, as they kept rolling continually one over the other in their eagerness to catch him.

It was at this moment, when the noise and

madness of the sport had reached their greatest height, and the father and Uncle Benjamin lay flat upon the floor, with a miscellaneous mound of children and grandchildren piled on top of them, that James Franklin—the young printer, who had gone to London for a stock of types and presses—burst into the room, fresh from the vessel that had just dropped anchor in the bay, and with his arms laden with packets of presents for the several members of the family.

“Here’s brother James come back from Old England!” shouted Nehemiah, throwing away his bell.

In an instant the bandages were torn from all the faces, and the half-ashamed father dragged from under the bodies struggling on top of him, the newly-arrived son laughing heartily the while.

As the children, and the grown brothers, and the rest came scrambling up to kiss or shake hands with the printer on his return, he told them one after the other the gift he had brought them from the “old country;” and when he had greeted the whole of the company present, he stared round and round, and then glancing at Josiah, cried, “But where’s little Ben, father?”

Josiah averted his head, for he had no wish to mar the general happiness by again alluding to his boy’s disgrace, while the mother shook her head significantly at the printer, and Uncle Benjamin gave him a secret kick.

James knew by the pantomimic hints that something was amiss; so he answered, “What! not allowed to be present on Thanksgiving Day? Surely, father, one outcast in the family is enough!”

“There, say nothing about it, lad,” cried Uncle Ben; “it’s all been looked over long ago, and the little fellow will be here to supper shortly. But

come, let's have the news, Master James. You went down to Ecton, of course?" he added; and the young man had scarcely signified that he *had* made the journey, when the father and uncle, anxious to know all about their native village, and the companions of their youth, fired off such a volley of questions that it was more than James could do to answer them fast enough.

Had he been to the old smithy? inquired one; and had he got a slip of the "golden pippin"-tree in the orchard?

Was Mistress Fisher still living at the forge? asked the other; and who carried on the business now that their brother Thomas's son was dead?

"Dear! dear!" they both cried, as they heard the answer, "the smithy sold to Squire Isted, the lord of the manor,* and the old forge pulled down? Well! well! what changes *do* come to pass!"

Next it was, How was their new German king, George I., liked by the people at home? And did he go and have a mug of ale at the "World's End?" and did Dame Blason keep the old inn still? Did he go to meeting, too, at the Northampton Conventicle, and learn whether the "Brownists" were increasing in numbers round about? and was old Luke Fuller, who was "outed" for non-conformity at the time when they themselves seceded from the Church, the minister there still?

And when James had replied that the good man had departed this life two years come Mich-

* "My grandfather's eldest son, Thomas, lived in the house at Ecton, and left it, with the land, to his only daughter, who, with her husband, one Fisher, of Wellingborough, sold it to Mr. Isted, now lord of the manor."—*Life of Franklin*, p. 3.

aelmas, the old people hung down their heads as they sighed, "Hah! it will be *our* turn soon."

Then they wanted to know, Were the rebels in Scotland all quiet when he left? and had he been over to Banbury, and seen the dye-house, and had John Franklin still got the best of the business there?

Had he set eyes on their old schoolfellow, Reuben of the Mill? and was old Ned, the traveling butcher, still alive? And who held the "hundred-acre farm" of the young Lord Halifax now? And did the Non-conformists seem contented with the "Toleration Act?" and was there any stir among them about getting the "Corporation Act" repealed? And was Squire Palmer's widow living at the Hall still? And had he been over and seen the folk at Earls-Barton and Mears-Ashby, and told them that they were all doing well in New England? Hah! they would give the world to set eyes on the old places and the old people again.

The gossip about their native village and ancient friends would have continued, doubtlessly, until bedtime, had not Jabez, who had a turn for that extravagant pantomime which boys consider funny, here danced wildly into the room after the style of the Red Indians that his brother-in-law the trapper had just been telling them about, and springing into the air with a cry imitative of the war-whoop, announced to the startled company that the "Big Bear" and "Little Otter" were coming up the stairs to join the party.

Whereupon Captain Holmes and the truant Benjamin entered the room.

CHAPTER V.

THE FATHER'S LECTURE.

"COME this way, Benjamin! I wish to speak with you below," said the father, gravely, as soon as the lad had gone the round of his relatives, and just at the interesting moment when the "carnal-minded" Jabez was making Ben's mouth water with a list of the many good things they had had for dinner that day.

The paternal command caused no little excitement among the youthful members of the family, who knew too well what the summons meant.

But scarcely had Josiah removed one of the lighted candles from the mantle-shelf to carry with him to the parlor, than the mother rose and followed close at the heels of the father and the chap-fallen boy; while Jabez and Nehemiah nudged one another aside, as they whispered, "Let's come too, and see what father's going to do with Ben."

To satisfy their curiosity, the anxious lads availed themselves of the darkness of the shop, where they stood, quiet as mutes, peeping over the curtain into the little back room, and watching the movements of their parents within.

"Father's lecturing him *well*, I can see," whispered Jabez, on tiptoe, to the brother at his side, "for he is shaking his head till his gray locks fly about again, and holding up his forefinger as he always does, you know, when he's talking very seriously."

"What's mother doing?" asked the brother.



“Father’s lecturing him well, I can see.”

“Why, she’s got Ben drawn close up to her, and keeps passing her hand over his cheek,” answered Jabez. “How aged father gets to look, doesn’t he?” the boy added, almost in the same breath, for he could not help remarking the change, now that his whole attention was riveted on his parent’s figure. “He’s got to stoop dreadfully since last Thanksgiving Day.”

“Yes,” observed the other, “that Sunday gray coat of his, that he’s had ever since I can remember, gets to hang about him like a smock-frock, that it does. I was thinking so only just before dinner, Jabe.”

“Ah! and mother isn’t so young as she used to be,” mournfully continued Jabez, “for she gets to look more like old grandfather Folger in the face every—”

“What’s that noise?” whispered Nehemiah, as a loud scuffle was heard in the parlor.

“Why, father’s just dragged Benjamin from mother’s arms,” was the answer, “for she kept hugging and kissing him all the time he was lecturing him. Hush! I shall hear what he says directly, for he’s talking much louder now.”

“What’s he telling him, eh?” inquired the young mason, in an under tone, after holding his breath till he felt half stifled with his suspense.

“I can just make out that he’s very angry with mother for petting Ben as she does,” replied the little carpenter, “because father says ‘it makes his conduct appear undeservedly harsh, and strips his reproofs’—yes, those were his words—‘of all the force that justice would otherwise give them.’ Isn’t *that* like father, Nee?”

“Yes,” added the brother; “he may be a little severe at times, but he’s always very just with us, I’m sure; and mother, you know, *will* spoil Ben, because he’s the youngest of us boys.”

“Be quiet, Nee!” said Jabez, as he kicked his brother gently to enforce the command, and put his ear closer to the door. “Father’s saying now that if Ben doesn’t like the candle-making—yes”—and the lad paused to catch the remainder of the speech—“he’ll let him choose a trade for himself. What do you think of *that*?”

“Why, that comes of Uncle Benjamin being here,” interposed Nehemiah. “Uncle’s been having a long talk with father about the matter, I can see.”

“*Do* be quiet, will you, or I shall miss it all,” cried Jabez, tetchily. “What’s that he’s saying now?” the lad inquired, talking to himself, as he strove to catch the words. “Father’s warning Ben,” he added, in measured sentences, as he followed the old man’s voice, “that when he’s chosen another trade—if he ever runs away from his work again—he’ll close his doors against him forever, the same as he did with his outcast son Josiah.”

An hour or two after the above scene, the three boys, fresh from their supper of stewed peaches and hot corn-cakes (of which the mother had given her pet boy Ben double allowance), had retired to the little attic for the night, and when Jabez and Nehemiah had heard from their brother all about his running away, and the wonderful “Flying Dutchman” (clipper built) that he’d got nearly ready for launching, they began to gossip among themselves, as boys are wont to do, while they prepared for bed.

First, Ben’s Guinea-pig was taken out, and exhibited to the admiring brothers, who, boy-like, were young “fanciers,” not only of Guinea-pigs, but of every pet animal in creation, from white mice to monkeys; whereupon they immediately

commenced discussing the comparative beauties of the "black," the "tortoise-shell," and the "fawn" kinds of African porkers, one saying that "too many tea-leaves were not good for them, as they made them pot-bellied," and the other remarking that "he didn't like Guinea-pigs because they ate their young like rabbits;" a circumstance which suddenly reminded him of a "double-smut" of his acquaintance that "had devoured her whole litter of six, every bit of them except their tails, but those she couldn't swallow because they were so fluffy."

This led to a long discourse on rabbits in general, when Jabez dived very learnedly into the varieties of "double-lops," and "horn-lops," and "oar-lops," as well as the "up-eared" species, and told tales of wonderful does, the tips of whose "fancy ears" had touched the ground, and measured more than a foot in length.

After this the conversation branched off to pigeons, young Benjamin observing that if Jabe would only make him a "snap-trap," he'd keep some "tumblers" in their loft, for Captain Holmes had just brought Bobby a couple of beautiful "soft-billed almonds" from London; besides, there was a prime place for a pigeon-house against their melting-shed, and a schoolfellow of his at old Brownell's had promised to give him a pair of splendid-hooded "Jacobins" and some "Leg-horn runts" for stock directly he'd got a place to keep them in, so Jabe might as well make a house for him in his over-time.

Presently the young carpenter and mason proceeded to compare notes as to the strength of the "sky-blue," and the thickness of the butter on the "scrape" at their respective masters, and to talk of the wives of those gentlemen as "old Mother So-and-So," until, tired of this subject,

the youthful trio digressed into ghost-stories, and so frightened each other with their hobgoblin tales, that, as the candle sputtered and flickered in the socket, they trembled at every rattle of the window-sashes, till sleep put an end to their terrors and their talk.

At length the morning arrived when the younger branches of the Franklin family were to return to their masters and mistresses, and then the dame was in the same flurry as on the day of their arrival with the preparation of the hundred and one things required at her hands.

On the table before her lay a small lot of brown worsted stockings done up into balls that resembled so many unwashed potatoes, and new canvas smocks for the boys to work in (short as babies' shirts), and new shoes too, the soles of which were studded with nails almost as big as those on a church door, as well as moccasin caps, and tip-pets, and aprons for the girls, after the style of our charity children of the present day, and hanks of worsted yarn for knitting, and seed-cakes, and bags of spiced nuts, together with a jar of honey for each of them, besides a packet of dried herbs to be made into tea, to "purify their blood" at the spring and fall of the year.

When, too, the dreaded hour of departure arrived, and the boys' bundles had been made up, and the girls' hand-baskets ready packed for the journey, the tears of the mother and little ones rolled down their cheeks as fast and big as hail-stones down a skylight; and, as the weeping children crossed the threshold, the eager dame stood on the door-step, watching them down the narrow street, and calling after them to remind them of an infinity of small things they were to be sure and do directly they reached their destination.

Ben, too, on his part, kept shouting to Jabez "not to forget to make him the pigeon-house as soon as he could get the wood," and calling to the young mason to remember to send him some prime "bonces" and "alleys" directly he got back to the stone-yard.

CHAPTER VI.

A TALK ABOUT THE SEA.

ON the evening after the Thanksgiving Day Captain Holmes came round, when they had "knocked off work" at the ship, to smoke his pipe with Josiah and Uncle Benjamin—for the father wished the captain to talk with young Ben about his love of the sea; so the dame had made one of her famous bowls of "lambs'-wool" for the occasion.

The captain was a marked contrast, both in form and feature, to Josiah and his brother Benjamin. His frame seemed, indeed, to be of cast iron, his chest being broad as a bison's, and the grip of his big, hard hand like the squeeze of a vice. His face was gipsy-bronze with the weather he had long been exposed to, and set in a horseshoe of immense black whiskers, the hair of which stood out from the cheeks on either side like a couple of sweep's brushes; and between these his white teeth glistened like the pearly lining of an oyster-shell as he laughed, which he did continually, and almost without reason.

The old men, on the other hand, were but the noble ruins of humanity, graced rather than disfigured by age. At the time of the opening of our story Josiah was in his sixty-third year, and Uncle Benjamin some few years his senior; and

yet neither gave signs of the approach of that second childhood which is but the return of the circle of life into itself, linking the graybeard with the infant, and foreshadowing the Eternal in that mysterious round which brings us back (if the furlough from above be but long enough) to the very babyhood from which we started.

The red Saxon blood, as contradistinguished from the swarthier Norman sap inherent in English veins, was visible in the cheeks of both of the old men; indeed, their complexion was so pinky that one could well understand their boast that "they had never known a day's illness in their lives;"* while their fresh color contrasted as pleasantly with their silver-white hair as the crimson light of a blacksmith's forge glowing amid the snow of a winter's day. The only sign that the brothers gave of age was a slight crooking of the back, like packmen bending beneath their load—of years; for their teeth were still perfect, neither was the mouth drawn in, nor were the cheeks hollowed with the capacious dimples of second childhood.

Had it not been for the "sad color" and formal Quaker-like cut of their clothes, no one would have fancied that they belonged to that heroic and righteous body of men, who, following in the footsteps of the first "pilgrims" to America, had willingly submitted to the martyrdom of exile for the sake of enjoying the free exercise of their religion; for the hale and hearty Josiah had the cheerful and contented look of the English yeoman, while the more portly and dumpy Benjamin had so good-humored an air that he might have

* "I never knew my father or mother to have any sickness but that of which they died—he at 89, and she at 85 years of age."—*Autobiography*, p. 9.

been mistaken, in another suit, for the jolly landlord of a roadside inn.*

Mistress Franklin, being some dozen years younger than her husband, and looking even younger than she was, seemed barely to have reached the summit of life's hill rather than to have commenced her journey down it. True, a quick eye might have discovered just a filament or two of silver streaking the dark bands of hair that braided her forehead; but these were merely the hoar-frosts of Autumn whitening the spider's threads, for as yet there was no trace of Winter in her face.

At the first glance, however, there was a half masculine look about the dame that made her seem deficient in the softer qualities of feminine grace; for her features, though regular, were too bold and statuesque to be considered beautiful in a woman, and yet there was such exquisite tenderness—indeed, a plaintiveness that was almost musical—in her voice, together with such a *good* expression, glowing like sunshine over her whole countenance, that the stranger soon felt as assured of her excellence as those even who had proved it by long acquaintance.

The wife, too, belonged to the same Puritan stock as Josiah; her father—"Peter Folger, of Sherbourne," in Nantucket—having been among the earliest pilgrims to New England, and being styled "a godly and learned Englishman" in the chronicles of the country.†

* "I suppose you may like to know what kind of a man my father was," says Benjamin Franklin in writing to his son. "He had an excellent constitution, was of a middle stature, well set, and very strong."

† "My mother (the second wife of my father) was Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, one of the first settlers of New England, of whom honorable mention is made by Cotton Mather in his ecclesiastical history of that country, en-

The simplicity of her dress, however, constituted the chief mark of her conventicle training. The main characteristic of her appearance was the immaculate cleanliness as well as the fastidious neatness of her attire. There was so much of white, indeed, about her (what with the mobcap, the muslin kerchief crossed over her bosom, and the ample linen apron covering her skirt (that she always looked fresh and tidy as a dairy—snowy as suds themselves. Her dress, too, was as free as a moonlight scene from all positive color, for even the mere fillet of ribbon which she wore round her cap was black, and her stuff gown itself gray as a friar's garment.

“I've been pointing out to the youngster here, father,” proceeded the captain, as he punctuated his speech with the puffs of his pipe, when the subject of the evening's conversation had been fairly broached, “what a dog's life a sailor's is, and asking him how he'd like to live all his time upon maggoty biscuits and salt junk, that goes by the name of ‘mahogany’ aboard a ship—because it's so hard and red, and much easier carved into chess-men than it's chewed and digested, I can tell you. I've been asking him, too, how he'd like to have to drink water that's as black and putrid, ay! and smells, while it's being pumped out of the casks in the hold, as strong as if it was being drawn out of a cesspool, so that one's glad to strain it through the corner of his handkerchief while drinking it from the ‘tots.’ And, what's more, youngster, you'd get only short allowance of this stuff, I can tell you; for over and over again, when I was a boy aboard the ‘Francis

titled *Magnalia Christi Americana*, as ‘a godly and learned Englishman,’ if I remember the words rightly.”—*Life of Franklin*, p. 6.

Drake,' I give you my word I've been that dry in the tropics (what with the salt food, that was like munching solid brine, and the sun right overhead like a red-hot warming-pan) that I've drunk the sea-water itself to moisten my mouth, till I've been driven nearly mad with the burning fury of the thirst that was on me. Ah! you youngsters, Ben, little know what we sailors have to put up with; for, mind you, lad, I'm not pitching you any stiff yarn here about wrecks, and being cast away on rafts, and drawing lots as to who's to be devoured by the others, but what I'm telling you is the simple every-day life of the seaman, ay! and of half the 'reefers,' too."

Here the captain paused to indulge in his habitual chuckle (for it was all the same to him whether the subject in hand was serious or comic), while Mistress Franklin looked perfectly horror-stricken at the account of the water her boy had been, as it were, just on the point of drinking.

Little Ben himself, however, was not yet "at home" enough to make any remark, but sat on the stool at his mother's feet, with his eyes counting the grains of sand on the floor, for he was still ashamed to meet his father's gaze.

As for Josiah, he was but little moved by the captain's picture of the miseries of seafaring, and merely observed that, as he had taught his children to abstain from hankering after the "flesh-pots," Ben could bear the absence of creature comforts better than most boys—a remark that set the captain chuckling again in good earnest.

"What you say, father, about hankering after the 'flesh-pots' is all very well," continued the good-humored sailor, as he tittered, while he tapped the ashes from the bowl of his pipe; "but if you'd had a twelvemonth on mahogany and sea-biscuits as hard and dry as tiles, you yourself

would get hankering after a bit of 'soft tommy' (that's our name for new bread, Ben), and a cut of roast beef, I'll be bound; ay! ay! and think the fat old bum-boat woman, that comes off to the ship with a cargo of fresh quartern loaves directly you make the land, the loveliest female in all creation. But," added Captain Holmes, after a long pull at a fresh mug of the delicious "lambs'-wool," "there are worse things aboard a ship, let me tell you, Ben, than even the rations. Youngsters think seafaring a fine life because it's full of danger, and looks pretty enough from the shore; but only let them come to have six months of it 'tween decks, cooped up in a berth little bigger than a hutch, and as dark and close as a prison cell, directly the wind gets a little bit fresh and the scuttles and port-holes have to be closed; and to be kept out of their hammocks half the night, with the watches that *must* be kept on deck wet or dry, fair or foul—ay! and to be roused out, too, as soon as they get off to sleep—after the middle watch, maybe—to reef topsa'ls, or take in to'-gallan'-sa'ls, or what not, whenever a squall springs up—only let them have a taste of this, I say, and they soon begin to sing another song, I can tell you. Why, when I was 'prentice on board the 'Francis Drake,' I've often been put to walk the deck with a capsta'n-bar over my shoulder, and a bucket of water at the end of it, to keep me awake, and even then I've been that drowsy that I've paraded up and down by the gangway as fast asleep as if I'd been a som—som—what do you call it?"

"-nambulist," suggested Uncle Benjamin.

"Ay, ay, that's it, mate," nodded the captain, with another laugh. "And over and over again, when I've sneaked away to pick out a soft plank between the hen-coops, and have just dropped off

the second mate has found me out, and come and emptied two or three buckets of salt water over me, and set me off striking out as if I was swimming, for I'd be fancying in my sleep, you see, that the vessel had got on a reef, and was filling and going fast to the bottom.

"But the worst of all, lad," the sailor went on, when he had done puffing away at his pipe, so as to rekindle its half-extinguished fire, "is to be roused out of your sleep with the bo's'ain's whistle ringing in your ears, and the cry of 'A man overboard! a man overboard!' shouted on every side."

"Ah! that *must* be terrible indeed," shuddered Mrs. Franklin, as she covered her face with her palms in horror at the thought.

Little Ben, however, sat with his mouth open, staring up in the captain's face, and mute with eagerness to hear the story he had to tell. The father and uncle, too, said not a word, for they were loth to weaken the impression that the captain's simple narrative was evidently making on the sea-crazed boy.

"Ay, ay, mother," Captain Holmes proceeded, "it *is* terrible, I can assure you, to rush on deck in the darkness of night, when even your half-wakened senses tell you that there is nothing but a boundless watery desert round about the ship, and to find the canvas beating furiously against the masts, as the sails are put suddenly aback to check the way upon the vessel. Then, as you fly instinctively to the ship's side, you see, perhaps, some poor fellow struggling with the black waves, and, strange to say, apparently swimming as hard as he can *away from* the vessel itself before it is well brought to, for one forgets, at the moment, you see, the motion of the ship; and so, as it dashes past the wretched man in the water, it seems as if he, in the madness of his fright, was

hurrying away from the hull rather than the hull from him. 'Who is it? who is it?' cry a score of voices at once. 'Tisdale,' answers one. 'No, no, it's Swinton,' says another. 'I tell you it's Markham,' shouts a third; 'he fell from the main chains as he was drawing a bucket of water;' and while this goes on, some one, more thoughtful than the rest, runs to the stern and cuts adrift the life buoy that is always kept hanging there over the taffrel. Then, as the buoy strikes the water, the blue light that is attached to it takes fire, and the black mass of waves is lighted up for yards round with a pale phosphoric glow. But scarcely has this been done before some half dozen brave fellows have rushed to the davits, and jumping into the cutter over the ship's quarter, lowered the boat, with themselves in it, down into the sea. The next minute the oars are heard in the silence of the night to rattle quickly in the rullocks, while the cox'ain cries aloud, 'Give way, boys, give way!' and the hazy figure of the receding boat is seen to glide like a shadow toward the now distant light of the life buoy dancing on the water. Then how the sailors crowd about the gangway, and cluster on the poop, peering into the darkness, which looks doubly dark from the very anxiety of the gazers to see farther into it. The sight of the sea, Ben, miles away from land on a starless night, is always terrible enough, for then the dark ring of water encompassing the lonely vessel looks like a vast black pool, and the sky, with its dull dome of clouds, like a huge overhanging vault of lead. But when you know, lad, that one of your own shipmates is adrift in that black pool—where there is not even so much as a rock, remember, to cling to—and battling for very life with the great waste of waters round about him, why, even the roughest sailor's bosom

is touched with a pity that makes the eyes smart again with something like a tear. You may fancy, then, how the seamen watch the white boat, as it keeps searching about in the pale light of the distant buoy, and how the crowd at the ship's side cry first, 'Now they see him yonder;' and next, as the cutter glides away in another direction, 'No, they're on the wrong track yet, lads;' and then how the men on board discuss whether the poor fellow could swim or not, and how long he could keep up in the water; until at length the buoy-light fades, and even the figure of the cutter itself suddenly vanishes from the view. Nothing then remains but to listen in terrible suspense for the pulse of the returning oars; and as the throbbing of the strokes is heard along the water, every heart beats with eagerness to learn the result. 'What cheer, boys, what cheer?' cries the officer, as the boat's crew draw up alongside the vessel once more, and every neck is craned over the side to see whether the poor fellow lies stretched at the bottom of the cutter. And when the ugly news is told that the body even has not been found (for that is the usual fate in the dark), you can form, perhaps, some faint idea, Ben, of the gloom that comes over the whole crew. 'Whose turn is it to be next—who is to be left like that poor fellow fighting with the ocean in the dark? What became of him? is he still clinging to the spar that was thrown to him, struggling and shrieking to the ship as he sees the cabin lights sailing from his sight? or was he seized by some shark lurking in the ship's wake, and dragged under as soon as he struck the waves? Who can say? And the very mystery gives a greater terror to such an end.'

"The Lord have mercy on the lost one's soul," sighed Benjamin's mother, as she hugged her boy

close to her knees, grateful even to thanksgiving that he had escaped so ghastly a doom. As for Ben himself, his eyes were glazed with tears, and as he still looked up in the captain's face, the big drops kept rolling over his long lashes till his little waistcoat was dappled with the stains.

The good-natured captain did not fail to note how deeply the lad had been touched with the story, and jerking his head on one side toward the boy, so as to draw the father's attention to the youngster, he indulged in one of his habitual chuckles as he said, "Come, come, Ben, swab the decks. You haven't heard half of the perils of a sailor's life yet. Ah! you lads think a long voyage at sea is as pleasant as a half hour's cruise in the summer time; so *I* did once; but a few weeks in the middle of the ocean, where even the sight of a gull, or a brood of Mother Carey's chickens seems a perfect Godsend in the intense solitude of the great desert about you, and where the same everlasting ring of the horizon still pursues you day after day, till the sense of the distance you have to travel positively appals the mind—a few weeks of such a life as this, lad, is sufficient to make the most stubborn heart turn back to home and friends, and to pray God in the dead of the night, when there is nothing but the same glistening cloud of stars set in the same eternal forms to keep one company, that he may be spared to clasp all those he loves to his bosom once again. You think a sailor, youngster, a thoughtless dare-devil of a fellow, with hardly a tender spot to his nature—the world speaks of his heart as a bit of oak; but I can tell you, boy, if you could hear the yarns that are spun during the dog-watches on the fo'cas'l, there is hardly a tale told that isn't homeward bound, as we say, and made up of the green scenes of life rather

than the ugly perils at sea. Ay! and what's more, Ben, if we could but know the silent thoughts of every heart on deck during the stillness of the middle watch, I'd wager there is not one among them that isn't away with mother, sister, or sweet-heart, prattling all kinds of fond and loving things to them. Your father Josiah, too, would tell you that sailors are a godless, blaspheming race; but *I* can tell you, lad, better than he (for I know them better), that a seaman, surrounded as he always is with the very sublimity of creation—with the great world of water by day, which seems as infinite and incomprehensible as space itself, and with the lustrous multitude of stars by night—the stars, that to a sailor are like heaven's own beacon-lights set up on the vast eternal shore of the universe, as if for the sole purpose of guiding his ship along a path where the faintest track of any previous traveler is impossible—the sailor, I say, amid such scenes as these, dwells under the very temple of the Godhead himself, and shows in the unconquerable superstition of his nature—despite his idle and unmeaning oaths—how deeply he feels that every minute of his perilous life is vouchsafed him, as it were, through the mercy of the All-merciful.”

The pious brothers bent their heads in reverence at the thoughts, while the mother looked tenderly and touchingly toward her son-in-law, and smiled as if to tell him how pleased she was to find that even he, sailor as he was, had not forgotten the godly teaching of his Puritan parents.

For a moment or two there was a marked silence among the family. The captain had touched the most solemn chord of all in their heart, and they sat for a while rapt in the sacred reverie that filled their mind like the deep-toned vibration of “a passing bell.”

Presently Captain Holmes, who was unwilling to leave his brother Ben without fairly rooting out every thread of the romance that bound the little fellow to the sea, proceeded once more with his narrative.

“But I’ll tell you what, Master Ben, is the most shocking sight of all that a sailor has to witness, ay, and one that makes a stark coward of the bravest, and a thoughtful man of the most thoughtless—death, youngster!—death, where there are no church-yards to store the body in, and no tomb-stones to record even the name of the departed; death, amid scenes where there is an everlasting craving for home, and yet no home-face near to soothe the last mortal throes of the sufferer. Why, lad, I’ve seen a stout, stalwart fellow leave the deck in the very flush of life and health, as I came on duty at the watch after him, and when I’ve gone below again, some few hours afterward, I have found him stricken down by a sun-stroke as suddenly as if he had been shot, and the sailmaker sitting by his berth, and busy sewing the corpse up in his hammock, with a cannon ball at the feet. The first death I had ever witnessed, lad, was under such circumstances as these. I was a mere youngster, like yourself, at the time, and had been by the man’s side day after day—had listened to his yarns night after night—had heard him talk, with a hitch in his breath, about the wife and little baby-boy he had left behind—had seen her name (ay, and some half a dozen others), with hearts and love-knots under them, pricked in blue on his great brawny arms. I had known him, indeed, as closely as men locked within the same walls for months together, and suffering the same common danger, get to know and like one another. I had missed sight of his face for but a few hours, and when I

saw it next the eye was fixed and glazed, the features as if cut in stone, the hand heavy and cold as lead; and I felt that, boy as I was, I had looked for the first time deep down into the great unfathomable sea of our common being. The hardest thing of all, lad, is to believe in death; and when we have been face to face with a man day by day, there seems to be such a huge gap left in the world when he is gone, that the mind grows utterly skeptical, and can hardly be convinced that an existence, which has been to it the most real and even palpable thing in all the world, can have wholly passed away. To look into the same eyes, and find them return no glance for glance; to speak, and find the ear deaf, the lips sealed, and the voice hushed, is so incomprehensible a change that the judgment positively reels again under the blow. Ashore, lad, you can get away from death—you can shut it out with other scenes—but on board ship it haunts you like a spectre; and then the day after comes the most dreadful scene of all—*burial on the high seas.*”

The captain remained silent for a moment or two, so that Ben might be able to “chew the cud” of his thoughts. Holmes had noticed the little fellow’s head drop at the mention of the death at sea, and he was anxious that the lad should realize to himself all the horror of such a catastrophe.

Presently Captain Holmes began again: “As the bell tolls, the poor fellow’s shipmates come streaming up the hatchways, with their heads bare and their necks bent down; for few can bear to look upon the lifeless body of their former companion, stretched, as it is, on the hatches beside the ship’s gangway, pointing to its last home—the sea; while the ship’s colors, with which it is covered, scarcely serve to conceal the outline of the mummy-like form stitched in the hammock

underneath. It needs no elocution, Ben, to make the service for the dead at sea the most solemn and impressive of all prayers—an outpouring that causes the heart to grieve and the soul to shudder again in the very depth of its emotion; for, with the great ocean itself for a cathedral, and the wild winds of heaven to chant the funeral dirge, there is an awe created that can not possibly be summoned up by any human handiwork. And when the touching words are uttered of ‘ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,’ and the body is slid from under the colors into the very midst of the ocean—as if it were being cast back into the great womb of Nature itself—a horror falls upon the senses like a deep absorbing stupor.”

Another long pause ensued. The captain himself was absorbed in recalling all the sad associations of the scenes he had described. Josiah and Uncle Benjamin had long forgotten the little lad whose love of the sea had been the cause of the discourse, and were silently nursing the pious thoughts that had been called up in their minds, while poor Mrs. Franklin sat sobbing and muttering to herself disjointed fragments of prayers.

Presently the mother rose from her seat, and, flinging herself on the captain’s shoulder, wept half hysterically; at last, with a strong effort, she cried through her sobs, “The Lord in heaven reward you, Holmes, for saving my boy from such a fate.”

Next Uncle Benjamin started from his chair, and, going toward his little namesake, said, as he led him to his weeping parent, “Come, dear lad, promise your mother here you will abandon all thoughts of the sea from this day forth.”

“I *do*, mother,” cried the boy; “I promise you I will.”

The mother’s heart was too full to thank her

boy by words ; but she seized him, and, throwing her arms about his neck, half smothered him with kisses, that spoke her gratitude to her son in the most touching and unmistakable of all language.

“ Give me your hand, sir,” said Josiah to little Benjamin ; “ let us be better friends than we yet have been, and to-morrow you shall choose a trade for yourself.”

“ Oh, thank you, father, thank you,” exclaimed the delighted lad ; and that night he told his joys to his Guinea-pig, and slept as he had never done before.

END OF PART I.

PART II.

YOUNG BEN'S LESSON IN LIFE, AND WHAT HE LEARNED FROM IT.

CHAPTER VII.

GOING OUT IN THE WORLD.

It was arranged by Josiah and his wife, after parting with the captain overnight, that young Benjamin should be intrusted to the care of his uncle for a few days before being called upon to select his future occupation in life.

Uncle Benjamin had pointed out to the father that he was too prone to look upon his boy as a mere industrial machine, and had begged hard to be allowed to take his little godson with him "out in the world" for a while, so as to give him some slight insight into the economy of human life and labor.

"The lad at present," urged the uncle, "is without purpose or object. He knows absolutely nothing of the ways of the world, and has no more sense of the necessity or nobility of work, nor, indeed, any clearer notion of the great scheme of civilized society, than an Indian papoose. What can a child like him," the godfather said, "understand of the value of prudence, of the overwhelming power of mere perseverance, or of the magic influence of simple energy and will, till he is made to see and comprehend the different springs and movements that give force,

play, and direction to the vast machinery of industry and commerce? So far as the great world of human enterprise is concerned," added the uncle, "the lad is but little better than a pup of eight days old; and, until his mind's eye is fairly opened, it is idle to expect him to have the least insight into the higher uses and duties of life."

As soon as the morning meal of the next day was finished, little Benjamin, to his utter astonishment, was presented by his uncle with a new fishing-rod and tackle, and told to get himself ready to start directly for a day's sport.

"What ever can this have to do with the choice of a trade?" thought the boy to himself.

There was no time, however, for wondering; for the next minute the mother was busy brushing his little triangular hat, while his sister was helping him on with his thick, big-buckled shoes. Then a packet of corned beef and bread was slipped into the pocket of his broad-skirted coat, and without a hint as to what it all meant, the little fellow was dismissed with a kiss and a "God-speed" upon his mysterious journey.

The boy and his uncle were not long in traversing the crooked and narrow streets of Boston. The quaint, old-fashioned State House in front of the large, park-like "common" was soon left behind, and the long wooden bridge crossed in the direction of the neighboring suburb of Dorchester.

Young Benjamin, though pleased enough to be free for a day's pleasure, was so eager to be put to some new occupation, that he kept speculating in his own simple manner, as he trotted along with his rod on his shoulder, as to why his father had broken his promise with him.

The uncle guessed the reason of his little nephew's silence, but said not a word as to the

real object of the excursion; and as they made toward the heights of Dorchester, he recounted to the lad, in order to divert his thoughts, stories of the persecutions of the Franklin family in the old country; till at length, having reached a small streamlet at the foot of the heights themselves, the rod and line were duly mounted, and the day's sport commenced.

Then, as the boy sat on the green bank, with his fishing-rod speared into the ground, and watching the tiny float that kept dancing like a straw in the current, the old man at his side took advantage of the quietude of the spot to impress his little nephew with his first views of life.

It was a lovely autumn day. The blue vault of the sky was like a huge dome of air upspringing from the distant horizon, and flecked with large cumulus clouds that lay almost as motionless, from lack of wind, as if they were mounds of the whitest and softest snow piled one above another. From an opening between two such clouds the sun's rays came pouring down visibly, in distinct broad bands of "fire-mist"—such as are seen streaming through a cathedral window—and fell upon the earth and water in large sheets of dazzling phosphorescence. Out at sea, the broad ocean-expanse constituting the Bay of Massachusetts looked positively solid as crystal in its calmness, while the shadows of the clouds above, dulling in parts the bright surface of the water, swept over it almost as imperceptibly as breath upon a mirror. In the distance, the little smacks that seemed to be reveling in the breeze far away from land had each left behind them a bright trail, which looked like a long shining scar upon the water; and from the scores of islands dappling the great ocean-lake, ferry-boats, freighted with a many-colored load of market-women,

peasants, and soldiers, kept plying to and from the shore.

Looking toward the home they had left, the town of Boston itself was seen crowding the broad peninsular pedestal on which it was set, and the three hills that gave it its ancient name of "Tri-mountain" swelling high above the tide at its base. In front of the city, the masts of the many vessels in the harbor were like a mass of reeds springing out of the water, and from the back and sides of the town there stretched long wooden bridges, which in the distance seemed as though they were so many cables mooring the huge raft of the city to the adjacent continent.

The country round about was dappled with many a white and cosy homestead, and the earth itself variegated as a painter's palette with all the autumn colors of the green meadows and the brown fallow lands—the golden orchards, the crimson patches of clover, and the white flocks and red cattle with which it was studded; while overhead, on the neighboring Dorchester heights, there rose a fine cloud of foliage that was as rich and yet sombre in its many tints as the sky at sunset after a storm.

"Look round about you, lad," said Uncle Benjamin to the youth at his side, "and see what a busy scene surrounds us. There is not a field within compass of the eye that the husbandmen are not at work in. Yonder the plow goes scoring the earth, as the yoke of oxen passes slowly over it, and changing the green soil into a rich umber brown, so that the exhausted ground may drink in fresh life from the air above. Here the farm-cart is in the field, studding it with loads of manure at regular distances, to serve as nutriment for the future grain. The smoke from the up-rooted heaps of stubble burning yonder goes drift-

ing over the dark plain, in order that even the ashes from the past crop may tend to feed the coming one. That swarthy-looking fellow you see over there, Ben, with a basket on his arm, is a sweep sowing soot broadcast for the same purpose. Down by the shore, again, the people are out with their wagons collecting sea-weed with a like object. At the salt-marshes, too, you perceive the cowherd is busy opening the sluices, so that the tide, as it flows, may moisten the rich meadows upon which the cattle are grazing.

“On the other hand,” continued the old man, as he pointed to the several objects about him, “the tiny vessels yonder, that look like so many white gulls as they skim the broad bay, are those of the fishermen gathering supplies for to-morrow’s market. That noble-looking Indiaman, with the men, like a swarm of bees about its yards, gathering in the pouting sails as it enters the harbor, is laden with teas and spices from the East; and that line of craft moored beside the ‘Long wharf,’ with the cranes dipping into their holds, is landing bags of sugar from the Western Indies. The drove of cattle halting there to drink at the road-side pool, and with their reflected images coloring the water like a painting, have come from the distant prairies to swell our butchers’ stores. The white figure you can just see at the top of yon mill is that of the miller’s man, guiding the dangling sacks of flour on their way down to be carted off to the city. The very birds of the air—the crows now cawing as they fly over head; the swallows twittering as they skim zigzag across the surface of the pools; the white gull yonder, that has just settled down on the waves; the hawk poised above the wood waiting for the coming pigeon—are one and all in quest of food. Even the very insects beside us are busy upon

the same errand. The big bee buzzing in the flower-cup at our feet; the tiny ants, that are hardly bigger than motes in the sunbeam, hurrying to and fro in the grass; the spider, that has spun his silken net across the twigs of the adjacent hedge, are all quickened with the cravings of their bigger fellow-creatures. Indeed, the sportsman on the hills above, whose gun now makes the woods chatter again, is there only from the same motive as is stirring the insects themselves. And you yourself, Ben—but look at your float, lad! look at your float! The bobbing of it tells you that the very fish, like the birds and the insects, the sportsmen and the husbandmen round about, have left their lurking-places on the same hungry mission. Strike, boy, strike!”

As the uncle said the words, the delighted youngster seized the rod, and twitched a plump-looking chub, struggling, from the pool.

In a few minutes the prize was stored away in the fish-basket they had brought with them, and the float once more dancing in the shade above the newly-baited hook in the water.

And when the rod was speared anew in the ground beside the brook, Uncle Ben said to his nephew, as the little fellow flung himself down on the bank slope, “Can you understand *now*, my little man, why I brought you out to fish?”

The lad looked up in his uncle’s good-humored face, and smiled as the solution of the morning’s riddle flashed across his mind.

“Why, to teach me, uncle, that every thing that lives seeks after its food,” answered the younger Benjamin, delighted with the small discovery he had made; for as yet he had never shaped in his mind the cravings of creatures into any thing approximating to a general law.

“Hardly *that*, my little man,” replied the uncle,

“for I should have thought your own unguided reason would have shown you as much ere this. What I really want to impress upon you, Ben, is rather the *vital necessity* for work. The lesson I wish to teach you is not a very deep one, my lad, but one that requires to be firmly and everlastingly engraven on the mind. Now look round again, and see what difference you can notice between the lives of animals and plants. Observe what is going on in the fields, and what among the insects, the birds, the fishes, the beasts, and even the men, that throng the land, the air, and the water about us.”

The boy cast his eyes once more over the broad expanse of nature before him, and said, hesitatingly, “The animals are all seeking after food, and—and—”

“The husbandmen are busy in the fields, *taking food* to the plants,” added Uncle Benjamin, helping the little fellow to work out the problem.

“The one form of life *goes after* its food, and the other has it *brought* to it.”

The old man paused for a minute, so that the lad might well digest the difference.

“The distinctive quality of an animal,” he then went on, “is that it seeks its own living, whereas a plant must have its living taken to it.”

“I see,” said Benjamin, thoughtfully.

“An animal,” said the uncle, “can not thrust its lower extremities into the ground, and drink up the elements of its trunk and limbs from the soil, like the willow-tree there on the opposite bank, whose roots you can see, like a knot of writhing snakes, piercing the earth all round about it. Unlike the tree and the shrub, Ben, the animal is endowed with a susceptibility of feeling, as well as fitted with a special and exquisitely beautiful apparatus for motion. The sentient creature is

thus not only gifted with a sense of hunger to tell him instinctively (far better than any reason could possibly do) when his body needs refreshment, but, in order to prevent his sitting still and starving with pleasure (as he assuredly would have done if hunger had been rendered a delight to him), this very sense of hunger has, most benevolently, been made painful for him to suffer for any length of time. Now it is the pain or uneasiness of the growing appetite that serves to sting the muscles of his limbs into action at frequent and regular intervals, and to make him stir in quest of the food that is necessary for the reparation of his frame; and, what is more, the allaying of the pain of the protracted appetite itself has been rendered one of the chief pleasures of animal nature."

"How strange it seems, uncle, that I never thought of this before; for, now you point it out to me, it is all so plain that I fancy I must have been blind not to have noticed it," was all that the nephew could say, for the new train of thought started in his brain was hurrying him away with its wild crowd of reflections.

"Rather it would have been much stranger, Ben, could you have discovered it alone; for such matters are visible to the mind only, and not to be noted by the mere eyes themselves," the uncle made answer.

"I understand now," exclaimed the boy, half musing; "all animals must stir themselves in order to get food."

"Ay, my lad; but there is another marked difference between animals and plants," continued the uncle, "and that will explain to us why even food itself is necessary for animal subsistence. A tree, you know, boy, is inactive — that willow would remain where it is till it died unless moved by some one — and there is, therefore, little or no

waste going on in its frame; hence the greater part of the nutriment it derives from the soil and air is devoted to the growth or strengthening of its trunk and limbs. But the chief condition of animal life is muscular action, and muscular action can not go on without the destruction of the tissues themselves. After a hard day's exercise, men are known to become considerably lighter, or, in other words, to have lost several pounds' weight of their bodily substance. Physicians, too, assure us that the entire body itself becomes changed every seven years throughout life: the hair, for instance, is forever growing, the nails are being continually pared away, the breath is always carrying off a certain portion of our bulk, the blood is hourly depositing fresh fibre and absorbing decayed tissues as it travels through the system; transpiration, again, is forever going on, and can only be maintained by continual drains upon the vital fluids within. Even if we sit still, our body is at work—the heart beating, the lungs playing, the chest heaving, the blood circulating; and all this, as with the motion of any other engine (even though it be of iron), must be attended with more or less friction or rubbing away of the parts in motion, and consequently with a slower or quicker wearing out or waste of the body itself."

"I should never have thought of *that*, uncle," observed the youth.

"It is this waste, lad, which, waking or sleeping, moving or resting, is forever going on in the animal frame, that makes a continual supply of food a *vital* necessity with us all. Food, indeed, is to the human machine what coals are to Savery's wonderful steam-engine—the fuel that is necessary to keep the apparatus in motion; and, as a chaldron of coal applied to a steam boiler will do only a certain amount of work, so a given quanti-

ty of bread and bacon put into a man's stomach is equal to merely a definite quantity of labor. But, since we can only get food by working, why work itself, of course, becomes the supreme necessity of our lives. Our blood, our heart, our lungs are, as I said, forever at work, and *we* must therefore work, if it be only to keep *them* working. It is impossible for such as us to stand still without destroying some portion of our substance, and hence one of three things becomes inevitable."

"And what are they, uncle?"

"Why, work, beggary, or death!" was the overwhelming reply. "You may choose *which* of the three you will adopt, but *one* or *other* of them there is no escaping from. You must either live by your own labor, lad, or by that of others, or else you must starve—such is the lot of all."

"Work, beggary, or death!" echoed the boy, as he chewed the cud of his first lesson in life. "*Work, beggary, or death!*"

Then suddenly turning to his uncle, the little fellow exclaimed, "You have given me thoughts I never knew before. Let me go home and tell my father and mother how different a boy you have made me, and my future life shall show you how much I owe to this day's lesson."

The journey home was soon performed, for young Benjamin was too full of what he had heard to feel the distance they journeyed.

"Well, Ben, my boy," exclaimed the father, as the little fellow entered the candle-store, "what sport have you had? What have you brought home?"

"I have brought one fish," answered his son, demurely.

"Is that all?" asked the old man.

"No," replied the altered youth. "I have come

back with one fish and one strong determination, father."

"Eh, indeed! A strong determination to do what, my lad?" said the parent.

"To lead a new life for the future," was the grave response of the little man.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A HIT! A HIT!"

THAT night, after the evening hymn had been chanted by the family, to the accompaniment of the father's violin as usual, and young Benjamin had retired to rest, the conversation of the brothers and the wife turned upon the marked change that had occurred in the little fellow's behavior.

"He certainly seems a different lad," observed the father, as he arranged the table for the hit at backgammon that he and his brother Benjamin occasionally indulged in after the day's work; "quite a different lad. I really don't think he uttered a word beyond 'asking the blessing' all supper-time."

"And when I went up to his room to take his light," chimed in the mother, who had now settled down to her knitting, and was busy refooting a pair of the young carpenter's worsted stockings, "the dear child was praying to God to give him grace and strength to carry out his new purpose."

"Well! well! that looks healthy enough, mother," exclaimed Josiah, rattling away at the dice-box, "if it'll only last. You see the flesh is weak with all of us, and children are but reeds in the wind—poor little reeds, mother."

"Last!" echoed Benjamin, as he raised his eye

for a moment from his brother's game, “why, with God's blessing, it's sure to last, that it is. What I've told you all along, Josh, is that you hadn't faith in that boy's mind. He's as like our own brother Tom, I say again, as one grain of sand is to another; and as our Thomas came to be the foremost man of our family, why, mark my words, Josh, your Ben will grow up to be the greatest man in all yours, though I dare say none of us here will ever be spared to see the day. The boy has a fine common-sense mind of his own, and where there's a mind to work upon, you can do any thing, brother, within reason. With jackasses, of course you must give them the stick to make them go the way you want; but with rational creatures, it's only a fool that believes blows can do more than logic. What first set you and me thinking about our duties in life, Josh?” he asked, and gave the dice-box an extra rattle as he paused for a reply. “Was it kicks, eh? kicks and cuffs? No; but it was sitting under good old Luke Fuller at the Northampton Conventicle, and listening to his godly teachings—that it was, if *I* know any thing about it. And now I'll tell you what I mean to do with my godson Ben. I've made myself responsible for the errors of his youth, you know, and what I mean to do is this—”

The mother stopped her needles for the moment as she awaited anxiously the conclusion of the speech; but Benjamin, who by this time had got by far the best of the hit at backgammon, paused to watch the result of the throw he was about to make; and when the dice were cast upon the board, Josiah, who, like his brother, was divided between the discourse and the contest, inquired,

“Well, and what *do* you mean to do, Master Ben?”

"Why, I mean to gammon you nicely this time, Master Josh," he replied with a chuckle as he "took up" the "blot" his antagonist had left on the board.

"Tut! tut! man alive," returned Josiah, in a huff at the ill luck which pursued him. "But what do you mean to do with the boy, I want to know?"

"Why, I mean," answered brother Benjamin, abstractedly, as the game drew to a close, and he kept gazing intently at the board, "I mean—" and then, as he took off his last man, and started up, rubbing his palms together as briskly as if it were a sharp frost, with exultation over his victory, he added, "But you shall see—you shall see what I *mean* to do with him. Come, that's a hit to me, brother."

It was useless for Josiah or his wife to attempt to get even a clew to the method Uncle Benjamin intended to adopt with their son.

The godfather, on second thoughts, had judged it better to keep his mode of proceeding to himself; and so, finding he could hardly hold out against the lengthened siege of the father and mother, he deemed it prudent to beat a retreat; and accordingly, seizing his rush-light and the volume of manuscript sermons, that he never let out of his sight, he wished the couple good-night, and retired to his room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

A SMALL sailing vessel lay becalmed next morning far out in the offing of the Massachusetts Bay. The fresh breeze that had sprung up at

sunrise had gradually died away as the day advanced toward noon, and now the main-sail hung down from the yard as loose and straight as a curtain from a pole, while the boom kept swinging heavily from side to side as the boat rolled about in the long and lazy swell of the ocean. At the helm sat one of the smartest young cockswains out of Boston harbor—Young Benjamin Franklin; and near him was the uncle who had undertaken to shape the little fellow's course through life.

The lad was again at a loss to fathom the reason of the trip.

So long as the breeze had lasted he had been too deeply engrossed with the management of the craft—too pleased with watching the bows of the tiny vessel plow their way through the foaming water, like a sledge through so much snow—to trouble his brains much about the object of an excursion so congenial to his heart. So long as the summer waves rushed swiftly as a mill-sluice past the gunwale of the boat, and the hull lay over almost on its side under the pressure of the pouting sail, the blood went dancing, almost as cheerily as the waves, through the veins of the excited boy, and his hand grasped the tiller with the same pride as a horseman holds the rein of a swift and well-trained steed. But when the wind flagged, and the sail began to beat backward and forward with each lull in the breeze, like the fluttering wing of a wounded gull, the little fellow could not keep from wondering why Uncle Benjamin had brought him out to sea. What could any one learn of the ways of the world in an open boat far away from land?

The boy, however, lacked the courage to inquire what it all meant.

Presently he turned his head to note the dis-

tance they had run, and cried as he looked back toward Boston, "Why, I declare, uncle, we can hardly see the State House!"

"Yes, lad," was the answer, "the town has faded into a mere blot of haze; but how finely the long curving line of the crescent-shaped bay appears to rampart the ocean round, now that the entire sweep of the shore is brought within grasp of the eye! What a vast basin it looks; so vast, indeed, that the capes which form the horns of the crescent coast seem to be the very ends of the earth itself! And yet, vast as it looks to us, lad, this great tract of shore is but a mere span's length in comparison with the enormous American continent; that continent which is a third part of the entire earth—one of the three gigantic tongues of land that stretch down from the north pole,* and ridge the ocean as if they were so many mighty sea-walls raised to break the fury of the immense flood of water enveloping the globe. Now tell me, who was it that discovered the great continent before us, Benjamin?"

"Cristofaro Colombo, the Genoese sailor, on the 11th of October, in the year 1492," quickly answered the nephew, proud of the opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the history of his native land.

"And that is but little more than two hundred years ago," the other added. "For thousands of years one third of the entire earth was not even known to exist by the civilized portion of the

* The three tongues of land spoken of are, 1. North and South America; 2. Europe and Africa; 3. Asia and Australasia. Each of these great tracts is more or less divided midway into two portions. Between the two Americas flow the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea; between Europe and Africa, on the other hand, runs the Mediterranean; while Asia and Australasia are separated by the Chinese Sea and Indian Archipelago.

globe; and had it not been for the will of that Genoese sailor, you and I, Ben, most likely, would not have been gazing at this same land at this same moment."

"The *will* of Columbus!" echoed the nephew, in wonderment at the speech.

"Yes, boy. I have brought you out in this boat to-day to show you what the mere will of a man can compass," continued the uncle; "for I want to impress upon you, my little fellow, now that we are here, with the mighty American shore stretching miles away before our eyes, how the will of a simple mariner gave these mighty shores an existence to the rest of the habitable globe."

"The will!" repeated the boy.

"Yes, Benjamin, the will!" the uncle iterated emphatically; "for the finding of this great country was not a mere accidental discovery—not a blind stumbling over a heap of earth in the dark—but the mature fruition of a purpose long conceived and sustained in the mind. When did Columbus first form the design of reaching India by a westward course?" asked the old man, delighted to catechise his little godson concerning the chronicles of America.

Young Ben reflected for a moment, and then stammered out, as if half in doubt about the date, "As early as the—as the year 1474, I think the book says, uncle."

"Yes, boy, he formed the design nearly twenty years before he made the discovery. To reach India by sea," proceeded the mentor, "was the great problem of navigation in those days. Marco Polo had traveled overland as far even as China and Japan; but the boats of our forefathers, flat-bottomed as they were, and impelled only by oars, were unable to venture far out of sight of land; for in those days sailors hadn't even the knowl-

edge of the compass, nor of any instrument to measure the altitudes of the stars, whereby to guide a vessel in its course. Even the passage to India round by the Cape of Good Hope was a voyage that none as yet had had the hardihood to undertake. Well, and what were the reasons Columbus had for believing that land lay across the Atlantic?"

"The objects cast on the shores of Europe after westerly winds," spoke out the boy, for the interesting story of the discovery of America had been scanned over and over again by him. "Besides, you know, uncle, after Columbus married Philippa de Palestrello, he supported himself, and kept his old father too, at Genoa by drawing maps and charts."

"There's a brave lad!" returned the uncle, patting his godson encouragingly on the head, till each kindly touch from the old man thrilled through every nerve of the youngster; "and in the old charts by Andrea Bianco and others of Venice, Columbus had doubtlessly been struck by the long range of territory that was vaguely indicated as lying to the west of the Canary Islands. Well, when the sailor had once formed the idea of crossing the Atlantic in quest of land, what did he do? Did he sit down and grieve that he was too poor to fit out the fleet that was necessary to put the project into execution, eh, lad?"

"No, uncle," was the ready reply; "he journeyed with his little son Diego, who was then, if I remember rightly, only eleven years old (for his wife Philippa, you know, uncle, had died some time before), to the different courts of Europe, in the hope of getting some of the kings to give him ships and men for the voyage."

"Ay; and when he found himself foiled by the intrigues of the courtiers of John the Second of

Portugal, and the great scheme of crossing the Atlantic rejected by the council of the state, did the sailor give way to despair, and abandon the project forever in disgust?" again the old man interrogated the youth.

"No, Uncle Benjamin; he set out with his little son to Spain, though in the greatest poverty at the time, and there sought the assistance of Ferdinand and Isabella."

"And how long did he remain there, lad, dancing attendance on the lackeys of a government, many of whom even laughed to scorn the notion of the world being round?" was the next query.

"Five years he staid in Spain," the youth replied.

"And when all hope failed him there, what did he afterward? Did he lose heart, and pluck his long-cherished purpose out of his mind?"

"No, no!" exclaimed the lad, whom the uncle had now worked up to a sense of the sailor's indomitable determination; "Columbus then got his brother Bartholomew to make proposals for the voyage to Henry VII. of England."

"Yes," exclaimed the elder Benjamin, "and to England this man of stern will would most assuredly have gone had not the Queen Isabella, when she heard of it, been persuaded to send for him back."

"And then, you know, she consented to pledge her jewels so as to raise money enough for the expedition," chimed in little Benjamin.

"So she did, my little man," the godfather returned with an approving nod; "and by such means, at last, three small vessels, the 'Santa Maria,' the 'Pinta,' and the 'Nina' (two of them, remember, being without decks), were fitted for sea, and one hundred and twenty hands to man them collected, by hook or by crook, with the

greatest difficulty, owing to the general dread of the passage. And when the tiny fleet of fishing-smacks (for it was little better, boy) ultimately set sail—on the 3d of August, 1492, it was—out of the port of Palos, in the Mediterranean, and made straight away for the broad havenless ocean itself, did the will of the bold adventurer—the will that he had nursed through many a long year of trial, want, and scorn—did it waver one jot then, or still point to the opposite shore, steady as the compass itself to the pole? ay, and that even though he knew that the crew he commanded were timid as deer, and the boats he had to navigate almost as unseaworthy as cradles?”

“I never read the story in this way before, uncle,” exclaimed the thoughtful boy, now that the object of his teacher began to dawn upon his mind.

“I dare say not, lad; but hear the grand tale to its end,” was the answer. “Well, for some months, you know, Ben, the wretched little fleet of open boats had been beating about the wide and apparently boundless Atlantic, and the sailors, worn with fatigue and long want of shelter and proper food, had grown mutinous and savage at searching for what seemed to them like the very end of space itself; and then the great admiral (for you remember he had been made one), though still fortified by the same indomitable purpose as ever, was obliged, after exhausting every other resource, to beg of his rebellious sailors a few days’ grace, and to promise to return with them then, if unsuccessful. Night and day afterward did this man of iron resolution gaze into the clouds that rested on the horizon, and believe he saw in them the very land that his fancy had discovered there nearly twenty years before; but at last this same cloud-land had so often cheated the

sight, that all hope of seeing any shore in that quarter had been banished from every breast—but his own. One night, however—the memorable night of the 15th of October, 1492—as the admiral sat on the poop of the ‘Santa Maria’ peering into the darkness itself, he thought he beheld moving lights in the distance; then the crew were called up to watch them, and eye after eye began to see the same bright fiery specks wandering about in the haze as the admiral himself; until, at length, doubt grew into conviction, and a wild exulting cry of ‘Land! land!’ arose from every voice.

“And when the morning dawned, and the eyes of Columbus gazed upon that strange coast, crimsoned over and gilt with the rays of the rising sun, who shall describe the passions that crowded in his bosom? who shall tell the honest pride he felt at the power of the will which had led him to summon, into existence as it were, the very land before him? or how even he himself marveled over that stanch fortitude of purpose which had sustained him through years of trial to such an end?”

“It *was*, then,” said the boy, half stricken down with wonder at the thought, now that he could grasp it in all its grandeur, “the will of Columbus that gave America to us.”

“It was, lad, the will of the heroic Genoese sailor, expressing the will of God; and if it was the will of a simple mariner that first made known this enormous continent—this new world, as we call it—why, it was merely the same inflexible resolution that first peopled it with the very race that now possesses it.”

“Indeed!” cried the boy, in greater amazement than ever.

“Yes, Ben,” was the answer. “The same iron

determination was in the souls of the Pilgrim Fathers as in that of Columbus himself; but theirs was one of a holier nature. They sought these lands neither quickened by a life of adventure nor stirred by the lust of riches. They had merely one immovable purpose in their heart—to worship the Almighty after the dictates of their own conscience—and it was this that led the pious band to quit the shores of the Humber in the old country; this that sustained them for years as exiles in Holland; and this which ultimately bore them across the Atlantic in the ‘Speedwell’ and the ‘Mayflower,’ and gave them strength to fight through the terrors of the first winter here in their adopted father-land.”

“How strange!” exclaimed the musing lad; “*will* discovered the land, and *will* peopled it.”

“Yes, Benjamin; it was to make you comprehend the power of this same *will* in man that I brought you out here to-day. I wanted to let you see almost with a bird’s eye the mighty territory that has been created by it. The plains, which a few years back were mere wild and half-barren hunting-grounds possessed by savages, are now studded with large and noble towns—the fields striped with roads and belted with canals—the coast pierced with harbors—the land rich with vegetation—the cities busy with factories—the havens bristling with shipping—ay, and all called into existence by the indomitable will of the one man who originally discovered the country, and that of the conscientious band who afterwards came from England to make a home of it. It was the will of the Almighty that first summoned the land out of the water, lad; and it is the same God-like quality in man—the great creative and heroic faculty—that changes barren plains into fertile fields, and builds up cities in the wilderness.”

CHAPTER X.

HOW TO MAKE WORK PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE.

It was now time for the uncle and nephew to think about returning to Boston harbor. They had promised to be home to a late dinner at two; but the promise had been made irrespective of the wind and the tide, and the couple were then some miles out at sea, without a breath of wind strong enough to waft a soap-bubble through the air, and with a strong ebb current drifting them farther from land.

The head of the vessel was at length, by dint of sculling, brought round to the shore, but still the sail hung down as limp and straight as the feathers of barn-door fowls after a heavy shower, and even the paper that the uncle threw overboard (as he opened the packet of bread and meat they had brought with them) floated perpetually by the ship's side, as motionless as the pennant at the mast-head.

"Heyday, my man, we seem to be in a pretty fix here," cried Uncle Benjamin, as he munched the bread and beef, while he kept his eyes riveted on the piece of the old "*Boston Gazette*" swimming beside them in the water. "What do you say, my little captain—what's to be done? Remember, I'm in your hands, youngster."

"There's nothing to be done that I see, uncle," returned the youth, as he smiled with delight at the idea of being promoted to the captaincy of the vessel—"nothing but to wait out here patiently till sundown, and then a breeze will spring

up, most likely; it generally does, you know, at that time. But I thought it 'ud be so, to tell you the truth, while you were talking; and I should have whistled for a wind long ago, but I fancied you might think I wasn't attending. It's impossible to pull back with this heavy tide against us; and if you look out to sea, uncle, there isn't a puff of wind to be seen coming up along the water any where;" and as he said the words the little monkey put his hand up before his brows, in imitation of his old sailor friends, and looked under them in all directions, to observe whether he could distinguish in the distance that ruffling of the glassy surface of the water which marks the approach of a breeze in a calm.

"Well, captain, what must be *must*," said the godfather, calmly resigning himself with all the gusto of a philosopher at once to the position and the victuals. "There's no use railing against the wind, you know, and it's much better having to whistle for a breeze than a dinner, I can tell you. So come, lad, while you fall foul of the meat and the cider, I can be treating you to a little snack of worldly philosophy by way of salt to the food; and so, you see, you can be digesting your dinner and your duty in life both at the same time."

The youngster proceeded to carry out his uncle's order in good earnest, for the sea-trip had whetted his bodily appetite as much as the story of Columbus had sharpened the edge of his wits; so, pulling out his clasp-knife, he fell to devouring the buffalo hump and the old man's discourse almost with equal heartiness.

"Well, my son," proceeded the elder Benjamin, "I have shown you the power of the will in great things, and now I want to point out to you the use of it in what the world calls 'little things.'

I have made you understand, I think, that the prime necessity of life is labor. But labor is naturally irksome to us. You remember, boy, it was the primeval curse inflicted upon man."

"So it was!" exclaimed the lad, in haste to let his uncle see that he knew well to what he referred. "'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' were the words, uncle."

"Good, good, my son. I'll make a fine, upright man of you before I have done, that I will," added the delighted godfather. "But labor, though *naturally* irksome and painful, still admits, like hunger itself, of being made a source of pleasure to us."

"How can that be?" the nephew inquired.

"Well, Ben," the uncle went on, "there are three means—and only three, so far as I know—by which work may be rendered more or less delightful to all men. The first of these means is *variety*; the second, *habit*; and the third, *purpose*, or *object*."

"I don't understand you, uncle," was all the boy said.

"You know, my little man," the other went on, "that as it is hard and difficult to remain at the same occupation for any length of time, so does it become a matter of mere recreation to shift from one employment to another as soon as we grow tired of what we have been previously doing. Child's play is merely labor made easy, and what boys call amusement is often very hard work. But it is the change of occupation that makes even the severest muscular exercise a matter of sport to youth. A whole life of foot-ball, however, or fifty years at leap-frog, would be far more fatiguing, I can tell you, than the hewing of wood or the drawing of water. And even this boating, which is so delightful to you, lad, when

pursued as a relaxation or relief from other modes of work, is the heaviest possible punishment to the poor galley-slaves who are doomed to it for the term of their natural lives. The great zest of life is change, boy, even as the chief drug of our existence is the mental and bodily fatigue which arises from long continuance at the same pursuit. Recreation, indeed, is merely that restoration of energy which comes from change of work or occupation; and it is this principle of change or variety in labor which, as with the boating of boys, can transform even the hard work of galley-slaves into a matter of child's play."

"Oh, then, uncle," cried little Benjamin, flushed with the belief that he had made a grand discovery, "why not let people work at a number of different things, and do each for only a little time, instead of setting them to labor always at the same pursuit for the whole of their lives? Every one would be *fond* of working then."

"Yes; but, lad," rejoined the old man, smiling as well at the simplicity as at the aptness of his pupil, "this flighty or erratic kind of labor would be of no more value to the world than are the sports of children. A tailor must continue using the needle for years, Ben, before he can work a button-hole fit to be seen. How long must people have toiled on and on, generation after generation, before they learned how to make window-glass and bottles out of the sand and the weeds by the sea-shore! Could you or I, Ben, ever hope, by laboring half an hour a day, to get a pair of scissors or a razor out of a lump of iron-stone, or to fashion a slice of an elephant's tusk into the exquisitely nice symmetry of a billiard ball? For labor to be of special use and value to the world, it must have some special skill; and skilled labor, being but the cunning of the fingers,

requires the same long education of the hands as deep learning does of the head. It is because savages and vagabonds have no *settled* occupations that their lives are comparatively worthless to the rest of mankind."

"I see now!" ejaculated the thoughtful boy.

"Yes, my lad, variety of occupation makes work as pleasant as play," the uncle added, "but it makes it as *valueless* also. So now let us turn to the second means of making labor agreeable."

"And that's *habit*, I think you said," interjected the younger Benjamin.

"I did," he replied. "Now habit, I should first tell you, my little man, is one of the most wonderful principles in the whole human constitution. The special function of habit is to make that which is at first irksome for us to do, pleasant after a time to perform: it serves to render the actions which originally required an express effort on our part to execute, so purely mechanical, as it were (when they have been frequently and regularly repeated for a certain period), as to need almost the same express effort then to *prevent* us indulging in them."

"How strange!" mused the nephew.

"The simple habit of whittling will teach you, lad, how difficult it is for people to keep their hands from doing work they have been long accustomed to. Again, when you were trying to play your father's violin, you remember how hard you found it to move each finger as you wanted, and how your eye was obliged to be fixed first on the music-book and then on the strings, in order to touch each particular note set down, until at length, disgusted with the tedium of the task, you left off practicing on the instrument altogether? And yet, had you pursued the study, there is no doubt you would ultimately have

played with all the ease, and even pleasure, of your father, and have got to work your fingers ere long with the same nimbleness, and even the same inattention, as your mother plies her knitting-needles while reading in the evening."

"So I should, I dare say; but isn't it odd, uncle, that mere habit should do this?" observed the lad, as he grew alive to the wonders worked by it.

"It *is* odd, my boy—very odd, indeed, that the mere repetition of acts at *frequent* and *regular* intervals (for that is all that is required) should make them, however difficult and distasteful at first, grow easy and congenial to us in time; that it should change pain into pleasure, labor into pastime; that it should render a certain set of muscles unconscious of effort, and callous to fatigue, and transform the most arduous voluntary actions into the simplicity and insensibility of mere clock-work. But so it is, my little man; and it is this same principle of habit applied to the different forms of manual labor which constitutes what is termed 'industrial training;' it is this which makes 'skill' in the world, and gives to the handiwork of mechanics a stamp of the cunning and dignity of art."

"The use of apprenticeship, then, I suppose," observed the boy, "is to form a kind of habit of working in a particular way—isn't it so, uncle?"

"Well said, my quick little man. There is a high pleasure in teaching such as take delight in learning, like you, Ben."

"But, uncle," continued the youth, tingling all over with delight at the applause, "if habit can do away with the unpleasantness of labor, where can be the use of the other thing you spoke of as a means of making work agreeable—though I forget what you said it was, I'm sure."

“It was *purpose* or *object*, my lad, that I told you makes work pleasant also.”

“Oh yes, so it was—purpose or object,” young Benjamin repeated; “but I hardly know what you mean by such grand words.”

“They are not only grand words, but they stand for the grandest things in life, my little fellow,” the old man went on. “Habit, after all, makes a man work but as a machine. The blacksmith who has been long accustomed to wield the sledge-hammer has no more sense of fatigue (except when he works beyond the time he has been used to) than that wonderful new invention the steam-engine, which you have seen swinging its iron arms about as it pumps the water out of our docks. But a man with a purpose, my son, works like a man, and not like a steam-engine, even though that very purpose makes him as insensible of weariness in his labor as the steam-engine itself.”

“Does purpose, then, as you call it, do the same as habit, uncle?” inquired the youth.

“Yes, Ben, but it does that *immediately* which habit requires *years* to accomplish. Only let a man put his whole soul into what he is doing—let him work, so to speak, lad, with his heart in his hand, and the toil is instantly made a high and grand delight to him. This is the wonderful effect of the will, Ben. What you will to do, you must, of course, do willingly, and therefore more or less easily; and labor is especially repulsive when your will wants to be off working at one thing while your hands are constrained to be toiling at another. Those who are without purpose in life, boy, are vagabonds either in body or spirit, for if there be no settled object there can hardly be any settled pursuit. Such people, therefore, fly from this to that occupation, according as the

caprice of the moment may happen to sway them : they are like empty bottles, lad, cast into the great ocean, far away from land, destined to be buffeted about by the winds and the waves of every passing storm, and driven whithersoever the current of the time may chance to carry them. Without some enduring purpose, boy, there can be no enduring work ; and, after all, it is continuity in labor, or long persistence at the same pursuit, that masters every difficulty, and beats down every obstacle. The power of the sturdy sand-bag, you know, Ben, is far greater than that of the impetuous cannon ball."

"How wonderful!" was all the little fellow could say, as he mused over what he heard.

The uncle went on : "But I want to show you now, lad, *how* it is that the will can produce in an instant the same wondrous changes as habit does in years, and I want to do this so as to impress the matter deeply and indelibly on your mind. I have pointed out to you what great things *will* can accomplish in the world, and I now wish to let you see how *easily* and *pleasantly* it can accomplish them."

"I should like to hear that, uncle," said the attentive boy, "for as yet I can hardly understand what you mean."

"Of course you can not comprehend in a minute, Ben," the old man replied, "principles that have cost philosophers years of study to arrive at. But I will try and make the operation of will in man more plain to you. Now I pointed out to you yesterday that animals differ from plants—in what respect, lad?"

"Why, in going after their food instead of having it brought to them, uncle," was the ready reply.

"Yes, my child ; but animals go after their food

because, as I said, the power of moving has been given to them, while plants have no such faculty. Nothing, however, can move without a cause. This boat stops, you see, directly the propelling force ceases; and the movements of animals, and even men, inexplicable as they may seem to you, can proceed only from the operation of uniform motive powers. You, of course, have never asked yourself what it is that moves men to act as they do."

"I'm sure I never gave that a thought as yet, uncle," the boy replied frankly. "But, now I come to turn it over in my mind, it seems to me as if nobody could tell as much."

"Indeed, lad; let us see. Well, Ben, innumerable as are the movements continually going on in the human frame, they all admit of being resolved into three kinds, according as they are preceded or not by some particular feeling. In the first place, our muscles may move like the machinery of a mere automaton, or, in other words, *without any feeling at all*. Our heart beats and our lungs expand continually, without our being even conscious of the incessant action going on within us—ay, and, what is more wonderful, without the least sense of fatigue being connected with the work."

"Isn't it strange," Benjamin exclaimed, "that our heart never gets tired of moving, like our limbs?"

"Yes; and isn't it as kind as it is strange, my lad, that such should be the case?" the uncle reminded his pupil; "but our muscles not only move *automatically*, without any preceding feeling, but they move also *instinctively*—that is to say, in consequence of some feeling which immediately precedes and gives rise to the motion. Any sudden pain, such as a burn upon the finger,

for instance, causes you involuntarily to contract the muscles of the injured part, and to withdraw the limb directly from the object wounding you. Again, if you are surprised or startled by any unexpected circumstance, your whole body is drawn back, and your hands thrown up immediately, to ward off the fancied danger—ay, and that, too, long before you have time to think about what it is best to do, or even to obtain any knowledge as to the nature of that which has alarmed you. Such muscular movements, however, are wholly *involuntary*—that is to say, they are not left to the slow operations of our will to conceive and carry out; but, being necessary for our preservation, in common with that of animals, they have been made matters of instinct with us as with them; or, in other words, ordained to follow immediately upon a particular feeling existing in the mind.”

“Is animal instinct, then,” inquired the lad, as he pondered over and repeated his uncle’s words, “merely a certain kind of muscular movement made to follow immediately upon a particular feeling?”

“That is all, my son,” was the reply. “The bird builds its nest, not with any thought of the young she is destined to rear, but merely in consequence of a vague sensation that is on her at the time. The squirrel lays up a store of nuts for the winter, not because it foresees a decrease of the summer stock, but simply in obedience to the feelings and promptings of its nature.”

“I see now,” mused the youth, as he turned the new truths over and over in his mind.

“But the muscles of man, my child, have been made to move, not only instinctively, or, what amounts to the same thing, *involuntarily*, according to the dictates of mere animal nature, but

they have been made to move also *voluntarily*—that is to say, in obedience to the suggestions and determination of the will. Bishop Cranmer—you know who he was, Benjamin?”

“Oh yes,” cried the youth, “I know; he was one of the martyrs burnt with Ridley and Latimer opposite Baliol College at Oxford, in Old England, and he held his hand in the flames at the stake, uncle, because, as he said, ‘it had offended him in writing contrary to his heart;’ and he had solemnly declared at St. Mary’s Church that ‘if he came to the fire *that* hand should be punished first.’”

“Well said, my good little fellow,” cheered the godfather; “but didn’t Cranmer feel the same pain from the flames, think you, and the same animal instinct to withdraw his hand from them as we ourselves should have felt? and yet it was by the determined effort of his will that he kept it there, in defiance of the promptings of his animal instincts, as he cried aloud, ‘This unworthy hand! this unworthy hand!’ and forced it to burn and char before the rest of his limbs. Can you see *now*, Benjamin, what is the use of will in man?”

“I think I can, uncle; but do you tell me, and let me hear whether I am right,” he answered, for the boy was afraid to trust himself to frame his thoughts into speech.

“Well, lad,” Uncle Benjamin replied, “the high and noble use of man’s will is to control or guide the animal instincts of his nature.”

“I thought it was so from what you said about Cranmer, uncle;” and the lad fell musing over the subject in his own simple way, while the godfather paused to watch with delight the workings of the boy’s mind, that, like a newly-fledged bird, was making its first attempts to fly. “So the use of man’s will,” the youth repeated over and over

again to himself, in order to impress the words well on his memory, "is to control or guide the animal instincts of his nature."

"But I say, my noble captain," cried the uncle, again waking up to a sense of their position, "are we really to remain here all day? I could talk to you quite as well if we were moving on a bit, but this is sad slow work, my boy."

"There's a strong ebb-tide on just now, uncle, and there's no making the least headway against that; and, let me see—let me see," he mused, "it would have been high water in the harbor to-day at eleven, so it will be about five o'clock before the tide turns, you know," and the youngster shook his head, as much as to say he could discover no means of getting out of their difficulty.

"Five o'clock! tut, tut! and I wanted to have been at meeting at six." Then, as Uncle Benjamin gave vent to his impatience, he tugged from his fob a watch as big as the "bull's-eye" to a ship's scuttle, and cried, after looking well at the dial, and holding it up to his ear to satisfy himself it was still going, "Why, it's not three yet, I declare."

"Besides, you remember, uncle, the sun doesn't set now till long past five, and there's no chance of a breeze till then, I'm certain," was the only consolation the little captain could offer.

"But are you quite sure of one at that time, you young rascal, eh?" inquired the old gentleman, in no little alarm at the idea of having to pass the night out at sea.

"There generally *is* a breeze at sundown, you know, uncle," answered young Ben, delighted to display his nautical knowledge once more.

"Well, all I can say is, I'm in your hands, captain—in your hands, bear in mind; for, Heaven

knows, I'm as ignorant as a sucking-pig of all that concerns the water;" and, so saying, the elder Benjamin abandoned himself with becoming resignation at once to the sourness of the circumstances and the cider.

CHAPTER XI.

BECALMED.

FOR a while Uncle Benjamin silently grieved over the untowardness which prevented him adding the discourse of that evening to the three volumes of manuscript sermons that he had written out from notes taken in chapel during their delivery by the most celebrated preachers of the day. His temper, however, was of too even and cheerful a quality to be any more ruffled than the water itself by the lack of wind; so, when he had drained the cider-bottle, he wrote in pencil on a slip of paper, "*All well on board 'THE LIVELY NANCY,' off Boston, October 2d, 1719;*" and corking up the playful memorandum, flung the flagon with the note inside into the sea.

"There it goes, Ben," he cried, as he watched the bottle dance up and down beside the boat, "without any more purpose to direct it than an idler. Where it will ultimately land, or what will be its end, no one can say."

The lesson was not wasted on the youth; so, stretching himself at full length on the seat opposite his uncle, he said, as he lay comfortably arranged for listening, with his cheek resting on his hand, "You were telling me, uncle, about the use of the will, you know."

"Well, lad, the function of our will," the old man resumed, "is to interfere between our feel-

ings and our actions—to check in us some sudden propensity that has been prompted (either by the sense of a present pain or the prospect of a future pleasure) before it has time to stir the muscles. The will thus serves, you see, Ben, to stay the operation of our instincts until the conscience has sat in judgment on the motives or consequences of the contemplated acts—until, indeed, it has pronounced them to be either ‘right or wrong,’ ‘prudent or imprudent,’ for us to pursue. Nor is this all; for when the moral sense has duly deliberated and determined, the will tends either to restrain the impulse, if it be thought bad, or else to encourage it, by giving additional force and persistence to it, if considered to be good.”

“I can hardly follow you,” exclaimed the youth, trying to make it all out.

“You remember the trouble you got into, Ben, about reading ‘Robinson Crusoe?’” said his tutor, proceeding to give him an illustration; “well, the impulse that stirred you then to see what the shipwrecked mariner did in his desert island was but the natural result of a boy’s instinctive delight in adventure; but though to you, lad, the propensity seemed irresistible, had you brought your will to bear upon the matter, had you used its power to check the operation of the passion that was on you (till such time as you had asked your own heart whether you *ought*, or even whether it would be *better* for you to read at such a moment, in defiance of your father’s commands), I am quite sure now what you would have determined, or, in other words, what you would have *willed* to do.”

The little fellow hung down his head in shame to find the error of his past conduct used as an illustration of the operation of a mere instinct, unguided and unrestrained by any superior princi-

ple. "I hope I shall act differently for the future, uncle," was all he could stammer out.

"Let it pass, lad, let it pass," cried the old man; and accordingly he went on. "Now it is principally in this wonderful faculty of will, Ben, that man differs from the rest of the animal creation. The most sagacious dog never pauses to reflect between its instincts and its acts, neither does it weigh the consequences of doing or not doing this or that thing, nor determine to act one way or the other, according as the action seems likely to be beneficial or hurtful to itself or others."

"Of course it doesn't," interposed young Ben.

"Again, it is will, my boy," the uncle continued, "that makes the chief distinction between the same human being waking or dreaming—in infancy or manhood—in a state of sanity or insanity. No one reproaches himself for his thoughts and feelings—base and savage as they often are—during either sleep or madness, because at such times we have no more power than in infancy to deliberate on our impulses before giving way to them; indeed, we have then neither the sense to judge whether they are right or wrong, nor the moral strength to encourage or restrain them. That our will really sleeps during slumber, you yourself, Ben, must be convinced, from the fact that in your nightmare dreams you are unable to move a limb, or even utter a cry for your protection, and *that* simply because you have then lost all power over the nerves and the muscles which, in your waking moments, never fail to answer directly to the will that is then aroused in you. It is this will, moreover, that makes us responsible for our actions here; for as we, unlike the other animals, have been endowed with the power to reflect upon the tendency of our impulses—to see and weigh the consequences of our acts, and ei-

ther to foster the good or reject the bad, why, it is but fair that our conduct in this respect should be judged both in this world and the next, my little man."

"Oh, now I understand," exclaimed the youth, "what has always appeared to me so hard to make out—why dogs and horses should not go to heaven as well as ourselves! They have only instinct to guide them—isn't it so, uncle?"

"Yes, my boy," nodded the preceptor, "while *we* have conscience and will to direct and sustain us. But we mustn't wander from our object, which was—" and the old man paused to see if the lad, in the maze of thought through which he had led him, could find his way back to the point whence they started.

"Let me see," pondered little Ben, "you were going to show me, uncle—but I'm sure I forget *what* now."

"Why, I was going to show you, lad, how will or purpose makes work pleasant. Well, then, my boy, I must tell you—what would appear at first sight to be opposed to such a result—that, with the operation of the will, there is generally connected a certain sense of effort, and every effort we make is more or less trying or irksome to us to sustain. If you determine to lift a heavy weight, lad, you know how painful it is for you to exert your strength to its utmost, and how intensely fatiguing it is for you to continue doing so. Again, you remember how, with the violin, the irksomeness of having to move each finger by an express effort of your will at each different note soon made you grow weary of the task. With the operations of instinct, however, there seems to be little or no fatigue associated. The albatross, that is met with hovering in mid-ocean, far away from any land or even a rock, seems never to be

tired of being on the wing; gnats, too, appear to fly all the day long; and though their wings beat many times in a second—as we know by the musical note they give out—the muscles that move them are apparently as insensible of fatigue as those that stir our own heart.”

“How, then, uncle, can the exercise of our will be made pleasant to us, since, as you say, there is always this sense of effort and fatigue connected with it?” inquired the boy, puzzled with the apparent contradiction.

“Why, lad,” returned the elder Benjamin, “such a result may be brought about simply by using the will to strengthen the good and virtuous impulses of our nature, rather than to control the bad and vicious ones; that is to say, by making the will work *with* us instead of *against* us. To do a thing that we have no natural inclination to do—to do it merely because our conscience tells us that it is right—is to perform an act of stern duty, and duty always demands more or less of sacrifice on our part. At such times there is a continual battle between the animal and moral parts of our nature; the flesh struggles to go one way, the spirit another; force has to be used against force, and hence a strong and continuous effort is required to sustain us. But our impulses are not all bad, Ben. If our instincts would lead us to hate and persecute our enemies, surely they teach us also to love and benefit our family and our friends; if our appetites, lad, tend to make beasts of us, at least our sympathy with the suffering serves to give us something of the dignity of angels. The will, therefore, may be used as much to encourage and sustain our higher and kindlier propensities, as to restrain and subdue our more brutal and savage ones. A man’s heart may prompt him to good works as well as evil;

and to will to do the good, in preference to the evil which our heart desires, is at once to work with all the heart and with all the soul as well."

"I think I begin to see what you mean now, uncle," young Benjamin murmured half to himself.

"There is no finer instance of the untiring energy of the will, my boy, when working in unison with the heart," the old man continued; "no more striking example of its wondrous power at such times to render even the heaviest labor light and pleasant to us, as well as to support us through trials, by giving us a capacity of endurance that seems to be almost insensible to suffering and fatigue, than is to be found in the career of Peter, the present Emperor of Russia."

Young Benjamin had heard his father and the chapel deacons, who often "dropped in" to converse with Josiah in the evening, refer occasionally, in the course of their political discussions, to the Russian monarch as the royal wonder of their time; but as yet the boy had been unable to gather more than that this same Peter was a king who had worked as a common shipwright somewhere.

The mere mention of the great man's name, therefore, was sufficient to rouse the youngster from the seat on which he had been reclining at full length while listening to the "drier parts" of his uncle's discourse; so he sat up on the bench, with his elbows resting on his knees, and his chin pillowed on his palms, while he gazed intently in his uncle's face, eagerly waiting for the story he had to tell.

"At ten years of age, lad," the old man began, "Peter came to the crown of Russia; but the Queen-regent Sophia, who was his half-sister, strove to keep him as ignorant as she could, as

well as to make him idle and sensual, by placing the most debasing temptations in his way, and withholding from him all means of instruction and refinement. The queen-regent did this not only to keep her brother from the throne as long as possible, but to render him utterly unfit for the exercise of royal power. The rude, ignorant, and self-willed boy, however, was barely seventeen before he burst through the regent's control, and took the reins of government into his own hands. Then he set to work to educate himself, and mastered — entirely without tuition, Ben — a knowledge of several foreign languages. He studied also many of the mechanical arts; for, boy-king as he was, and unprejudiced by the luxurious training of a court, he had too grand an idea of the dignity of labor, and too high a sense of the value, even to a monarch, of industrial knowledge, to consider such occupations either degrading or unfitted to him."

"Wasn't it noble of him, uncle!" cried the enthusiastic little fellow; "and how strange that a boy like him, without any schooling, should have such ideas!"

"Peter had what is even better than education, Ben — better, because it makes us educate ourselves, and gives us a firm reliance on our own powers," Uncle Benjamin made answer.

"And what is that, uncle?" inquired the simple lad.

"Why, can't you guess, can't you guess, my clever little man? — a strong, persistent will," was the reply. "The mechanic-king had not only an instinct that made him conceive great things without previous training, but a will that gave him zeal enough to undertake them, endurance enough to labor long at them, and determined courage enough, come what might, to master them."

“I see! I see! I see!” exclaimed the delighted boy, as he still gazed straight in his uncle’s eyes; “I see that will is the greatest power in man.”

“Russia, when Peter came to the throne,” continued the uncle, “possessed no sea-port but that of Archangel, on the banks of the White Sea; and to give ships and commerce to his country soon became the one absorbing object of the boy-king’s mind. Before his time the Russian people were merely a race of despised and barbarous Muscovites; but hardly was the crown on his head, than the bold young czar had determined to create harbors, fleets, trades, manufactures, arts, and schools for the nation. Now what would you, Ben, have done under the same circumstances, with such a purpose in your brain? Imagine yourself a king, boy, with almost infinite means at your command, with a palace for your home, and countless troops and serfs to do your bidding. How would *you* have set about such an undertaking?”

The youth could not help smiling at the idea of his coming even to an imaginary throne; and, delighted to fancy himself possessed of such immense power in the world, he cried, exultingly, “Why, I should have set the people to work upon it, uncle, immediately.”

“Of course you would, like the rest of the world, lad,” was the rejoinder. “But Peter was no ordinary man; so, before setting the people to build ships for him, he resolved to learn how to build them for himself. And how do you think he learned the art, Ben — by having masters to teach him, eh?”

The boy, ashamed of his previous mistake, remained silent this time.

“Not he!” the uncle added. “A man of *his* will wanted no masters, lad. King though he

was, there was but one way of making himself thoroughly and practically acquainted with the craft, and that was by learning it as other men learn it—by working at it with one's own hands; and the idea once formed, his was not the mind to be shaken from its object."

"Did he then *really* labor as a common shipwright, eh, uncle?" timidly inquired the youth.

"Assuredly he did, lad—labor, and live like a common laborer too. His heart longed to make his country a great commercial nation, and his will gave him strength and courage to accomplish his purpose, as no monarch had ever done before. With his darling object deep in his heart, King Peter traveled as a private person to the two great maritime countries of the time, first to Holland, then to England, and worked in the dock-yards of Amsterdam and Deptford as an ordinary ship-builder, living and faring like his fellow-mechanics—his crown laid on one side for a paper cap, a flannel jacket and apron displacing his royal robes."

Little Benjamin could only cry, "How wonderful! how grand!" as the story went on.

"And was the labor of such a life drudgery to such a man, think you, Ben? No, lad! rest assured, no! Of all the workmen in those dock-yards, depend upon it, none toiled so zealously, none with so light a heart, so vigorous a hand, or with so little sense of fatigue, as he who wielded a hammer instead of a sceptre. And why, Benjamin, was it so?"

"Because he was working with his *whole heart*, as you said, uncle, and with his whole soul too," the boy exclaimed, now fired with sufficient enthusiasm almost to have started on the same mission himself.

"Just so, my good little man," nodded his

uncle, approvingly. "He was not laboring like a mere animal, bestirring himself only in quest of food, but a high and noble purpose was fast in his mind, a strong and energetic will quickening his muscles, and giving courage and vigor to his heart. It was the will within him, lad, that made the laborer-king do his work with scarcely an effort—this that kept him to the task day after day, and month after month, without any flagging, and with hardly a desire for rest—this that made his humble mechanic's home happier than a palace, and his simple mechanic's fare daintier than any royal banquet. So now, Ben, remember, that of all the ways to make labor pleasant, and even valuable, there is nothing like having a noble purpose backed by a noble will."

"I shall never forget it, uncle—never," the youth replied, solemnly, as the lesson sank deep into his mind; "at least so long as I recollect the stories of Columbus and the Pilgrim Fathers, as well as that of Peter the Great."

The lesson ended, Uncle Benjamin began to wake up, as it were, to a sense that he and his nephew were still miles away at sea, and without any apparent prospect, too, of being favored with the promised breeze at sundown.

"Come, I say, captain," the uncle cried, as he glanced toward the shore, and beheld the sun trembling like a huge golden bubble, as it seemed to rest poised on the very edge of the distant hills, and tinting the air, earth, and sea with a blush that was as faint and delicate as the rosy lining of a shell; "come, I say, master, where's your breeze at sundown? I'm afraid you're out in your reckoning, my little skipper." Whereupon the couple looked again toward the horizon in the vain hope of discovering the slightest trace

of what sailors call a "cat's-paw" on the water. Neither was there a single "goat's-hair" nor "mare's-tail" to be seen, like whiffs of gossamer, floating in the sky; for the clouds were still gathered into those large cumulus snow-clumps which are indicative of a summer stillness in the air, while the sea itself was so calm and smooth that it looked like a broad pavement of glass, more easy to be walked over than sailed through.

The young skipper felt himself called upon to give his little breeches the true nautical hitch as he informed his alarmed godfather that he "really didn't see what was to be done under the circumstances, except, indeed, to whistle, for that was the remedy which the best sailors always prescribed for a lack of wind."

"Whistle!" shouted Uncle Benjamin, as he laughed outright at the absurd though desperate predicament in which they were placed; "and is *that* the result of all my long moral lessons to you this day, you young monkey?" and as he said the words he seized the lad and shook him playfully by the ear. "Have I been out with you here ever since the morning, trying to hammer into your little noddle that will overcomes all difficulties, and yet you have faith now—only in *whistling*. Why, we may stop here the night through, and puff every gasp of breath out of our bodies before we shall get wind enough that way, you superstitious young rascal you (and again he twiddled at the boy's ear), to drive even a walnut-shell through the water."

"Well, but, uncle, it's impossible to pull all the way back to Boston," remonstrated the nephew; and, as if to assure himself of the fact, he cast a despairing glance toward the coast, that now, as the twilight fell like a thick haze over the water, appeared even dimmer and more distant than before.

“And you assert *that* as your deliberate opinion, eh, captain?” smiled the old man, as he bowed with mock deference to the youngster.

“It certainly seems to me impossible,” little Benjamin made answer, with a shrug of his shoulders expressive of utter helplessness under the circumstances.

“I can only say, then, that I’m vastly glad to hear it, Master Ben,” answered the uncle, chafing his palms together with pretended delight, “because the very predicament we’re in will afford you the finest possible opportunity of proving, in a practical manner, *the power of the will in you*; and you’ll learn from it, moreover, my lad, how it’s much better to depend on *that* than on any power of whistling in such a position.”

“But, uncle, it’s eight miles to Boston Harbor if it’s an oar’s length,” remonstrated the faint-hearted youngster.

“Never mind, boy. If it were twenty, but *will* to master the distance, and you’ll find it only a hop, skip, and a jump after all. Come, lad!” cried the old man, slapping the little fellow on the back to rouse his dormant energy. “Have faith in your own powers—have faith, Ben, for without faith there are no good works, I can tell you. It’s easier, any how, to scull a boat than to build ships. Peter had the welfare only of his country to stir *him* to do what he did, but *you* have father and mother to make happy by your brave deeds. Set your heart on home, boy, and your hands will bring you there fast and readily enough. Have *you* no purpose to lighten the labor? Is there no distant glory to rouse in *you* will enough to sustain you at the work? Will it be no delight to your parents to find that you can be a fine, noble fellow if you please? that you have a man’s purpose now in your heart, and a

man's will in your soul? that you have no longer such a childish dread of continuous toil as to be cowed by a few ugly-looking difficulties. Let them see that you are ready to fight the battle of life with a courage that can never waver; a resolution strong enough to change defeat into triumph; an energy sufficiently enduring to make you compass what you set your heart upon? Think of this, my little man, think of this, and work to gladden father and mother, as King Peter worked to benefit a nation."

"I'll do it! I'll do it, uncle! You shall see to-night what a man you have made of me. Ay, and father and mother shall see it too." And, without another word, the little fellow proceeded to lower the sail, and then stripping off his coat, he seized the sculls, and began to give way in right good earnest.

By this time the lights of Boston city in the distance had come twinkling forth one after another, as if they had been so many stars peeping over the horizon; and as the boy labored at the oars, the uncle cheered him on by reminding him of the moving lights that Columbus had seen on the shore in the night, as he sat on the poop of the "Santa Maria," and he bade him have the same will to reach those shores as had sustained Columbus himself.

Next he would tell the lad how John Huss, the martyr, had willed to die for the truth, and how the brave Bohemian had chanted hymns at the stake while the flames were curling about his body. Then he would recount to him the story of Palissy the potter, explaining to him that Palissy was the discoverer of the means of glazing earthenware—our cups, plates and dishes before his time having been as rude and rough as tiles—

and that so determined had he been to succeed in his object, that he not only broke up the very bedsteads of his wife and children for fuel for his furnaces, but burnt the flooring and rafters of the house they lived in; until, at length, the potter mastered all the difficulties that beset him, and realized an immense fortune by the discovery.

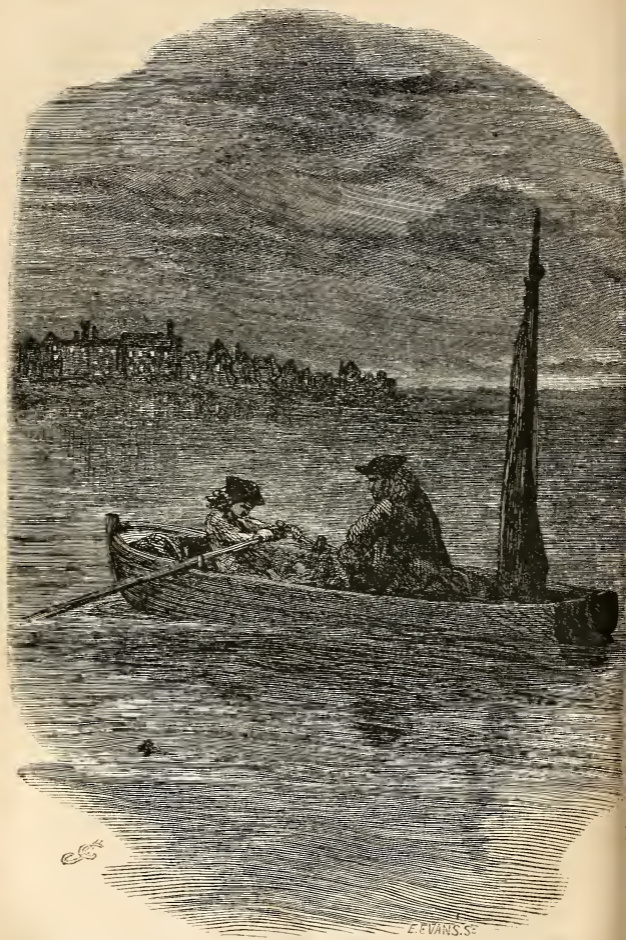
When, too, Uncle Benjamin fancied he could see the little fellow's spirit or strength beginning to flag, he would cry aloud to him, "Pull, lad! pull as King Peter would have pulled under the same circumstances;" or else the old uncle would make the little fellow laugh by telling him that he himself would try to help him, but he knew he should "catch a crab" the very first stroke, and be hurled backward over the seat into the bottom of the boat.

Then, these resources being exhausted, the old man tried to beguile the way to the boy first by chanting hymns, afterward by reciting portions of "Paradise Lost," and next by telling him stories about John Milton, the great Non-conformist.

It was, however, hard work enough for the little fellow to hold on; and, had not the tide been flowing, he must have given in or dropped before half of the distance had been traveled.

Nevertheless, the boy labored on and on, resolute in accomplishing the task. Indeed, his pride increased rather than flagged as he drew nearer to the harbor lights, so that when his uncle urged him to rest on his oars for a while, he scorned to listen to the suggestion, and fell to with redoubled vigor.

Still, the last half mile was all-but more than little Benjamin could manage. His hands were smarting with blisters, and the muscles of his arms and back aching with their long exertion. Many a time he thought he must drop the sculls. Nev-



A strong will can master difficulties which seem insuperable to a weak heart.

ertheless, he could not bear to be beaten after all he had done; so on he went again, looking round almost at every other stroke to note how much farther he had to go.

Then the old man, seeing the struggle of the poor boy, fell to cheering him, first clapping his hands and crying "Bravo! bravo, captain!" and then calling him "Peter the Little" and "young Master Cristofaro," till the little fellow was obliged to laugh even in his pain. And after that he told him to think of the grand story he should have to tell his father and mother, on reaching home, about his young friend Captain Benjamin Franklin, as to how he had saved his old uncle by his great courage and energy, as well as fine seamanship, from being drifted out of sight of land at nightfall without either provisions or water.

Thus, at last, the harbor was gained.

And when the little hero stepped from the boat on to the landing-place, he felt, though his arms were cramped with the long labor, that he was really a new man; that he had learned for the first time in his life to have faith in his own energies, and had found out by experience that *a strong will can master difficulties which seem insuperable to a weak heart.*

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW WORLD.

"Hoi, Ben, hoi! we'll stop here, lad! stop, you wild young jackanapes—stop, I say!" shouted the uncle through his hands to his young fellow-traveler, who had started on ahead, as they burst from out the dusk of a dense wood into the bright sunshine of a vast open plain.

The long, luxuriant grass of the broad meadows before them reached so high above the belly of the shock-coated pony young Benjamin was riding, that the little porpoise-like animal positively seemed to be swimming along in a sea of verdure. However, in obedience to the summons, the boy leaned back on the saddle, like a rower in his seat, as he tugged at the creature's mouth, and cried aloud, "What, stop here, uncle—stop *here!*"

Then wheeling round, he galloped back to the old man, and found him already hanging over the saddle in the act of dismounting. The uncle paused for a moment with one foot in the stirrup; and as he looked across the pommel at the features of the disappointed lad, he could hardly keep from laughing on beholding his godson's face all lengthened out with wonder almost as extravagantly as if it had been reflected in the bowl of a teaspoon.

"Stop *here!*" iterated the amazed young Benjamin. "Why, there isn't a house for miles round; just you look yourself, uncle; you can't see a curl of smoke any where about—can you, now?" And the youth leaned his hand upon the crupper, while he turned himself sideways on his saddle to look well back upon the scene.

"I know, boy, there is not a homestead nearer than a day's ride," answered the godfather, still inwardly enjoying the fun of the boy's bewilderment, and patting on the shoulder, now that he was fairly dismounted, the old "nag-horse" that had borne him from St. Louis that morning. "Nevertheless, this is our journey's end, Master Benjamin."

"*This* our journey's end! Well, well!" the youth exclaimed, in greater amazement than ever, as he tossed up his head like a horse with a half-empty nose-bag; and then drawing one foot from

the stirrup, he screwed himself round once more on the saddle as upon a pivot, so as to take another good broad survey of the country. "Why, I thought you were going to show me some large town or other, uncle—or some great shipping place—or grand farm, perhaps; but what your object can be in bringing me out here to an immense wilderness in the back-woods, I'm sure I can't tell;" and the half-sulky lad flung himself off his pony, and stood almost up to his middle in the grass.

Then, by way of consolation, he proceeded to hug the shaggy little steed round the neck, calling him the while his "darling Jacky," and "a beauty," and telling the tiny creature, as he cuddled and caressed it like a human being, "how happy he would be if Jacky only belonged to him, instead of the French farmer they had borrowed it from."

"Patience, my little philosopher, patience. You shall know all in good time," was the simple rebuke of the godfather while slipping the bridle from his nag previous to turning him adrift in the herbage, that was almost as high as corn.

Little Benjamin proceeded to follow the old man's example, and, having divested Jacky of his head-gear, he advanced toward his uncle with the bit dangling from his hand. Then, as the lad stood on tiptoe beside a neighboring tree, trying to hang the bridle on the same branch as his godfather had used for the same purpose, he exclaimed, "But, uncle, you *must* allow I've had a good bit of patience already. Why, let me see, we've been away from home now" (and he paused to make a mental calculation of the precise time)—"yes! more than three weeks, I declare; and though I *did* worry you, perhaps, a good deal at first—when we were in the sloop, you know, on

our way from Boston to Annapolis—as to where you were going to take me, and why we were coming so far away from home, still, you remember, when I found you wouldn't tell me any thing about it, but bade me have a little patience, as you do now, why, I never said another word to you on the matter, though I must confess I couldn't keep from twisting it over and over in my mind all the time we were in that strange-looking old stage-wagon traveling over the Alleghany Mountains to Pittsburg, and that was many days—wasn't it uncle, eh?"

"Yes, you monkey! but you made up for it well—that you did—on board the 'ark' that we came down the Ohio in," responded the tutor, as he shook his forefinger playfully in the face of the laughing lad; "for then not a town appeared in sight but it was, 'Are we going to stop here, uncle?' 'Is this the place you wanted me to see, uncle?' 'How long will it be before we get to our journey's end, uncle?' 'What are you going to show me this time, uncle?' and a thousand and one other knagging questions that would have given poor old Job himself an attack of the bile."

"Well, I dare say I *did* tease you a bit, poor unky," replied the wheedling little fellow, as he sat down on the grass beside his godfather, and curled his arm about his neck, while, half abashed, he leaned his head upon the old one's shoulder; "but you should remember I'm only 'a bit of a boy' still, as mother says. Besides, you have such a strange way of teaching me things, you know—so different from old Mr. Brownwell; though I am sure he was kind enough to all of us boys in the school. First, you take me out fishing; then we go boating together; and though I fancied each time you meant merely to treat me to a day's pleasure, I found out afterward that

you had planned the trip only on purpose to give me some lesson in life."

"Yes, my dear lad," said the kind-hearted old gentleman, while passing his hand over the cheek of his young pupil, "I turned your recreations into matters of study. I used your boyish sports as a means to show you what is a man's business in the world. Children remember their nursery rhymes better than their catechism, Ben, because the lesson is pleasanter; and when the heart is in the work, the task, you know now, lad—"

"Is always lightened," promptly replied the little fellow. "I recollect, uncle, it was that which made the hard labor of the dock-yard come so easy to Peter the Great. But still, unky, dear, I really can't see what there is to be learned in such a place as this." (The old man shook his head as he smiled at the boy's frankness.) "You said you were going to teach me how to get on in life, but what can I possibly learn of the ways of the world in a part that seems to be almost out of it—where there are no towns, no farms, no crops, no workshops, no shipping—nothing, indeed, but the tracks of wild Indians, wild birds, and wild cattle?"

"I dare say, my little man, it *does* seem strange to you," replied the uncle, "and doubtlessly it will seem much stranger when I tell you that I have brought you all this long way from home—many hundreds of miles—to this vast uninhabited plain to teach you—"

"What?" cried the eager boy, unable to wait for the conclusion of the sentence.

"How to be rich, my son," was all the reply.

"How to be rich!" cried the youth, even more bewildered than ever. "How to be rich! Oh, I should like to know about *that*, uncle, very much;" and, boy-like, he chuckled with delight at

the prospect of getting plenty of money. "But, dear me! this *is* an odd kind of place to come to for such a lesson. Why, there are no riches at all here that I can see — nothing but a great barren plain for miles and miles on."

"Barren do you call it, you rogue!" echoed the tutor, still amusing himself with the perplexity of his pupil.

"Well, uncle, there is no corn growing, nor any turnip-fields, nor kitchen-gardens, nor any orchards either that I can see," explained young Ben.

"True, lad," replied the other, as he proceeded to spread out on the grass before him the packet of venison-hams and bread that he had brought from St. Louis for their gipsy dinner that day; "but, uncultured as it is, the finest English park, laid out with the nicest taste, and kept with the greatest care, is not more beautiful; no farm, however well tilled, has soil so rich as that beneath our feet; no meadows in the world are flocked with finer herds of cattle, or carpeted with a richer sward; no plantation is set with nobler trees or greener shrubs; no squire's preserves in the old country are more abundant in game; no florist's garden is studded with such a choice profusion of flowers as you behold here, spangling the earth as thick as stars in the Milky Way; nor is any orchard better stocked with fruit, for yonder you see it dangles, as in Aladdin's wonderful garden, like balls of gold and big jewels from the boughs.

"This is an American prairie, lad!" the old man went on—"one of God's own parks—creation's broad manor, of which every man in a primitive state is 'lord'—the noble estate which Nature entails on her barbarian children. Yonder are the beeves and the venison with which she welcomes her helpless offspring on their entry

into the world; here the fruits with which she strews their board before they have learned to grow them for themselves; this the soft velvet carpet that she spreads for her barefooted sons, and these the flowers which she hangs, like bright beads and bells, about the cradles of her first-born."

Young Benjamin had never seen a prairie before. He had often read of the immense American plains, and often heard of them, too, from the neighbors and deacons who came to chat at his father's house in the evening; he had heard of them also from his companions at school, while telling one another stories of the wild Indians and the wonders of the new country; and from his brother-in-law, "the trader in furs and skins," as well as from the sailors and mates whose acquaintance he had picked up at the Boston harbor.

Boy-like, he had often longed to learn whether the reality in any way resembled the imaginary picture that repeated descriptions had conjured up in his mind. Up to this time he had seen the great plains only, as it were, in a dream—like the image of a magic lantern gloaming faintly in the dark; and now that the vast tracts themselves were spread before his eyes in all the vividness of sunshine, he was so intent upon learning his uncle's object in bringing him thus far from home, that, until the witching word "prairie" fell from the old man's lips, the little fellow had no sense that he was gazing upon the grand Indian hunting-grounds for the first time in his life.

But now the lad began to look upon them with different eyes, and grew eager to detect the many natural charms of which he had heard and read.

As he glanced fitfully from spot to spot, he noted the several clumps of trees rising like woodland islets out of the boundless ocean of verdure

which surrounded them ; the long, luxuriant grass undulating in the breeze with waves that rolled across the plain as if it were one vast liquid lawn, and that kept playing in the light with all the rich, soft shades of moving velvet ; and the gently swelling land heaving here and there in long, sweeping curves, like the sea in the lazy languor of a calm after a summer storm.

As far as the eye could reach, the earth was one immense floor of meadows, vast as a desert, and yet rich as a garden, and planted like a park. The broad land was like an endless lake of fields rather than the earth, as we ordinarily know it broken into small patches, and hemmed in by hills and hedges. The prairies were a-flame with the myriads of bright-colored wild flowers that scintillated, as so many sparks of fire, in the waving grass, amid which the yellow helianthus bloomed so luxuriantly that it threw a bright amber tint over the entire plains, and made them seem, at a little distance off, as gorgeous as a natural field of cloth of gold.

The prairie flowers, indeed, were of every scent and hue ; there were the rich prairie violets purpling the soil in positive masses of color, and perfuming the air with luxurious daintiness ; the wild bean-flowers fluttering in the breeze like floral butterflies, and scattering, as they swung to and fro, a delicate odor of vanilla all around ; the balls of white clover, shaped like fairy Guelder roses, filling the atmosphere with a honeyed fragrance ; the slender rushes of the wild lavender, like little blue ears of corn, nodding redolently amid the blades ; the daisy-like chamomile flowers, twinkling as though they were a galaxy of silver stars in the grass. In sooth, the rich soil was so pregnant with sweetness here that, at every tread of the foot, the fragrance of the crushed flowers—

of all the infinite variety of little scented herbs—steamed up in rich gusts, and mingled with the other odors, till the exquisite interblending of the several shades and grades of redolence made the air seem to be filled with a very rainbow of perfumes.

Nor was the feast of color less gorgeous. The waxen-stemmed balsams were of every hue, and looked like hundreds of little elfin Maypoles garlanded with many-colored roses; the foxglove, with its long stalk hung with bright purple bells; the glowing crimson cups of the monster cactus-blossoms, dazzling as heaps of burning coal; the vivid amber tufts of the clustering honeysuckle—all made the earth sparkle with the brilliant tints of the kaleidoscope, and look as rich, with its hundred hues, as the marigold window of some ancient cathedral.

Then the prairie trees had a grandeur and a beauty unknown to other parts. Now they grew in circular clumps, and seemed like a broad tower of foliage springing from the soil. Here flourished the gaudy tulip-tree, with its huge flowers, glowing among the leaves bright as the tinted lamps upon a mimic Luther's-tree; there was seen the stately cotton-tree, graceful as a Corinthian column, with the trumpet-flower twining up its stem, and the big scarlet blossoms swinging, like bells of red coral, in the air. The Judas-tree was there too, with its gorgeous hues; and the carnelian cherry-tree, with its yellow parachute-shaped flowers, and the red balls of fruit dangling beneath them; and the beaver-wood as well, with its long, glossy, laurel-like leaves and its blush-white waxen petals; and the papaw-tree, with its tall naked stem, spreading like a palm at the top, and its orange-colored custard apples, like balls of gold, pendent from the blossoms. And besides these

there were oak, and chestnuts, and sycamores, and black walnuts, and cypresses, and cucumber-trees, and locust-trees, sometimes growing singly, and at others forming a copse or grove, or else fringing the banks of some narrow stream that traversed the great plain.

The wild fruits, again, were as luxuriant as the wild flowers themselves. There were prairie plums, and wild grapes, and wild strawberries, and gooseberries, and hazel-nuts, and mulberries, and, indeed, a hundred other forest dainties, that were rotting for want of the hand to pluck them.

Moreover, to complete the feast, there were wild-fowl forever fitting in long processions through the air. Now there would come a flock of wild turkeys sweeping overhead; then a cloud of wild pigeons, thick as migrating swallows, would shadow the plain; and these would be succeeded in a while by troops of long-necked geese upon the wing, or long-legged cranes, or huge wild swans, or else a dark multitude of wild ducks, or other water-fowl.

Farther, the plains themselves were dappled with herds of wild cattle. Far in the distance a black mass of buffaloes might be seen cropping the luxuriant herbage. Nearer, the deer, startled by the howl of the prairie dog, rushed, swift as a sheaf of rockets, across the scene.

In one part were wild horses, thick as at a fair, grazing together; in another, a group of long-billed pelicans wading in the crossing streamlet.

Nor was the lavish luxuriance of the prairie land to be wondered at, situate as it was on the banks and near the mouths of the mightiest rivers in the world; for the soil of which the great plains had been formed had been worn from mountains and valleys, abraded from rocks and banks hundreds upon hundreds of miles away, and

this had been washed and levigated by the waters that carried it down till the finer particles alone remained suspended in the current, so that the soft fat "silt" had been deposited there in atoms as minute as if myriads of ants had borne it thither for thousands of years. And thus the plains had grown and grown, layer by layer, and acre by acre, flood after flood, from the very starting-point of time itself, till the alluvial soil had become rich and black as a bride-cake, broad as a desert, and deep as a lake.

And yet no human habitation was to be seen amid all this spontaneous luxuriance. The patches of burnt grass, and the litter of bleached bones here and there, told of some passing Indian camp; but beyond these there was no sign of man's presence, as if the Lord of the Creation had yet to take possession of his richest manor, for "there was not a man to till the ground" throughout the Eden of the New World.

CHAPTER XIII:

HOW TO BE RICH.

As young Benjamin sat munching his venison-ham on the grass, with the great prairie stretching far and wide before him, he noted one after another the various phenomena of the scene. First his eyes would be riveted for a moment upon the endless string of wild-fowl sailing like a winged fleet overhead; then he would watch some antlered elk that stood by itself staring into the distance; next he would be taken with the bright balls of custard apples dangling from the trees; and the moment after he was plucking a bunch of the prairie violets, whose perfume came

steaming up from the earth beside him, or else he was chewing a cud of the honeyed clover at his feet.

Presently he would be up and hurrying off to gather the wild plums that his uncle had directed his attention to; and the next minute he'd come tearing back from the copse with his little three-cornered hat full of the fruit, together with bunches of hazel-nuts and grapes, and with pendants of carnelian cherries dangling from his ears, as well as a huge tulip-flower, almost as big as a golden goblet, stuck in his button-hole.

The uncle, however, in the brief intervals between the boy's flightier moods, pointed out to him such of the more latent beauties connected with the scene as might otherwise have escaped the youth's less observant eye.

It was a long time, however, before the restless lad was tired of running after every bright butterfly novelty of the place—long, indeed, before he could be in any way sobered down into attention. The remains of the Indian camp had to be explored; the papaw-tree to be half climbed; the deer to be scared, in the vain hope of feeding them; the wild ducks to be pelted in the air, in his eagerness to take a brace back home with him; the tumulus, or Indian "barrow," to be scaled; Jacky, the pony, to be petted and fondled; and, indeed, a thousand and one boyish freaks to be gone through, ere Uncle Benjamin had any chance of being listened to for more than a minute or two at a stretch.

Nevertheless, the uncle knew enough of human nature to be aware that a boy's excitement is like summer lightning playing for a time in harmless fitful flashes, but lasting only while the heat is on. So he waited patiently for his pupil to cool down a few degrees, to something like "temperate;"

for, like a true artist, the old man was anxious to fix his impression while the scene itself was fresh before the eye. He sought to teach, indeed, as artists sketch, "from Nature," because he had long noted how strongly the associations of place serve to link together ideas in the memory. Hence, in all his counselings, he had ever one object in view, which was to make the lesson he desired to inculcate, not a mere flitting phantasm or shadowy ghost of a truth, but a principle, instinct with all the vigor of life itself; and to do this, he sought to mix it up with some strange sight and event of boyhood. In a word, he strove to dramatize, as it were, what he had to teach, with all the real scenery of time and place, and so to interweave it with the web of youthful existence, that the mere recollection of the boyish adventure should serve to recall with it, in manhood, the golden rule that he wished to be forever tableted upon the mind.

At length, however, the bloom had been brushed off the novelty of the scene; the charm of the "strange place" had lost its freshness with the familiarity of even an hour or two; and the lad, who at first had run wild as a deer, startled by the strange objects about him, became ere long quiet and sedate as a lark at sundown.

The tired boy lay stretched at full length in the tall grass, bedded in it, as if couched in a field of standing corn. The uncle, who sat with the little fellow's head pillowed on his lap, rested his back against the trunk of a huge "black walnut"-tree that stood by itself on the plain as if it had been planted there; while through the broad foliage, the glare of the southern sun came down, softened into the shade of a cool greenish light, except here and there, where the beams trickled between

the leaves, and fell upon the sward in bright lustrous goutes that flickered, amid the dusk of the bosky canopy, like a swarm of golden butterflies playing about the grass.

The silence that reigned throughout the vast plain was so intense that it cast a half-solemnity over the scene. The faint murmur of the distant Illinois River was alone to be heard, and this came droning through the air with every gust, like the dying hum of a cathedral bell. The foliage above them, too, occasionally rustled like silk in the passing breeze; and now and then the scream of the water-fowl, or the howl of the prairie-dog, or lowing of far-off cattle might be heard. But beyond these, the wide expanse was mute as the sea itself in the deepest calm: not the click of a woodman's axe, nor the moan of a cowherd's horn, nor the snap even of a distant rifle—no, nor, strange to say, the piping of a single singing-bird, smote the ear.

“Now, my little man,” began the uncle, “if you will but listen to me for a while, you shall learn, as I promised you, how to be rich.”

The boy nodded as he looked up and smiled in his uncle's face, as much as to say that he was ready for the lesson.

“Well, you remember, Ben,” he proceeded, “that when we went out for our day's fishing, I showed you that work was the prime necessity of our lives?”

“Yes, uncle,” exclaimed the youth from out the old man's lap, “you said one of three things was unavoidable—either work, beggary, or starving; I remember the words well.”

“That's right, my lad,” rejoined the elder one, as he patted his little pupil's cheek till it glowed again with blushes; “but in such a place as this, Ben, there is no need of labor, nor any fear of starving either.”

The little fellow stared with amazement at the contradiction, and cried aloud, "Then why doesn't father give up that nasty candle-making, and bring mother and all of us out here to the prairies to live without working?"

"Ay," replied Uncle Benjamin, with a sarcastic chuckle, "to live the life of savages, my boy—that would just suit your mother and Deborah, I know."

"But why, uncle," again inquired the simple lad, "must we either work or starve in Boston, and not here?"

"Why, my son," the other made answer, "because here the earth is a natural garden, stored with more than a sufficiency for the supply of man's animal wants. Here, one has but to stretch his hand out, as it were, to get a meal; but in a city, remember, the land bears bricks, and mortar, and paving-stones rather than food. But even if corn grew in the streets, Ben, the soil of Boston couldn't possibly feed the people of Boston; for in Boston city there are hundreds crowded upon every acre, so that each acre, however prolific, could yield but little more than a loaf a year for every mouth."

"Oh! I see what you mean, uncle," said the nephew, half to himself, as he turned the problem over in his mind; "you mean to say, I suppose, that there are so many mouths to feed in Boston, and so few in this enormous great place, that there is plenty to be got here without any hard work, and only just enough there with it."

"I mean not only *that*, my little fellow," the old man returned, "but what I wish you to understand is, that the very necessity for the hard work demanded of man in a civilized state arises from the number of people gathered together in the different communities being greater than the

earth can *naturally*—or rather, I should say, *spontaneously*—support. Here, however, the land yields, of its own free-will, such a superabundance of natural wealth that man has hardly thought it worth his while to begin to appropriate any portion of it to his own individual use; hence the only labor required in such a place as this is that merely of *collecting* the riches which Nature freely offers up to her uncivilized children. Here the fruit has but to be plucked, and the beasts of the field or birds of the air to be slain, to allay the cravings of the stomach, so that a hunter's life is sufficient to satisfy the common necessities of human existence."

"Oh yes; and that's the reason, uncle, why these prairies are called the 'Indian hunting-grounds,'" exclaimed the younger Benjamin, with no little delight, as the true significance of the phrase flashed across his mind.

"You will understand, then, my boy," the elder continued, "that so long as the children of Nature are few in number, and their mother-earth yields more than enough for each and all of them, there is no appropriation, no scrambling for the world's riches, no hoarding of them, no coveting of our neighbor's possessions, no theft, nor, indeed, any labor for man to perform, harder than that of gathering the superabundant food as he may want it. Directly, however, the human family begins to outgrow the natural resources of the land over which it is distributed, then men proceed to seize upon the good things of the world, and garner them as their own special property, while others strive to force the earth to yield by cultivation more than the natural supply, so that the more savage members of the tribe fall to fighting among themselves for the possessions obtained by their brothers, and the more peaceable and sedate to

raise for their own use fruits and grain that the soil otherwise would never have borne. Thus, then, you see, Ben, that as the world becomes peopled, and tribes pass from a state of nature to civilization, there are developed two new features in human life—the one, the *appropriation* of what is growing scarce (for no one thinks of gathering and hoarding that which is superabundant); and the other, the *production* of artificial crops and riches, as a means of remedying the scarcity.”

“I think I can make out now what seemed so strange to me before, uncle,” young Benjamin chimed in, as he lay looking up in the old man’s face; “the only work required of the wild Indians out here is that of *gathering* the fruits of the earth, while the farmers and others round about us have to *produce* them.”

“Just so, lad; and while collection is the easiest form of work, production is a long and laborious process,” added the tutor.

“So it is,” the boy made answer, as the difference was clearly defined to him; “it takes just a year for the harvest to come round, and a deal of work has to be done before that—eh, uncle?”

“Well, then, Ben, the next thing to be considered is, How are the laborers to live between the crops?” said Uncle Benjamin, as he led his little pupil step by step through the maze of the reasoning. “Collection yields an immediate return to the labor; but in production the producers must wait for the produce, and of course live while they are waiting.”

“Of course they must,” echoed the youngster; “but then, you know, uncle, they’ve got all the last year’s corn to keep them.”

“Yes; but suppose, my little man, some of them made their corn into cakes, and pies, and puddings, as well as bread, and so ate up all their

stock before the harvest came round again, what, then, would be the consequence?" inquired the uncle, watching the effect of the question upon the boy.

"Why, then they'd have to starve, of course," was the simple rejoinder, for the youth was still unable to detect the drift of the inquiry.

"Ay, Benjamin, to starve, or else to labor for the benefit of those who had been more prudent," answered the uncle, still gazing intently at the youth as he lay with his head pillowed on the old man's lap; "and thus civilized society would become divided into two distinct classes — masters and men, rich and poor."

"Oh! I see," pondered the little fellow, as he woke up to the truth; "the prudent people in the world become the rich, and the imprudent make the poor." But presently a doubt darted across his mind, and he asked, "But is it *always* so in Boston and other towns, uncle? Are riches got only by prudence, and is imprudence the great cause of poverty?"

"I know what is passing through your brain, Ben," interposed the old man, "and I should tell you that many persons are certainly born to riches, while many more *inherit* a life of poverty, lad. In most cases, however, the heritage is the result of their parents' or their forefathers' thrift, or the want of it. If *your* father, Ben, chose to make a beggar of himself, not only would *he* suffer, but *you* and your brothers and sisters would become hereditary beggars, and, most likely, find it difficult in after life to raise yourselves above beggary."

"Then the sins of the fathers," murmured the thoughtful lad, "are *really* 'visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation,' as it says in the commandment."

“Yes, my little man,” the elder Benjamin added, “poverty is truly an ‘estate in tail.’ It descends from father to son; and it is supreme hard work to ‘dock the entail’ (as lawyers call it), I can tell you. As the mere casualty of birth ennobles the son of a noble, so, generally speaking, does it pauperize the son of the pauper. The majority of the rich have not been enriched by their own merits, boy, nor the mass of the poor impoverished by their own demerits. As a rule, the one class is no more essentially virtuous than the other is essentially vicious. The vagabond is often lineally descended from a long and ancient ancestry of vagabonds, even as the proudest peer dates his dignity from peers before the Conquest. The heraldry of beggary, however, is an unheard-of science. The patrician’s pedigree forms part of the chronicles of the country; but who thinks of the mendicant’s family tree? And yet, lad, the world might gather more sterling wisdom from the genealogy and antecedents of the one than the other. ‘Who was the first beggar in the family? How did *he* get his patent of beggary? and how many generations of beggars have been begotten by this one man’s folly or vice?’ These are questions which few give heed to, my son, and yet they are pregnant with the highest philosophy, ay, and the most enlightened kindness.”

The little fellow was too deeply touched with the suggestiveness of his uncle’s queries to utter a word in reply. He was thinking how he should like to learn from the next beggar he met what had made *him* a beggar—he was thinking of the little beggar-children he had seen with their father and mother chanting hymns in the streets of Boston, and wondering whether *they* would grow up to be beggars in their turn, and bring *their* little ones up to beggary also.

“Moreover, I should tell you, lad,” continued the uncle, after a brief pause, “that in the struggle of the transition of almost every race from a state of barbarism to civilization, possessions are mostly acquired by force of arms rather than by industry and frugality; for no sooner does the scrambling for the scanty wealth begin, than the strong seize not only upon the natural riches of the earth, but upon the very laborers themselves, and compel them to till the land as slaves for their benefit. But, putting these matters on one side, boy, what I am anxious to impress upon you now is, that even supposing right, rather than might, *had* prevailed at the beginning of organized society, and all had started fairly, producing for themselves, why, long before the second harvest had come round, some would have eaten up, and some would have wasted their first year’s crop, and these must naturally have become the serfs of those who had saved theirs. Thus, then, the same broad distinctions as exist now among men would have sprung up, and the human world still have been separated into two great tribes—those who had plenty of breadstuff, and those who had none; while those who had no food of their own would be at the mercy of those who possessed a superabundance; so that not only would they be glad to be allowed to labor for the others’ benefit, but even constrained to work for the veriest pittance that their masters chose to dole out to them.”

Little Benjamin remained silent, conning the hard bit of worldly wisdom that had been for the first time revealed to him.

The uncle noticed the impression his words had made, and added, “Such, my little man, are the social advantages of prudence, and such the heavy penalties that men pay for lack of thrift in life. But, before we proceed any farther, Ben,

let us thoroughly comprehend what this same prudence means."

The boy stared at his uncle as he awaited the explanation.

"In the first place, then," the godfather went on, "we must not confound prudence with miserliness, nor even with meanness. To be miserly, my son, is as improvident as to be prodigal; for to *hoard* that which is of use chiefly in being used—in being used as a means of farther production—is as unwise as to squander it. To do this is to live a pauper's life amid riches, and thus not only to forestall the beggary that true prudence seeks to avoid, but to waste the wealth (by allowing it to remain idle) that is valuable only in being applied as the means of future benefit or enjoyment. To be mean, on the other hand, my lad, is to be either unjust or ignoble; and enlightened worldly discretion would prompt us to be neither, for there is no real prudence in ignoring the duties, the dignities, or even the charities of life."

"Tell me, then, uncle, what prudence really *is*," asked the boy, who was half bewildered now that he had learned what it was *not*.

"Why, prudence, my little fellow, is simply that wise worldly caution which comes of foresight regarding the circumstances that are likely to affect our own happiness. Morally considered, it is the heroism of enlightened selfishness—intellectually regarded, it is the judgment counseling the heart; while in a religious point of view it is the divine element of 'Providence' narrowed down to the limits of human knowledge and human vision. The learned man, Ben, exists mainly in the past; the thoughtless one lives only in the present; but the wise dwell principally in the future. And as the astronomer foresees the con-

junctions of planets, the recurrence of eclipses, and return of comets years ere they happen, so the true sage, in the great universe of circumstances surrounding our lives, has a prescience of the coming good or evil, and makes the benefits of to-day serve to mitigate the miseries of to-morrow."

"Dear me!" cried the youth, amazed at the glowing picture his godfather had given of the virtue, "why, I thought prudence merely meant saving, uncle."

"Ay, and you thought saving, doubtlessly," added the tutor, sarcastically, "but a poor and paltry good after all. Youths mostly do think so, Ben; for it is but natural that to take any steps to avert the perils of old age at a time when they are most remote should appear to the inexperienced as being, to say the least, most premature. Nevertheless, Ben, saving is one of the means by which prudence seeks to change unusual luck into uniform benefit; to make the strokes of good fortune in the world so temper the heavy blows and disasters of life, that our days shall be one round of average happiness rather than (as they otherwise must be) a series of intermittent joys and miseries. But not only is it by saving, lad, that the enormities of surfeit at one particular time, and of griping want at another, are converted into the even tenor of general sufficiency, but without saving there could be no production of wealth in the world."

"How so, uncle?" asked the younger Benjamin.

"Why, boy," the other went on, "in order to do any productive work, three things are always necessary: first, there must be something to go to work upon; secondly, there must be something to go to work with; and, thirdly, something where-with to keep the workman while working—that

is to say, the workman, unless duly provided with materials, tools, and food, can do no work at all. A tailor, for instance, Ben, can not make a coat without cloth, or needles and thread; nor a carpenter build a house without a board, or a saw, or plane; nor a smith work without metal, or file, or hammer; nor, indeed, can any handicraftsman continue laboring without 'bite or sup' as well."

"Of course they can't," assented the boy; "but still I can't make out what that has to do with saving, uncle."

"Simply this, lad," the godfather made answer. "Such things can be acquired only by husbanding the previous gains; for if none of the past year's yield were to be set aside as stock or capital for the next year's supply—if none of the corn grown, for example, were to be saved for seed—none devoted to the maintenance of the smiths while manufacturing the implements wherewith to till the soil, and none laid by for the keep of the laborers while tilling it, there could not possibly be any farther produce."

"Oh, I see!" the youth exclaimed. "I've often heard father talk of the 'capital' required to start a person in business, but hardly knew what he meant."

"Yes, boy, I dare say," the other added; "and now you perceive that your father meant by it merely the wealth that is required to make *more* wealth; the stock that it is necessary to have in hand before any farther supply can be raised. Capital, Ben, is nothing more than the golden grain which has been husbanded as seed for the future golden crop—a certain store of wealth laid up for the purposes of farther production or of trade; and such store can be obtained, it is manifest, only by *not* consuming all we get. So absolutely indispensable, too, is this capital, or stock

in hand, for carrying on the great business of life, that all who would be the masters of the world must themselves either possess a certain portion of it, or pay others interest for the use of it; while those who have none, and can get none, must needs be the laborers and servants of the others."

"Interest!" echoed young Benjamin, catching at the word he had heard so often used in conversation at home, but of which he had as yet scarcely formed a definite idea. "But don't some people, uncle, live upon the interest of their property without doing any work at all? Father has told me so, I think; and how can that be, if work, as you say, is the prime necessity of life?"

"Ay, lad, we must either work ourselves or be able to employ others to work for us," was the rejoinder; "and those who live on the interest of their money do the latter, but they do so indirectly, rather than directly, like the real employer himself."

"I do not understand you, uncle," was all the little fellow could say, as he knit his brows in the vain attempt to solve the worldly problem.

"Well, Ben," replied the old man, "I will try and make the matter plainer to you. The fund that it is necessary to have in hand, in order to supply the materials and implements (or, maybe, the machinery) required for producing a particular commodity, as well as to provide the maintenance of the workmen employed in producing it, may either have been acquired by our own thrift, or it may have formed part of the savings of others. In the one case, of course, we *alone* are interested in the result; in the other, however, it is but fair and right that they who supply us with the means of obtaining a certain valuable return should be allowed a proportionate share or interest, as it is termed, in the gains. If a

portion of land be naturally more fertile than another—if, for instance, the fields in the valley yield, with the same amount of labor, a ten-fold crop over and above those on the mountains, such extra fertility is, of course, a natural boon, and this natural boon must accrue to some one. Well, if the individual who has acquired the right to it do not till the fields himself, it is self-evident that he will not part with such right to others without reserving to himself some share or interest in the after-produce. Now this share or interest that the landlord reserves to himself for the superior productiveness of certain lands is what the world calls ‘rent;’ and your own sense, lad, will show you that a person possessing many such acres might live merely upon the interest he has in the crops that are raised upon them by others, rather than by raising any himself.”

“Go on, uncle, go on; I begin to see it a little plainer now,” the youth cried, as the fog in his brain gradually cleared away.

“Well, my good boy,” proceeded the godfather, “capital is as productive as land itself; discreetly used, it yields crop after crop of profits; and interest for money is but the rent or share that the wealthy reserve to themselves for the use of their property, when applied to productive purposes by others. And as the rent of a large number of acres cultivated by tenants may, as I said before, yield a person a sufficient income to live in ease and affluence without even the cares of conducting the work, or the responsibility of good and bad seasons, so a man with many hundreds of guineas may leave the fructification of his capital to more active and enterprising natures, while he himself subsists in comfort upon that mere interest or indirect share in the gains which he claims for the use of his savings. If capital

were as unproductive as barren land, no one would pay interest for the one any more than they would dream of giving rent for the other. And as the scale of rent is equivalent merely to the comparative fertility of different soils, so the rate of interest expresses only the value of capital in the market, according to the individual risk or the general want of money."

"I see! I see!" exclaimed the youth.

"Money makes money, boy," the godfather continued; "it grows as assuredly as the corn grows, for the growth of the grain is but the fructification of the capital that has been applied to the land; and if a hundred guineas sterling put into the soil in the shape of seed, manure, and wages, will yield at the end of the harvest a crop worth say a hundred and twenty guineas, surely, then, the money (which, after all, is but the ultimate crop reduced to its pecuniary value) has fructified at a corresponding rate with the blades themselves. A guinea allowed to remain idle, Ben, is as bad as land that is allowed to grow weeds instead of wheat. Every grain of corn eaten, lad, is a grain absolutely destroyed; but every grain sown yields an ear, and every extra ear adds to the common stock of food. In like manner, wealth squandered is so much wealth positively lost to the world; whereas wealth saved, and used as capital in some productive employment, serves not only to find work and subsistence for the poor, but to increase the gross fund of available riches in the community."

"It is good, then, to save, uncle," observed the boy.

"It is as good to save and use wealth discreetly, my lad, as it is base to hoard and lock it up, and wicked to squander and waste it. Saving, indeed, is no mean virtue. Not only does it re-

quire high self-denial in order to forego the immediate pleasure which wealth in hand can always obtain for its possessors, but it needs as much intellectual strength to perceive the future good with all the vividness of a present benefit as it does moral control to restrain the propensities of the time being for the enjoyment of happiness in years to come. Again, boy, it is merely by the frugality of civilized communities that cities are built, the institutions of society maintained, and all the complex machinery of enlightened industry and commerce kept in operation. If every one lived from hand to mouth, Ben, there could be no schools, nor libraries, nor churches, nor courts of justice, nor hospitals, nor senate-houses; neither could there be any government, nor law, nor medicine, nor any religious or intellectual teaching among the people; for as such modes of life add nothing directly to the common stock of food and clothing, nor, indeed, to the gross material wealth of a nation, it is manifest that they who follow them can do so only at the expense of the general savings. Farther, my lad, a moment's reflection will show you that roads, and docks, and shipping, and warehouses, and markets, as well as factories and shops, together with all the appliances of tools and machinery, can only be constructed out of the capital stock of the commonwealth; so that the chief difference between the wild luxuriant hunting-grounds before you and the great town of Boston in which you live, Ben, is that here even Nature herself is so prodigal that nothing needs to be stored, while there every thing has sprung out of a wise economy. There the very paving-stones in the streets are representatives of so much wealth treasured, literally, against 'a rainy day,' and every edifice is a monument of the industry and frugality of the

citizens; there not a vessel enters the port but it comes laden with the rich fruits of some man's thrift and providence; there not a field is tilled but it is sown with the seeds of another's forethought, and not a crop raised that is not a golden witness of the good husbanding of the husbandman; there, too, the store-houses are piled up with treasures brought from the very corners of the earth to serve as the means of future employment for the poor, and the banks sparkle with riches which, rightly viewed, are but the bright medals that have been won by the heroism of hard work and self-denial in the great 'battle of life.'"

"Has all Boston, then, and all the ships in the port and goods in the warehouses," the boy said half to himself, "come out of the savings of the people?"

"Assuredly they have, lad," was the reply. "Just think how many pounds of bread and meat it must take to build a ship, and then ask yourself whether there could be a single vessel in Boston Harbor if some one hadn't saved a sufficient store to keep the woodmen while felling the timber, and the shipwrights while putting it together. You see now the high social use of saving, Ben. It not only gives riches to the rich, remember, but it provides work and food for the poor; for the prosperous man who duly husbands his gains benefits at once himself and those who have been less lucky or prudent than he. Nor is this all. It is by saving alone that a man can emancipate himself from the primeval doom of life-long labor. There are no other means of purchasing exemption from the ban. We are the born slaves of our natural wants — the serfs of our common appetites, and it is only by industry and thrift that we can wrest the iron collar from our neck.

If, then, in the greed of our natures, we *will* devour all we get, we must either starve or become the voluntary villeins of those who have been more frugal than we. By prudence, Ben, I repeat, we may become the masters of the world; by imprudence, we must remain the bondsmen of it. In a word, you must save, or be a slave, lad."

"*Save, or be a slave,*" the boy kept on murmuring to himself, for the words had sunk deep into his soul. "Save, or be a slave."

Presently little Ben woke up out of the dream into which the burden of the song, so to speak, had thrown him, and he asked, "But, uncle, can people become rich *only* by saving? I have heard father speak of persons having made large fortunes in a short time; and when you told me that story about Bernard Palissy the potter (you remember, uncle," he interjected, with a smile, "on the night when we were becalmed, and I rowed you to Boston Harbor), I thought you said Bernard made—oh, a great, great deal of money, merely by finding out how to glaze earthenware."

"Well said, my child, well said!" nodded the godfather; "and that reminds me that I should tell you there are two different and opposite modes of becoming rich: the one slow and sure, and the other rapid and uncertain; the first is the process of patient industry and wise prudence; the second that of clever scheming and bold adventure. A man may certainly invent rather than earn a fortune for himself; he may stumble upon a gold mine without even the trouble of hunting for it; or he may discover some new mode of production, as Gutenberg, the inventor of movable types, did; or he may insure a vessel that is supposed to be lost, and see the ship the next day come sailing into the harbor; or he may speculate

for a rise in the market-price of a particular commodity, and realize thousands by the venture; or he may buy a ticket in a lottery, and wake up some morning and find himself the lucky holder of a twenty-thousand guinea prize; or, indeed, he may do a hundred and one things by which large sums of money are occasionally obtained, as it were, in an instant."

"Oh, then," cried the lad, "where's the good, I should like to know, of going through years of hard work, and stinting and saving, in order to get rich, if it's possible to make one's fortune in an instant, as you say. I know what *I* shall do," he added, as he sprang to his feet, and faced about, elated with the thought, "I shall try and discover something, as Palissy the potter did, and get a good lot of money by it all in a minute."

"Ay, *do*," gravely responded the tutor, "and you will be a mere schemer your life through, and find yourself most likely a beggar in the end."

"Well, but, uncle," expostulated the youth, "don't you yourself say some people have done such things?"

"Yes, boy, *some* have, certainly," was the reply; "but in such matters, Ben, success is the one splendid exception; disappointment, failure, and beggary the bitter and uniform rule. In all the lotteries of life, the chances are a million to one against any particular adventurer drawing a prize. Some one will be the lucky wight assuredly, but then nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand and nine hundred and ninety-nine others will as assuredly get blanks. It is only fools who trust to accidents or chance; the wise submit to rule; and the golden rule of life is that scheming and adventure fail a thousand fold oftener than they succeed, whereas industry and prudence succeed a thousand fold oftener than they fail. The one

mode of amassing wealth," continued the old man, "may be tempting from its seeming rapidity, but it is far more disheartening in the end, lad, from its real uncertainty; while the other mode, if alloyed with the inconvenience of being slow, has at least the crowning comfort of being sure."

"I see! I see what you mean now," ejaculated little Ben, thoughtfully.

"Well, then, do you understand now how to be rich, my little man?" the teacher inquired.

"Oh yes, uncle," cried the youth, delighted to let his tutor see how well he had understood him; "by living on less than we get."

The godfather smiled as he shook his head, as much as to say the lad was at fault somewhere. "That is only one part of the process, Ben," presently he said. "To live on less than we get is merely to hoard, and hoarding is not husbanding. To husband well is at once to economize and fertilize; it is not only to garner, but to sow and to *reap* also. The good husbandman does not allow his acres to lie forever idle, but he uses and employs all his means with care, and in the manner best suited to produce the greatest yield. To be rich, then, my little man, we must not only work and get, and live on less than we get, but—but what, Ben?"

"We must use and employ, as you call it, uncle, what we save," was now the ready reply.

"Right, lad," the old man continued; "we must make our savings work as well as ourselves, in order to make them useful. Nothing, indeed, can be rendered productive without work, and a pound becomes a guinea at the year's end merely because it has been used as the means of giving employment to those who had not a pound of their own to go to work upon."

"But, uncle," exclaimed the lad, with eager-

ness, as a seeming difficulty suddenly crossed his mind, "how are people to live on less than they get if they don't get enough to live upon?"

"Ah! Ben, it is that same phantom of 'enough' which is the will-o'-the-wisp of the whole world," answered the old man. "The boundary to our wishes is as illusive as the silver ring of the horizon to a child at sea: it seems so near and so like the journey's end; and yet, let the bark speed on its course day after day, and the voyage be as prosperous as it may, there it remains the same bright, dreamy bourn—always apparently as close at hand, and yet always really as distant from the voyager as when he started. There is no such quality as enough, lad, in the world. We might as well attempt to wall in all space as to limit the illimitable desires of human nature. The capacious stomach of man's ambition and avarice is never surfeited. The merchant prince has no more enough than the pauper; and the man who delays saving because he has not enough to live upon will *never* have enough to save upon. Let us get never so little, at least some little, even of that little, may be laid by, if we *will* but be frugal, and a store once raised and duly husbanded will soon serve to change the little into more. If we have not sufficient moral control to keep our desires within our means in one station of life, depend upon it, lad, such is the expansibility of human wishes, that there will be the same lack of self-restraint in any other.* The really prudent

* Benjamin Franklin, the hero of the present book, lived to exemplify how little is required for the satisfaction of man's wants. His diet, when he was working as a journeyman printer in London, consisted merely of 20 lbs. of bread a week, or a little more than half a quartern loaf *per diem*, with water, as the French say, *à discrétion*; and this regimen he submitted to, principally, in order to be able to purchase books out of the remainder of his wages.

are prudent under all circumstances ; and those in adversity, who wait for prosperity to give them the means of laying up a fund for future ease, may wait forever and ever, since prosperity can come only through the very means they are idly waiting for. The main object of all saving is redemption from poverty, and the poorer the people, the greater the reason for their pursuing the only course that can possibly bring riches to them, and emancipate them from the misery that is forever hanging over them like a doom. It may be hard, Ben, to save under griping necessity, but every penny husbanded serves to relax the grip ; and, hard as it is, we must ever bear in mind that there is no other loophole in the world by which to escape from want to comfort, from slavery to independence."

"Ay, uncle, it is as you said, we must save or be a slave," returned the little fellow. "I shall never think of the prairies without remembering the words."

The lesson ended, it was high time for the horses to be resaddled, for already the long shadows of the solitary clumps of trees had begun to stripe the emerald plains, the black bands contrasting with the golden green of the sward, burnished as it seemed now with the rays of the setting sun, till the meadows shone with all the belted brilliance of a mackerel's back. And as the couple set out on their journey homeward, the little fellow followed, almost mechanically, in his uncle's track, for he was still busy, as he jogged along, revolving the hard truths he had learned for the first time in life, and muttering to himself by the way, "Save ! save ! or be a slave."

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ALARM.

THERE was a loud knocking at the shop door of the candle-store at the corner of Hanover and Union Streets, in the city of Boston—a knock that sounded the louder from the lateness of the hour and the utter stillness of the streets at the time.

The Puritan family were on their knees in the little back parlor, engaged in their devotions previous to retiring to rest for the night; so the summons went unheeded.

“We pray Thee, O Lord,” continued the father, as he offered up the usual extemporaneous prayer, and proceeded to ask a blessing for the last member of his household before concluding the family worship, “to bless our youngest child Benjamin. Watch over him, O God—”

Again the noisy summons interrupted the supplication, but still the prayer went on.

“And so strengthen him with Thy grace that he may grow up to walk in Thy ways for the rest of his life; and if his body or his soul be in peril at this moment, grant, O grant, we beseech Thee, that the danger may be only for the time.”

“Amen!” fervently exclaimed the mother, raising her head from the cushion of the bee-hive chair before which she was kneeling.

Again the knocking was repeated, and this time so vigorously that the mother and Deborah both started back from their chairs, and would have risen from the floor had they not seen that Josiah paid little or no regard to the disturbance.

Nor did the father move a limb (though the noise at last continued without ceasing till he had besought the customary blessing on all his neighbors and friends, and even his enemies too.

Immediately the ceremony was finished Dame Franklin jumped up and cried, "Who ever can want admission here at such a time of the night?"

Deborah was no sooner on her feet than she ran to her mother's side, and clung close to her skirt as she watched her father move leisurely toward the outer shop door.

"Be sure and ask who it is before you undo the bolt, Josh!" screamed the wife in her alarm; but the words were scarcely uttered ere the voice of Uncle Ben was heard shouting without, "What, are you all gone to bed here, eh?"

On the door being opened, the younger Benjamin flung himself into the arms of his father, and smothered the old man's words with kisses, while the mother and Deborah no sooner caught the sound of the well-known voice than they rushed forward to take part in the greeting.

Then came a volley of questionings: "Where on earth have you been to?" "What have you been doing with yourselves all this time?" "Why didn't you say you should be so long gone when you started?" "Don't you think it was high time for us to get alarmed about you?" "What have you seen, Ben?" asked Deborah, on the sly. "How ever did you manage for clean clothes?" chimed in the mother. "You surely must have run short of money," interrupted the father.

But, the greeting over, the boy, who since dusk had been asleep on board the sloop that had brought him and his uncle to Boston, was too tired with the long voyage to enter into the many explanations demanded of him; and though the

mother, mother-like, "was sure he was sinking for want of food," young Ben showed such a decided preference for bed to bread and cheese, that Dame Franklin at length hurried the drowsy lad and his sister to their chambers for the night, while she herself staid behind to spread the cold corned brisket and cider for her brother-in-law.

As the uncle munched the beef, he carried the parents as briefly as possible through the several scenes of his long journey with the boy; and when he had borne them to the Western prairies, he ran over the heads of the lesson he had impressed upon the youth there. Nor did he forget, as he brought them back home again, to gladden their hearts by telling them how their son had profited by the teaching; how he had kept continually repeating to himself by the way the portentous words, "Save, or be a slave;" how each well-stocked homestead that they passed had served to remind him only of the thrift of the inhabitants; how he had noted, too, in every factory, the long course of industry and self-denial that had amassed the riches to raise it, as well as the enterprise that had devoted the wealth to such a purpose; and how, as some stray beggar that they chanced to meet on the road asked them to "help him to a quarter of a dollar," the little fellow (when he had given him as much as he could spare) would first want to know whether he was a born-beggar or not, and then proceed to lecture the vagabond soundly for liking beggary better than work, and preferring to remain the lowest slave of all rather than save.

"Bless the boy!" the mother cried; "I'm glad he gave the poor soul something more than words, though. But I always told you, Josh—you know I did—that you were mistaken in our Ben."

“Have heed, brother, have heed!” was all the father said in reply. “Beware lest you beget in the lad a lust for ‘treasures that moth and rust doth corrupt.’”

“Never fear, Josiah; I have not done with my little godson yet. I know well what I took upon myself when I became sponsor for the sins of the child, and do you wait till my worldly lessons are ended,” the uncle made answer.

“Not done with the boy yet, Benjamin!” exclaimed the father. “Why; how much longer will you keep him away from earning a crust for himself? It’s high time he should be out in the world, for a lad learns more by a day’s practice than a whole month’s precepts.”

“Ay, send him to sea on a mere raft of loose principles, *do*,” cried Uncle Ben, “do—child as he is—without any moral compass to show him the cardinal points of the world, or hardly any knowledge of the heavens either, by which to shape his course: that’s the way to insure an easy and prosperous voyage for the youngster, certainly—that’s the way to start a boy in life;” and the uncle laughed ironically at the notion.

“But what else do you want to teach the lad, Benjamin?” asked the mother, anxious to prevent a discussion at that hour of the night.

“What *else*, Abiah?” echoed the brother-in-law. “Why, I want to make a man of him; as yet I’ve taught him to be little better than an ant. But do you leave him to me only for another week, and a fine right-minded little gentleman he shall be, I promise you. Now look here, both of you: I taught the boy first that he must either work, beg, or starve.”

“Good!” nodded Dame Franklin.

“Then I taught him how to make his work light and pleasant.”

“Good!” repeated the dame.

“And after that, I taught him how to make the produce of his work the means of future ease and comfort to him.”

“Very good!” Dame Franklin ejaculated.

“I’ve shown him, in fact,” added Uncle Benjamin, “not only how he must slave in order to live, but how, by putting his heart into his labor, he may lighten the slavery; and also how, by continual saving, he may one day put an end to all farther slaving for the rest of his life.”

“Yes, brother,” added the stern old Puritan tallow-chandler, “you’ve taught the boy how to become a *rich* man,” and he laid a scornful emphasis upon the epithet.

“Ay, Josiah, I have,” meekly replied the other; “and now I want to teach him how to become a good one. I have the same scorn for mere riches and money-grubbing as yourself, brother—a scorn that is surpassed only by my abomination of willful beggary and voluntary serfdom. Is there not a medium, Josh, between the overweening love of wealth and the reckless disregard of it—a middle course between a despotic delight in that worldly power which comes of riches, and the servile abandonment of ourselves to that wretched bondage which is necessarily connected with poverty? Surely a man is a dog who loves to be fed continually by others; and there is, to my mind, no higher worldliness than a young man can learn than to have faith in his own powers; to know that the world’s prizes of ease and competence are open to him, if he will but toil diligently and heartily, and husband carefully and discreetly. To teach a lad to be self-reliant is to teach him to have a soul above beggary; it is to make an independent gentleman of him, even while he is laboring for his living.”

“But have a care, brother, I say again, have a care of worldly pride and worldly lust,” interposed the primitive old father, gravely. “I would rather have my son the meek and uncomplaining pauper in his old age, than an overbearing purse-proud fool; the one tired of life and sighing for the sweet rest of heaven, and the other so wedded to the world, and all its pomps and vanities, that he wants no other heaven than the gross luxuries of the earth.”

“I detest mere worldlyism, Josh, as much as you do,” returned his brother Benjamin. “But because it is base and wicked to be utterly worldly, it by no means follows that it is noble and good to be utterly *un*worldly. To despise the world about us because there is another and a better world to come, is as wrong as not to value life because we hope to live hereafter. And as it is our duty to promote our health by conforming our habits to the laws of bodily welfare, so is it our duty to conform our pursuits to the laws of worldly happiness—laws which are as much part of God’s ordination as the conditions of health, or the succession of the seasons themselves. The laws of worldly life are written on the tablets of the world, and the handwriting is unmistakably the Creator’s own. There was no need of any special revelation to make *them* known to us. If we *will* but open our eyes, we may read them in letters of light; and surely they are as much for the guidance of our worldly lives as the Biblical commandments are for the regulation of our spiritual ones.”

“There is no gainsaying your brother’s words, Josh,” urged the dame, for she was too anxious to get to bed to say a syllable that was likely to prolong the argument; and then, by way of a gentle hint as to the hour, the housewife proceeded

to place the tin candlesticks on the table before the two brothers.

“Well, Ben, the days of monkish folly are past,” responded Josiah as he rose from his seat, “and people no longer believe that true philosophy puts up with a tub for a home. There may be as much worldly pride, too, in the austerity of a hermit’s life as in the pomp of Solomon ‘arrayed in all his glory.’ Nevertheless, the heart of man is fond enough of the world’s gewgaws, without needing any schooling in the matter.”

“Can *that* be truly said, Josiah, so long as three fourths of the world remain steeped to the very lips in poverty?” Uncle Ben calmly inquired. “All men may covet wealth, brother, but that few know the way to win even a competence is proven by the misery of the great mass of the people. I want to see comfort reign throughout the world instead of squalor; competence rather than want; self-reliance rather than beggary; independence rather than serfdom. I wish to teach a man to get money rather than want it or beg for it; to get money with honor and dignity; to husband it with honor and dignity; and, what is more, to spend it with honor and dignity too. And, please God, that is the high lesson your boy shall learn before I have done with him.”

“Be it so, then, brother, be it so; and may he prove the fine, honorable, and righteous man we both desire to see him,” cried the father.

“Amen!” added the mother; and then, with a “God bless you,” the brothers parted for the night.



YOUNG BEN GIVES HIS SISTER AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GREAT RAREE-SHOW.

YOUNG Ben, on the morrow, was a different lad from the tired, drowsy, and taciturn little traveler of the previous night; for no sooner was sister Deborah below stairs arranging for the morning meal, than he was by her side, following her, now to the wood-house, then to the pantry, and afterward to the parlor, with a shoe on one of his hands and a brush in the other, busily engaged in the double office of disburdening his mind of the heavy load of wonders he had seen on his travels, and getting rid at the same time of a little of the mud he had brought back with him from the country.

Then, as the girl began to set the basins and the platters on the table, he fell to dodging her about the room as she rambled round and round, and chattering to her the while of the curious old French town of St. Louis, but still polishing away as he chattered. And though Deborah insisted that he must *not* clean his shoes over the breakfast-table, on he went, scrubbing incessantly, with his head on one side, and talking to the girl by jerks, first of that darling Jacky, the pony they had borrowed of the French farmer, and next of the "ark" in which they had descended the great Ohio River.

When, too, the boy retired with the little maid to assist her in opening the store, there he would stand in the street, with one of the shutters in his hand resting on the stones, as he described to her

the herd of buffaloes, and flocks of wild turkeys, and the deer and pelicans that he had seen in the prairies. Nor would he even cease his prattling during the boiling of the milk; for while Deborah stood craning over the simmering saucepan, the eager lad was close against her shoulder, jabbering away, now of the lusciousness of the custard apples, then of the delicacy of the prairie plums and grapes, and "only wishing" she had been with uncle and himself at their gipsy-dinner off venison-hams and wild fruit in the great hunting plains.

During breakfast, however, both the manner and the matter of the boy's discourse were changed; for no sooner did the father and mother make their appearance, than the little fellow grew graver in tone, and talked only of such things as he fancied his parents would be glad to hear from him. In his desire, however, to let his father see the new man he had become, and what fine principles he had acquired by his journey, the boy, boy-like, went into such raptures upon the art of money-making, and the use of capital in the world, that the simple-minded old Puritan kept shaking his head mournfully at his brother Ben as he listened to the hard, worldly philosophy—for it sounded even ten-fold harder and harsher from the lips of the mere child expounding it. So, when the exigencies of the shop summoned the candle-maker from the table, Josiah could not refrain from whispering in the ear of the elder Benjamin, as he passed behind his chair, "You have a deal to do and to *undo* yet, brother Ben, before you make a fine man of the lad."

But once alone with his mother, the little fellow was again a different boy; for then, as he jumped into her lap, and hugged the dame (much to the

discomfiture of her clean mob-cap and tidy muslin kerchief), he told how he had made up his mind to become a rich man, and how happy he meant to make them all by-and-by; how she was to have a "help" to do all the work of the house for her; how he meant to buy Deborah a pony (just like dear old Jacky) with the first money he got; and how Uncle Benjamin was to live with them always at the nice house they were to have in the country, with a prime large orchard to it; and how, too, he was to purchase a ship for Captain Holmes (it wouldn't cost such a great deal of money, he was sure), so that the captain might have a vessel of his own, and take them with him sometimes to any part of the world they wanted to see. All of which it dearly delighted the mother's heart to hear, not because she had the least faith in the fond plans of the boy ever being realized, but because his mere wish to see them all happy made her love him the more.

At last it was Uncle Benjamin's turn for a *tête-à-tête* with the little man (for the household duties soon called the dame away from the parlor); whereupon the godfather proceeded to impress upon his pupil the necessity of continuing their lessons with as little delay as possible, telling him that his father had given them only another week's grace, and adding that there was much still for the little fellow to learn in the time.

"What! *more* to be learned, uncle?" cried the astounded youth, who was under the impression that he was well enough crammed with worldly wisdom to be started in life at once. "Surely there can be nothing else for a fellow to know. Why, you've taught me how to get on in the world, and how to end as a rich man too, and what more a chap can want I'm sure I can't see."

“Of course you can’t, little Mr. Clear-sighted,” replied the uncle, as he seized his godson by the shoulders, and shook him playfully as he spoke. “I’ve taught you how to get money, lad, but that’s only the first half of life’s lesson; the main portion of the problem is how to spend it.”

“Well, that *is* good!” laughed out young Benjamin, tickled with the apparent ludicrousness of any lessons being needed for such a purpose. “Why, every boy in the world knows how to do *that*, without any teaching at all.”

“It comes to him as naturally as a game at leap-frog, I suppose,” quietly interjected the godfather, with a smile.

“Of course it does,” the youngster rejoined. “Now you just give me half a dollar, uncle,” he added, grinning at the impudence of his own argument, “and I’ll soon let you see that *I* know how to spend it.”

“Soh! you’d spend it directly you got it, would you; eh, you young rogue? Is that all the good that is to come of our long journey to the prairies?” ejaculated the godfather, as he cuffed the lad, first on one side of his head and then on the other, as sportively and gently as a kitten does a ball.

“Oh no—no, to be sure, uncle,” stammered out the abashed youngster; “that is, I meant to say, I—I should put it by and save it, of course.”

“What, hoard it, eh?” dryly observed the other, as he eyed the lad over the top of his spectacles, that were almost as big as watch-glasses.

“No, no. I didn’t mean *that*, either. You’re so sharp at taking a chap up. I meant to say” (and the boy, to set himself right, shook himself almost as violently as a Newfoundland dog just out of the water), “I—I should put the money in the savings-bank, and let it grow and grow there

at interest, just as you said the corn does, you know, uncle."

"Well, what then, lad?" asked the old man.

"Why then I should keep on putting more to it as fast as I got it, and let it all go on increasing together," was the ready answer.

"Well, and what then?" inquired Uncle Ben.

"Why, when I'd saved up enough, I should use it as capital to start me in some business, and so make it the means of getting me more money," responded the youth, who was now able to recall the previous lesson.

"Well, and what then?" the old man demanded once more.

"Why then—then—oh, then I should get more money still, to be sure. But what makes you keep on saying 'Well, and what then?' in such a tantalizing way as you do, uncle?" added the pupil, growing impatient under the continued questioning.

"Yes; and when your capital had yielded you 'more money still,' as you say, what then, lad?" persisted the catechist.

"Why then I should give up business altogether—and—and enjoy myself. Yes, that's what I should do, I can tell you," was the candid reply.

"Ay, boy, enjoy yourself!" echoed the elder Benjamin, with a sarcastic toss of the head; "*enjoy* yourself! that is to say, you'd proceed to spend the wealth that it had cost you the labor of a life to accumulate. Or maybe you'd spend only the interest of your money, though that is almost the same thing; for the interest, duly husbanded, would make your stock in hand grow even greater still."

"Well, there's no harm in a fellow enjoying himself after he's done his work, is there?" the bewildered youth demanded, in a half surly tone.

“True, Ben, there *is* no harm in enjoyment that brings no harm with it either to ourselves or others,” responded the mentor. “But you see, my little man,” he went on, “the end of the argument is the same as the beginning; the last question is but a repetition of the first: ‘When you’ve got your money, what will you do with it?’ Spend it, you say; and spend it you, or some one else, assuredly will in the long run. Such is but the natural result of all money-getting. We begin with saving, and finish at the very point which we avoid at starting, only that we may have more money *ultimately* to spend. Still, therefore, the query is, *How* will you spend your money when you’ve got it? In what manner will you enjoy yourself, as you call it?”

The boy stared in his uncle’s face as much as to say what ever is he driving at.

However, the old man paid no heed to the wonderment of the lad, but proceeded as follows: “The means of enjoyment, my son, are infinite in the world; some of these are purchasable, and others not to be had for money. Creature comforts and articles of luxury, for instance, may be bought, but these are among the lowest and most transient of human pleasures; whereas love, the purest and most lasting of all earthly happiness, is beyond all price. We can no more bargain for that than we can for the sunshine which is sent down from heaven to gladden alike the poorest and the richest of mankind. Nevertheless, none but an ascetic will deny that money is one of the great means of pleasure in this life; and if the end of money-getting be to obtain an extra amount of enjoyment in the world, surely we can not market well, and get a good pennyworth for our penny, unless we know something about the different qualities of the article we are going to purchase.

If we can not distinguish between what is really good and what is comparatively worthless, how shall we prevent being cheated? And if we do get cheated of our prize in the end, after all our toil and trouble, all our stinting and saving, why, then the labor of a whole life is wasted."

"But, uncle," young Benjamin interjected, "surely every body knows what is pleasure to them without any teaching at all."

"They do, Ben—instinctively; but what they do *not* know is what they have never given perhaps a moment's thought to, namely, the different forms of pleasure of which their natures are susceptible. In their greed to have their fill of the first gratification that has tickled them, they have never paused to weigh one form of enjoyment with another—never staid to learn which yields the purest delight for the least cost, or which has the smallest amount of evil, or the greatest amount of good connected with it. What is pleasant to one person is often foolish, or even hateful to another; and it is so simply because the sources of happiness appear different, not only to different minds, but even to the same mind at different periods of life. What the child likes the graybeard despises; what the fool prizes the sage scorns. You will understand by-and-by, my boy, that the art of spending money wisely is even more difficult than the art of getting it honorably."

"I think I can see a little bit of what you mean, uncle," added the youngster; and then, after a slight pause, he asked, "But how are you going to impress the lesson, as you call it, upon me this time—eh, unky?" he inquired, in a coaxing tone, for he was satisfied his godfather had some new sight in store for him by way of enforcing the precept.

"I am going to show you this time, Ben, a cu-

rious collection of animals. I purpose taking you through our great Museum of Natural History," said the old man.

"Oh, thank you, dear unky, thank you!" exclaimed the delighted pupil, as he rose and curled his arm about his uncle's neck. "Are we to set off to-day? I'm so fond of seeing animals, you don't know. Shall we see any monkeys, unky, eh?"

"Ay, scores, boy, scores! bears and sloths too; wild asses and laughing hyenas; mocking-birds and gulls; butcher-birds and scavenger-birds as well," Uncle Benjamin made answer, with a sly smile twitching at the corners of his mouth.

The boy chafed his hands together in anticipation of the treat as he cried, "Oh, *won't* it be jolly—that's all!"

"But, Ben, the animals I shall show you are not preserved in glass cases," the old man added.

"Ah! that's right. I can't bear those stupid stuffed things. I like them to be all alive and roaring, I do," was the simple rejoinder.

"Nor are they confined in cages, with learned names, descriptive of the order and family they belong to, stuck up over their dens. No naturalist as yet has classified them; none given us a catalogue of their habits, or of the localities they infest;" and, as the godfather concluded the speech, the boy looked at him so steadfastly in the face that the old man was unable to keep from laughing any longer.

"Come, come, now," cried the lad, "you're having a bit of fun with me, sir, that you are. I shouldn't wonder but that they are no animals after all."

"Animals they assuredly are, Ben," responded the uncle, "but tame ones, and to be seen almost every day in that strangest of all menageries, human society."

“Oh! then they’re nothing but men, I suppose. What a shame of you now, unky, to make game of a chap in such a way!” was all that the disappointed lad could murmur out, as he drew his arm, half in dudgeon, from round the old man’s neck.

“Well, lad,” the other remonstrated, “the men I wish to show you are as much natural curiosities in their way as any animals ever seen at a fair; and as you can find delight in gazing at a monkey cage, and watching the tricks and antics of creatures that bear an ugly resemblance to yourself, so, among the strange human animals that I shall take you to see, you may observe the counterpart of your own character portrayed as in a distorting glass, and behold in the freaks and follies of each the very mimicry of your own nature, with your own destiny, if you will, *aped* before your eyes.”

CHAPTER XVI.

PLEASURE-HUNTING.

THE couple were not long starting on their curious errand.

Little Ben was perhaps even more bewildered than he had ever been. What could his uncle want to show him a lot of queer, strange men for? and what could they possibly have to do with teaching him how to spend his money?

Still there was some novelty to be seen, and the sight involved an excursion somewhere; so there was stimulus enough to make the boy any thing but an unwilling party to the expedition.

The uncle, on the other hand, was busy with very different thoughts as the two trotted through

the streets of the town. He had so much to show the little man, and in so short a time too, that he was at a loss how to shape the heterogeneous mass of curiosities into any thing like method.

First the old gentleman would turn down one street, then stop suddenly in the middle of it, and after gnawing at his thumb-nail, with his head on one side like a cat at a fish-bone, dart off quite as suddenly in a diametrically opposite direction. Next he thought it would be better to begin *this* way; "and yet no!" he would say to himself, as he halted a second time, and stared for a minute or two intently at the paving-stones—"that way we shall have to go over the same ground twice;" so he decided he would take the lad first to see that old—and yet, "stay again!" said he; "we ought by rights to see that one last of all." And accordingly the route was altered once more, and little Ben had to wheel round after his uncle for the fourth or fifth time, and make straight away for some other quarter of the city.

Then, as the old man kept hurrying along, sucking the handle of his cane in his abstraction, and indulging in a rapid succession of steps as short and quick as a waiter's, he was continually talking to himself, muttering either, "Let me see! let me see! where does that queer old fellow live now?" or saying to himself, "Didn't somebody or other tell me that Adam Tonks had left the cellar he used to rent in Back Street?" or else he was mentally inquiring in what quarter of the town it was he had met with some other odd character some time back.

At length, however, Uncle Benjamin had made up his mind to introduce the boy to the curiosities of his acquaintance just as they fell in their way, and trust to circumstances, as they went the rounds of the town, either to recall or present to

them such peculiarities as he wished to bring under the observation of his little pupil.

“Now remember, Ben,” he said, in a half whisper, as he stood on the door-step of the first house he was about to visit, with the latch in his hand, “remember, I am not going to show you any human monstrosities, nor any of the more extravagant freaks of nature among mankind, but merely to let you see some of the broadly-marked differences of character in men; to show you, indeed, in how many diverse ways human beings can spend their money—or, what is the same thing, their time; to point out to you what different notions of pleasure there are among the tribe of so-called rational creatures, and how, though all the big babies in the world are running after the same butterfly, they pursue it like a knot of school-boys, dodging it in a hundred different ways, and each believing, as he clutches at the bright-colored little bit of life, that *he* has got it safe within his grasp.”

RATIONAL ANIMAL NO. 1.*

“Give me joy, Master Franklin!” cried a little bald-headed man, who was busy at a table, as the couple entered the room, unpacking the contents of what seemed to be an enormous green sandwich-box, filled with grass and weeds. Indeed, so busy was the host with the green stuff spread before him, that he no sooner withdrew his palm from the grasp of the uncle than he set to work again examining minutely the little wild flower he held in the other hand. “Give me joy, I say! I have discovered the only specimen of the *potentilla*, or common silver-weed, that has yet been found in the New World. There it is, sir;” and the old man held it tenderly between his finger

* See Frontispiece.

and thumb, as he eyed it with increased pride ; “and a *l—l—lovely* specimen it is, I can assure you. Now you wouldn’t believe it, perhaps, but I wouldn’t take a thousand guineas for *that*, mere weed as it is. Only think of that, my little chap—a thousand guineas ;” and he laid his hand upon young Benjamin’s head as he spoke. “A good deal of money that, isn’t it, my little man? But I’ve been hunting after that same weed for years—many years, my dear boy—and traveled, I dare say, *thousands* of miles in search of it. I knew it must exist in North America somewhere, and I was *determined* to go down to posterity as the discoverer of it,” and the little ferrety man beat the air with his fist as he said the words. “So you see what patience and perseverance will do, my good lad.

“What are you going to be, eh?” he inquired. “Ha! they should make a botanist of a fine little fellow like you, with a head like yours. No pursuit like that in the world—the greatest pleasure in life—hunting after the wild flowers and plants ; always out in the open air, either up on the hills or down in the valleys, or wandering by the brook-side, or along the beautiful lanes, or else buried in the woods. You’d have to go fine long walks into the country then, my little man ; but you like walking, I suppose. Bless you, I’m out for weeks at a time, and think myself well repaid for all my trouble if I can only bring home a rare specimen or two. Look here, little what’s-your-name,” he went on, talking so fast to the boy that the words came tumbling one over the other out of his mouth ; “here is a little bit of my handiwork.” And the botanist slid from the top of an old bureau near him a large folio volume, consisting of sheets of cartridge paper bound together, and then spreading it open at one side of the

table, he showed the lad that there was a dried and flattened plant stuck upon every page. "There!" he cried, exultingly, with such an emphasis upon the word that it sounded like a deep sigh, "look at *that*, my man! but it hasn't a twentieth part of the plants I've collected in my time; though where's the wonder? I've been at it all my life—ever since I was a boy of your age, and walked thousands and *thousands* of miles, ay, and spent hundreds upon *hundreds* of guineas to complete my collection. There, my fine fellow, that's the *Campanula sylvestris*," he continued, chattering as he turned over the pages before the boy; "that's the *Crambe maritima*, or common sea colewort, and a very fine specimen too." And so he kept gabbling on until Uncle Benjamin thanked the old gentleman for his kindness to the lad, and said they would not intrude on his time any longer.

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 2.

"What, Adam! in the *old* state, eh?" cried Uncle Benjamin, as he and his nephew descended the steps of a dark cellar in one of the back streets of Boston, and found a man there asleep as he sat, with his unkempt head resting on his elbow, at the edge of a small deal table, and with a piece of salt fish lying untouched on a broken plate by his side.

The uncle had to shake the sleeper violently to rouse him, whereupon the man stared, with his bloodshot eyes, vacantly at his visitor for a time, and then, with a scowl, flung his head back upon his arm as he growled out, "Well, and if I am in the same state, what's that to you? You don't pay for the jacky, do you? Besides, you like what I hate—psalm-singing; and I like what you hate—a drop of good stuff—like they sell at 'The

Pear-tree' round the corner. *Dum vivimus vivamus* is my motto, and you don't know what that means, Master Franklin, for a pot now. Come, I say, mate, are you game to stand a quartern for a fellow this morning — yuck?" and, as the man said the words, he raised his head again; and then little Benjamin (for the boy's eyes had got used to the dusk of the place by this time) could see that the drunkard's clothes hung in tatters all about him, while his dark, unshaven beard contrasted with his blanched face as strongly as the black muzzle of a bull-dog.

"I ask your pardon, Master Franklin, for making so free," the sot added, in a wheedling tone; "but, you see, I had a little drop too much last night," the man went on, "and I sha'n't be quite right till I get just a thimbleful or so of the neat article inside of me."

"I'd as lief pay for a quartern of poison for you, Adam," said Uncle Benjamin, mournfully.

"You would, would you?" roared the other, springing up like a wild beast from his lair, and clutching the broken back of the chair on which he had been sitting; and he was preparing to strike his visitor down with it, but he staggered back lumpishly against the wall.

The boy flew to his uncle's side, and whispered, "Oh, come away, pray do, uncle! I have seen enough here!"

The uncle, however, swept past the youth, and going toward the dram-drinker, said kindly, "Adam! Adam! think of the man you once were."

The drunkard's head dropped upon his bosom, and the next minute he fell to whining and weeping like a child. Presently he hiccoughed out through his sobs, "I *do* think of it—yuck!—and then I want drink to drown the cursed thoughts.

Come, now, old friend," and he vainly tried to lay his hand on Uncle Benjamin's shoulder, "send the youngster there for just a noggin—only one, now—from 'The Pear-tree,' and then I shall be all right again."

The friend shook his head as he replied, "You won't, Adam; you'll be all wrong again—as wrong as ever, man. Isn't it this drink that has beggared you, and despoiled you of your fortune, and of every friend too—but myself? and yet you are so mad for it still that you crave for more."

"I do—I *do* thirst for it; my tongue's like a bit of red-hot iron in my mouth now with the parching heat that's on me. I tell you it's the only thing that can put an end to care, and (singing) drown it in the bo-wo-wole.

"Chorus—We'll drown it—yuck!—in the bo-wo-wole. Ha! you should have seen Adam lasht night. Bless you, I was as jolly as a shand-boy—the d'light of the whole tap-room. I tipped 'em some of my best songs—vain songs as you call 'em—and you know I always *could* sing a good song if I liked, Master Franklin. Come, I'll give you a stave now if you'll only send—yuck!—for that little drop of jacky. The youngster here, I dare say, would like to hear me—wouldn't you, my *dear*?" (but as there was no answer, he added), "What! you won't send for the gin? Well, then, leave it alone, you stingy old psalm-singing humbug; I wouldn't be beholden to you for it now if you were to press it on me. But never mind! never mind! *never* mind! May—may—what the deuce is that shentiment?" (and he rubbed his hair round and round till it was like a mop): "tut! tut! and it's such a favorite shentiment of mine, too, after a song. Well, all I know is, it's something about, may something or other—yuck!—never shorten friend-

ship. But never mind! never mind! Lawyer Muspratt is going to sell that little reversion I'm entitled to on my maiden aunt's death; it's the only thing I've got left now—but never mind! never mind!—and then won't Adam Tonks and the boys at 'The Pear-tree' have a night of it! Yes, '*dum vivimus vivamus*' is my motto—yuck!—if I die for it."

The man was silent for a minute or two, and then he said, as if waking up from a dream,

"I wonder who ever it was saw me down the cellar steps last night. But never mind! never mind! who's afraid?—not Adam Tonks, not he. Come, friend Franklin—for you *have* been a right good friend to me often, that you have, old cock—if you won't send for that drop of jacky out of your own pocket, will you lend me half a dollar to get it myself—yuck? I'll give it you back again when the reversion's shold. Oh, honor bright!—yuck!—honor bright, friend!"

"If it was for food, Adam, you should have it and welcome," was the plain answer.

"Food be cursed!" shouted the madman, again roused to a fury; "there's that bit of stinking salt fish I've had for the last week as a relish, just to pick a bit; there, you can carry it home with you—you can, you Methodistical old hunks; take it with you;" and, with a violent effort, the man flung the piece of dried haddock toward Uncle Benjamin; but so wide of the mark, and with such a sweep of the arm, that it struck the wall against which the drunkard himself kept swaying.

Whereupon the godfather, in obedience to the boy's repeated entreaty, took his departure.

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 3.

The couple were soon in one of the most fashionable streets of the town; and in another min-

ute little Ben stood in the middle of a grand saloon, wheeling round and round as he gazed with uplifted eyes, first at the huge mirrors reaching from the ceiling to the floor, then at the pictures that covered the other parts of the walls, and then taken with the marble busts and figures that were ranged in different corners of the room. "The chairs are all gold and satin, I declare; and the tables and cabinets of different-colored woods, worked into the most beautiful patterns; and the chandeliers, too, just like clusters of jewels," thought the astonished lad to himself.

"Who are we going to see here, uncle?" he said, in a whisper to the old man, as he twitched his uncle timidly by the skirt.

Presently the door of an anteroom was flung open, and a voice drawled out, "Kem in, Franklin, kem in; I don't mind you. I've only got my knight of the goose and kebbage here, and you would hardly believe the trouble I have with these varlets: half my time is taken up with them, I give you my wad, Franklin, and that merely to prevent them turning me out aw—aw—perfect skeyarecrow. A man of your fine kimmon sense knows as well as any body, Franklin, that appearance is every thing to a man who—aw—aw, the wald is keyind enough to regeyard as aw—aw—an arbiter elegeyantiarum, I believe I *may* say, Franklin, eh? for, thank the powers, the coarsest-minded inimy I have in the wald couldn't say that Tam Skeffington isn't, and always has been, the best-dressed man in all Boston. I know well enough, Franklin, that with persons of your persuasion (by-the-by, can I offer you a kip of chocolate, or a gless of Tokay? oh, don't say No), with persons of your persuasion dress is utterly ignored—ut-ttarly. But, deah me! with a man in my station—looked up to, as I said befar, as

being something like aw—aw—an arbiter elegantiarum in matters of the toilette—only think, now, the kimmotion there'd be among the superiah clesses of this city if Tam Skeffington was to make his appearance in the streets—you'll pardon me, Friend Franklin, I know you will—in a coat like your own, for exemple!" and the arbiter elegantiarum was so tickled with the mere straw of the joke that he dabbed the patches on his face with a handkerchief that was like a handful of foam, as he tittered behind it as softly as summer waves ripple over the sands.

Presently he gasped out, between the intervals of his simpering, "By-the-by, now, Franklin, do permit me, there's a good fellah, just to behold myself for one minute in that duffle dressing-gown you've kem out in to-day, and to see how you'd look in this new plum-colored piece of magnificence of mine. I'm sure you'll obleege me, Franklin, for I give you my wad the double sight would throw me into an ecstasy of reptchah."

The motive of Uncle Benjamin for bringing his godson to the house was too strong to make him object to an exchange of costume that, under any other circumstances, he would assuredly have refused; so, to the intense delight of the fine gentleman, and even the attendant tailor, the old Puritan proceeded to disrobe himself of his own coat of humble gray, and to incase his body in the gaudy velvet apparel of the beau.

And when the temporary exchange of garments had been duly effected, and the elegant Mr. Tam Skeffington beheld himself in the cheval glass attired in the quaint garb of the Puritan, and old Benjamin Franklin tricked out in the florid costume of the exquisite, the sight was more than the delicate nerves of the dandy could bear; for he had to retire to the sofa, and bury his head for

a while in the squab, or he assuredly would have laughed outright.

The tailor, however, who believed he had never seen any thing half so comic in the whole of his life, chuckled as loud and heartily as a child at a pantomime; nor could he stop himself till his more refined customer had demanded "how he dairh'd to laff in his presence;" and even then, poor man! each time he happened to turn round and get another peep at the Puritan in the plum-colored suit, the laughter would burst out at the corners of his mouth with the same noise as the froth gushing from beneath the cork of an over-excited bottle of ginger-beer.

Neither could little Benjamin himself refrain from joining in the mirth at first, though in a little while the smiles of the lad subsided into frowns, as the sense that his uncle was "being made fun of" came across his mind.

In a few minutes the arbiter elegantiarum was sufficiently himself to rise from the sofa. "I give my wad, Franklin," he said, as he twisted the old gentleman round by the shoulders, "you'd punish a few of the geyirls at a dannse at the State House in a coat like that—you would, even at your time of life, I give you my wad (Do you snuff, Franklin?—it's the finest Irish bleggeyard, I assure you); and I mean to play the same havoc with the poor things, I can tell you," he went on, as the tailor helped them one after the other to exchange coats once more; "for if they can withstand Tam Skeffington in that plum-colored piece of magnificence, why then they've hearts as impenetrablè as sand-bags; and heaven knows I don't find that the case with the deah creachyos generally; for I'm sure they're good and keyind to me, Master Franklin, they are indeed, I give you my wad; though they know, I believe, my

greatest pleasure is to afford them one moment's happiness, and there isn't a lovely woman in the wald that Tam Skeffington is not ready to lay down his life for—his life, Franklin. I'm sure only last year it cost me a fortune in trinkets, and essences, and bouquets for the sweet creachyos. But then, you know, Franklin, a man in *my* position—a man who is allowed to be—by both sexes, I believe I may say—a person of some *little* taste, and, thank the powers, of some *little* refinement too—a man like myself, I say, *keyant* spend his money on terrumpery; that, you see, is the penalty one has to pay for being an aw—aw—*arbiter elegeyantiarum*, as I said befar. And yet, after all, surely such a title is the proudest that can be bestowed upon a gentleman; surely it's something to have lived for, Franklin, eh? to have gained that much—to be the admired of all admirers, as Hamlet has it; for who would not rather be the potentate of fashion and *haut ton*—the supreme authority in all matters of good taste and elegance—the dictatah of superiah mannaahs and etiquette—than even be like this same famous Petah the Great that every body is talking about now—the monarch of a million savages? But perhaps your little boy here," he added, with the faintest indication of a bow to young Benjamin, "would like to see the pictyahs, and statues, and objects of *vertu*, and knick-knacks in the next room."

And then, as the arbiter elegantiarum opened the door for them, he continued, "You'll find, I believe, some rather ch'ice works of art among them—at least the wald tells me so—and heaven knows I've nearly ruined myself in forming the kellection."

Then, still holding the door for the couple to pass through, he bowed profoundly as they made

their exit, the dandy saying the while, "Your obeejent humble servant, Master Franklin, your humble servant to kemmand."

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 4.

"Who's there? who's there, I say?" shouted an old man.

"Who-o-o's there? who-o-o's there, I say?" was screamed out, in the shrill treble of senility and fright, from behind the garret door at which Uncle Benjamin and his little companion were presently knocking.

"Come, Jerry! Jerry! we're no robbers, man alive; it's Benjamin Franklin, of the Hanover Street Conventicle, come to see you," shouted the uncle through the chink of the door, as he rattled impatiently at the latch.

There was a sound of jingling metal and a hurried shuffling within the room, accompanied with a cry of "I'll open the door directly, Friend Franklin—I'll open it directly," said the speaker, with a sniggle of affected delight.

"The old fellow's scrambling together his money to hide it before we go in," whispered the godfather in the ear of the lad.

In a minute or two they could hear the gaffer gasping away as he endeavored to remove the heavy bar from behind the door, and saying the while, in the same forced giggling tone as before, "Dear heart! dear heart! I quite forgot the door was barred, to be sure."

Once within the room, little Ben found the miser's garret even more squalid and poverty-stricken than the drunkard's cellar. The broken window-panes were stuffed with bundles of dirty rags, and the principal light that entered the little dog-hole of a home dribbled in through the cold blue gaps in the roof. The plaster had fallen

in large patches from the walls, and left huge ulcerous-looking blotches there, while the flooring in places was green and brown as rusty copper from the soddening of long-continued leakage through the tiles.

In one corner of the apartment there was a hillock of mouldy crusts, spotted with white hairy tufts of mildew; in another, a litter of half-putrid bones, mingled with pieces of old ochre-stained iron and nails; and along one side of the room was ranged the mere skeleton of a bedstead, covered with a sack stuffed with straw by way of mattress, and one solitary blanket that was as thin, and almost as black as coffin-cloth. The only chair was like an old bass fish-basket in its rushy raggedness, and a huge sea-chest stood in the middle of the room to do duty for a table, while the whole place reeked with the same damp, musty, fungusy odor as a ruin.

The old miser himself was as spare and tremulous as a mendicant Lascar, and he had the same wretched, craven, crouching, grinning, nipped-up air with him too. His black and restless little eyes, with their shaggy, overhanging brows, gave him the sharp, irritable expression of a terrier, and there was a continual nervousness in his manner, like one haunted by a spectre. He wore a long duffle coat that had once been gray, but was now almost as motley as a patchwork counterpane, from the many-colored pieces with which it had been mended; and on either cuff of this there was stuck row after row of pins, that he picked up in his rounds, as close as the wires to a sieve.

As the uncle and nephew entered the apartment, the miser retreated hurriedly from the doorway; and then, scrambling toward the bedstead, seated himself on the edge of it, with his arms

stretched out, so as to prevent either of his visitors coming there.

“Well, you see, Master Jerry, I’ve brought a fagot of firewood with me this time,” said the elder Benjamin, as he telegraphed to his nephew to deposit the bundle of sticks he had been carrying down by the fireplace. “I’m not going to sit shivering again in your draughty room, with the roof and the windows all leaking rheumatisms, catarrhs, and agues, as they do, without a handful of fire in the grate, I can tell you.” And, so saying, he proceeded at once to turn up the collar of his coat, and to pantomime to his nephew to undo the fagot, and get a fire lighted as quickly as possible.

The little fellow, however, was too much taken up with the strangeness of the place, and the quaint figure and odd ways of the queer old man seated on the bedstead before him, to make much haste about the matter; so, as he knelt down to do his uncle’s bidding, he kept fumbling at the withy band round the fagot, with his eyes now riveted upon the miser, and now fastened on the mounds of refuse stored in the different corners of the wretched-looking chamber.

“How you can manage to live in such a place as this, Jerry, is more than I can make out,” continued Uncle Benjamin.

“Well, you know, Master Franklin,” responded the old hunk, in a whining tone, and grinning sycophantically as he spoke, “rents are uncommon dear, and I can’t afford to pay any more than I do here. A quarter of a dollar a week for a mere place to put one’s old head in is a great deal of money, ain’t it, now?”

“Can’t afford, man alive! why, you could afford to rent a mansion if you pleased,” was the scornful reply.

“How you *do* talk, Friend Franklin, to be sure! You always seem to think I’m made of money, that you do,” returned the miser, with a faint chuckle, as he pretended to treat the notion of his wealth as a mere joke. “Hah! if I’d only listened to such as you, I should have been in the poor-house long before this—he! he! he!” he added, with another titter.

“And if you had been, Jerry, you would have been both better housed and fed there than you are here,” the elder Benjamin made answer.

“Ye-e-es! I dare say I should; a great deal, and for nothing too,” grinned the old man, as he gloated for a moment over the idea of the gratuitous board and lodging; the next minute, however, he added, with a sorrowful shake of the head, “But they wouldn’t admit *me* into the poor-house, you see, because they know I’ve always had the fear of dying of hunger in my old age before my eyes, and managed to save up just a dollar or two against it. No, no, it is only the prodigals and the unthrifts they’ll consent to keep there for nothing; and a pretty lesson *that* is to preach to the world, ain’t it, now, Master Franklin?”

“Well, but, Jerry, Jerry,” expostulated Uncle Benjamin, anxious to bring the miser to something like common sense, “what on earth is the use of your having saved up this dollar or two, as you call it, against that eternal bugbear of yours—‘dying of hunger in your old age,’ if you continue to starve yourself, as you are doing now, day after day?”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed Master Jerry, in return, and with as little unction in the laughter as though he had been a hyena rather than a man; “and you’d have me spend all my hard-earned savings in eating and drinking, I suppose. Ha!

ha! and a deal the better I should be for that, when my money was all gone, and I left without a penny in my old age! No, no, Friend Franklin; so long as I've got a dollar or two by me, I know no harm can come to me;" and the gaffer chafed his weazened hands together as he chuckled over his fancied security.

"Madman!" muttered the elder Benjamin, aside; "and yet you suffer continually in the present the very harm you dread in the future."

"Do you know, Friend Franklin," the miser went on, "what is the only delight I have left in the world now? (I don't mind telling you as much, for you won't let any one know I've got a few dollars by me here, will you?) why, it's to sit and look at the few pieces I've managed to save—though they are but a very few, I give you my word—for it's only when I've got them spread out before my eyes, and keep biting 'em one after another between my old teeth, to convince myself that there ain't a bad coin among 'em, that I feel in any way sure that I sha'n't die a beggar after all. Ye-e-es, Friend Franklin, that's the only happiness I have in life now; but you won't tell any body that I let you know I'd got a few dollars by me here, will you now?" the miser added, abruptly, in a carneying tone, as a misgiving stole over him concerning the imprudence of the confession he had made. "Oh ye-e-es, Friend Franklin, I'm sure I can trust to you, and"—said he, with a cunning whisper, as he pointed toward little Ben—"and the boy yonder too, eh—eh?"

The latter part of the speech drew Uncle Benjamin's attention once more to his nephew, and the progress he was making with the fire; so he called out, as a cold shudder crept over his frame, "Come, I say, Master Ben, look alive and get the logs lighted" (for the boy had been attending

more to the conversation than the grate); "I declare there's a draught here almost as strong as the blast to a furnace;" and, so saying, he set to work stamping his feet and chafing his palms, to stir the blood in them. Then, drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, he proceeded to tie it over his ears.

The quick eye of the miser noticed something fall upon the floor as his visitor pulled his kerchief from the hind part of his coat; so, springing from the bedstead, he began groping on the ground for the article the other had dropped.

"Oh! it's only a piece of string, after all!" the old fellow cried, as he rose up on his feet again with a violent effort. "But perhaps it's of no use to you, Friend Franklin," he added, with a true beggar's air; "and if so, I'll just take care of it myself, for I can't bear to see any thing wasted; besides, it will come in handy for something some day." Whereupon, without waiting for the other to tell him he was welcome to the twine, the old niggard proceeded to wind it into a figure of 8 on his finger and thumb, and ultimately to thrust it into the wallet-like pocket of his coat.

As the miser sat at the edge of the bed, thus engaged for a while, he said, after a slight pause, "You haven't run across that minx, my Mary, of late, have you, Friend Franklin?—the heartless hussy, curse her!" And as he spat out the last words from between his teeth, there was a savage fury in the tone which it made young Benjamin almost shudder to hear.

"Come, I say! I say! remember, the girl is your own flesh and blood, man," cried the elder Benjamin, reprovingly.

"I do; and therefore I say again, Curse her! curse the jade forever and ever!" and the bitter-hearted old graybeard ground out his anathemas

with a double vindictiveness. "Didn't she go away with that fellow she's married to, and leave her old father here alone, and almost helpless, without a soul in the world to attend upon him, or do a thing for him in his eleventh hour?—no, not unless they're well paid for it, they won't, the mercenary wretches! I told her to choose between me and the beggar she took up with, and she preferred the beggar to her old father; so she may starve and rot with the beggar for what I care, for not so much as one stiver of mine does she or hers ever touch. No," he added, with all the intensity of a miser's lust and uncharitableness, "not if I have my money soldered down in my coffin, and take it into my grave with me," said he, as he ground his fangs and clenched his bony fists.

This was more than Uncle Benjamin could bear; so, starting from his seat, he turned sharply round upon the old hunks as he cried, in the fury of his indignation, "Your grave, man! Do you think you can take your beastly gold and silver to hell with you?" adding, half aside, "for they won't have it in heaven, I can tell you."

"Well, well, I dare say not," answered the miser, as he shook his head backward and forward, and half cried over the ugliness of the reproof; "though what's to become of it all, and who's to get it and squander it, after the trouble I've had to save it, costs me many an anxious thought; so sometimes I think that it will be better in the end, perhaps, to have it buried along with me, and so have done with it altogether. Still, come what may, Mary shall never finger so much as a copper-piece of mine, I'll take care."

There was a pause in the conversation for a minute or two, and then Jerry said, in a widely different tone, "You wouldn't believe it, Friend

Franklin, but the other day the minx sent me a jug of soup. She thinks to get round me in that way, the artful bit of goods; but she'll find herself sorely mistaken, he! he! he! I knew she sent it," he went on, "because the cloth it was tied up in was marked with her married name. When I found out who it had come from, do you know I was going to chuck it out of window? but then, you see, I can't bear any thing to be wasted, so I put it in my cupboard there, and there it'll bide, Friend Franklin, till I'm dead and gone, I can tell you."

By this time young Benjamin had laid the logs in the grate; and having taken from his pocket the tinder-box and matches with which his godfather had provided him (for Uncle Benjamin knew well enough it would be idle to look for such things in the miser's room), he was beginning to chip away with the flint and steel as he knelt in front of the grate.

No sooner, however, did the sound of the repeated clicking smite the miser's ear, than he darted from the bedstead, as if some sudden terror had seized upon his soul; and, rushing toward the lad, laid hold of him by the collar, and nearly throttled the boy, just as he was in the act of blowing, with his cheeks puffed out as round as a football, at a stray spark that had fallen on the tinder.

"What are you going to do? what are you going to do, boy?" the old miser shrieked, while he trembled from head to foot as if palsy-stricken. "You can't light a fire there; you'll set the chimney in a blaze."

"Haugh! haugh! haugh!" roared Uncle Benjamin, derisively. "Set *your* chimney in a blaze, Jerry! Why, it has never had a fire in it since I've known you. There, go along with you, man;

there's no fear of your having to pay for the engines: the flue's as free of soot as a master sweep on a Sunday, I'll swear. Besides, I'm frozen, Jerry—chilled to the very marrow, and must have just a handful of hot embers in the grate to warm me—at least, that is, if I'm to sit here any longer, and tell you any thing about your Mary; for while you were raving and cursing just now, I hadn't an opportunity of edging in a word about the girl, remember."

"Well, I dare say! I dare say!" whined out the old miser, divided between the fear of fire and his curiosity as to the "circumstances" of his runaway daughter. "But you'll promise not to make much of a flame, won't you, now, good lad? Besides," he added, "I can't bear to see wood burnt extravagantly; and you don't know how close and hot this room *does* become with even the least bit of fire."

"No, nor do you know much about *that* either, Jerry, I'm thinking," giggled Uncle Benjamin. "There, go back to your seat, man, and listen quietly to what I've got to say about your child. Come, you shall have all the wood that's left; and, bless me! we sha'n't burn a penn'orth of it altogether."

The niggard suffered himself to be led back to the bedstead by his visitor, while young Ben, who had now lighted the smaller twigs, remained kneeling in front of the grate, blowing away at the burning branches in order to kindle the mass.

"Well, you know, Jerry," proceeded the uncle, "I saw your Mary at the Conventicle last Sabbath morning—"

"Did you? did you?" cried the old fellow; "and what did she say? Is she sorry for her disobedience? Does the jade repent, and want to come back again to me—eh—eh?"

There was no time for Uncle Benjamin to answer the questions, for a loud cry from the boy at the fire made the pair of them start to their feet in an instant.

The dry twigs, with which the grate had been nearly filled, had, with young Ben's continued puffing, become ignited all at once, and as the long tongue of flame licked into the narrow mouth of the flue, the little fellow looked up the chimney, and fancied he could see something a-light there; so the next minute he cried aloud, "The chimney's a-fire, I'm sure. I can see something burning in it."

"Something burning in the chimney!—what!—what!" roared the distracted miser, as he tore his gray locks, and gesticulated as wildly as a maniac.

The boy, who was still on his knees, with his head twisted on one side, as he watched the smouldering mass up the flue, seized one of the largest logs that he had placed against the wall, and thrust it far up the chimney, so as to rake down the ignited mass.

"What would you do, boy? what would you do? It's my bag—my bag of money that's burning there, I tell you!" and no sooner had the miser roared out the words, than a golden shower of guineas poured down the mouth of the chimney, and fell in a heap into the very midst of the blazing logs and embers.

The miser was fairly crazed as he saw his treasure descend, in a cataract as it were, into the very heart of the fire; and, in the phrensy of the moment, he thrust his bony hands into the midst of the burning wood, and dragged the heated coins, handful by handful, from out the flames; till, writhing with the agony of his burnt palms, he was forced to fling the pieces down on the floor;

and there they rolled about, some falling between the chinks of the planks, and others strewing the boards so thickly that the wretched, squalid little garret seemed at last to be paved with gold.

Then the old hunks fell upon his knees, and scrambled after the coins, crying like a child the while; but presently, roused by a sudden fury, he sprang wildly to his feet again, and seizing one of the flaring brands he had just thrown under the grate, screamed as he whirled it madly in the air, "Begone, robbers! thieves! begone with you! It was Mary that sent you here to do this; she told you where my money was hid. Curses on you all! begone, begone, I say!"

It was no time to parley with the frantic man; so Uncle Benjamin pushed his nephew out of the miser's reach, and then, as he thrust the boy into the passage, closed the door before the maniac had time to harm either little Ben or himself.

And as the couple descended the creaking stairs, they could hear the old niggard in his phrensy, raving and sobbing, while he barred and bolted his garret door; and then, counting the pieces, as he collected the remains of his treasure, crying, "One, two—curse the girl!—three, four, five—curse her and hers, forever and ever!"

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 5.

"What is money to me, my friend?" exclaimed the inmate of the next garret they visited, after Uncle Benjamin had narrated to the young man they found alone with his books there the scene that had just occurred at the lodgings of old Jerry the miser.

"I care not to hive any of this human honey, Master Franklin, for it is honey that the golden-bellied wasps of the world distill only from weeds and tares. The sweet yellow stuff may be tooth-

some to man in his second childhood, but to me there is a sickliness about it that clogs and deadens the finer tastes and natural cravings of mankind."

Young Ben gazed in all the muteness of deep wonder at the speaker. Every thing around him—the dingy and cheerless attic—the cold, empty grate—the scanty bedding—the spare and crazy furniture—the lean cupboard, with its solitary milk-can and crust of bread—all told the boy, even inexpert as he was at deciphering the sundry little conventional signs as to a person's "circumstances" in life, that the poor garreteer had no more of the world's comforts to console him than either the drunkard or the miser.

And yet the poverty seemed to invest the man with all the moral dignity of a hermit, whereas it had appeared to steep the others in all the squalor of habitual mendicancy. How different, too, was he in look and tone from either of those they had previously visited! There was a gentleness and a music in his voice, as if his very heart-strings vibrated as he spake, and a high-natured expression in his features, that lighted up his blanched countenance like sunshine upon snow. His forehead was fair, and round as an ivory dome; and his full liquid eyes were intensely blue, and deep as the sea far away from land; while, as he talked of the world's vanities and glories, there was the same passionate play of nostril, and the same proud working of the neck as marks a blood-horse's sense of his own power when pawing the ground at his feet.

"But the long-eared Midases of the world, Master Franklin," the poet continued, "they who rejoice in the power of transmuting all they touch into gold, must be ever deaf to the grand harmonies of life and nature, ay, and blind as corpses

too—having their eyes forever closed with pieces of money—to the beauty which floods the earth with light, color, and glory, as though it were the very halo of the Godhead shining over creation. Such as these affect to speak with pity of the poor poet; but, prithee, friend, who so poor in heart and soul as Dives himself?—as Dives, who can not taste a crumb of the ideal feast that is spread even for the mendicant Lazarus?—Dives, in whose leathern ear the sea-shell sings not of the mighty mysteries of the ocean-deep, and to whom the little lark never warbles of the crimson grandeur of the sky, the air, and earth, at break of day?—Dives, in whose dull eyes the wild flowers show no grace, nor the tiny insects the least touch of art?—Dives, the veriest pauper amid the richest of all riches—he of the stone heart and leaden brain? Was Andrew Marvel poor, think you, when the libertine Charles sought to bribe him into silence? Not he; for he was richer than the king in honor and dignity—rich enough to be able to spurn the royal bribe, even though he was so poor in pocket as to be forced to borrow the means for a dinner the moment after.”

Little Ben had never heard such utterances before; and as he sat there, still staring intently at the speaker, he was marveling which was right—his uncle, who taught him that he must either save or be a slave, or this young man, whose very dignity and independence of spirit seemed to spring from his contempt for mere worldly wealth.

The elder Benjamin could almost guess what was passing in his nephew's mind; nevertheless, it was neither the time nor the place to clear up the difficulty, so he remained as silent as the lad himself, and merely nodded his approbation as the poet continued.

“Nor would I have the world's wealth, friend.”

at the world's price," the young man ran on. "What if the stomach *will* sometimes crave for food, at least I have an ethereal banquet here in my little stock of books"—pointing to the few shelves slung against the wall—"a banquet that the gods themselves might revel in; ay, and a banquet, too, that the pampered belly has seldom any zest for. These are the men, Master Franklin," he cried, his eyes glowing with the fervor of his soul as he turned to his favorite authors, "who are the blessed comforters of the poor, if the poor but knew them as poor I do; these the worthies that care not how humble the dwelling they enter; these the true hearts that have a good and kind word to whisper in every ear. As Francis Bacon says, they are the 'interpreters' between God and us—the 'interpreters' of that subtle myth which makes the soul of man a mere grub here and a butterfly hereafter; the great translators of the mighty poem of creation—each rendering, as did the Septuagint of old, some special canticle or glorious passage in the Book, and each catching the sense and spirit of the great Original as if by inspiration. Can a man be poor, friend," he asked proudly, "when he can find any amount of treasure in these volumes merely by digging a little beneath the surface for it? Have I no jewels, when in this casket there are gems brighter and more precious than ever adorned a monarch's brow? Have I no possessions, when such an inheritance as this has been bequeathed to me?—no grounds, when I have these interminable gardens and academic groves about me to wander in as I list—gardens that are planted with exquisite taste, and filled with all the flowers of the Elysian fields of immortality—flowers that bloom forever in the bosom after they are plucked, and whose perfume blends with

the soul, till the mind itself becomes sweetened with their grace?"

The boy was entranced as he listened. He had never before heard words uttered with such ardor; they came ringing in his ear, and stirred his soul like a trumpet. The only zeal he had ever seen displayed as yet had been among the fanatics of the conventicle to which his father belonged; but here was a man speaking with all the fervor of the most devout religion upon the grandeur and glory of mere poetry; a man loving poverty with all the enthusiasm of an ascetic—not from any superstitious delight in the daily martyrdom of the flesh, but because his taste found more refined joy in the sublilities of nature and thought than in the sickly sweetmeats of the world; a man worshiping the divine element of beauty and truth in all things, and loathing the world's vanities and sensualities as the great uglinesses of life. It was impossible not to have faith in him. His creed was manifestly not a mere affected sentiment, but an all-absorbing passion—a passion that flashed like lightning in his eyes, and stirred his limbs like branches tossed by a hurricane.

"How different," presently he continued, talking half to himself till he became fired again with his subject, "does the possession of such wealth as this make us from what the world's wealth does! Your money-riches are sure, sooner or later, to transform the heart into a mere iron chest—a coffer that no human key can open. They breed only lust and greed, as the muck-heap hatches vipers, and case the soul in an impenetrable armor of selfishness, whereas the treasures of the mind are as generous as wine to the spirit, unlocking the heart and the whole nature. Did these noble fellows," he cried, as he seized the volumes that lay on the table before him, and hugged them

fondly to his bosom, "play the misers with their precious possessions?" Did these lords of Wisdom's broad manor fence in their estate, and keep the ever-green fields of their fancy and philosophy to themselves? or did they give them as a park to all the world, for even the poorest to ramble and sport in? Yes, they shared their gifts and gems freely with such as me, and so made poor me almost as rich as themselves. And what would *I* do now? why, I'd fall upon my very knees to you, if I could but get you and this lad here to share this same wealth with me in return—only to make you feel the same foretaste of heaven as I do when communing with these great souls, spirit to spirit, and giving back love for love."

Then he paused for a moment; and suddenly tossing his head till his long hair shook like a lion's mane, he scowled at some imaginary social jackanapes as he asked indignantly, "Who dares taunt me with lack of fortune or want of fine friends, when I have Will Shakspeare here day after day by my side, humming the sweet music of his sonnets in my ear? Why, if I knew all the high and mighty carriage-folk of the town, could it be half as grand to ride out with them as it is to travel with the spirit of John Milton into the very heavens themselves, and hear the blind old poet pour forth his wondrous pæan on the light? Can such as I feel it a privation to be denied the fellowship of empty-headed lords and dukes, when here, in my garret, I can have the best of all good company—the very pick of the noblest blood that ever flowed in human veins? Am I sad? then can I not have Butler here to make me laugh with the quaint wit and odd logic of his Hudibras? If the hours hang heavy with me, are not Herrick, Carew, and Suckling ready to sing to me? Do I want to learn how the world wags?

why Massinger, and Ford, and Webster, and Beaumont and Fletcher, ay, and Shakspeare himself, will come at my beck to show me how the puppets are moved by every passion, and to lay open my own and every other heart before my eyes, as if poor human nature was but a piece of clever clock-work. Or, if I long to travel, is there not brave Raleigh waiting to take me with him round the world? Or, if my mood be more sedate, can I not invite old Burton here to charm me with his wonderful lore of melancholy? ay, and even, if I please, get Newton, or Bacon, or Hobbes to talk philosophy with me, and lay bare the subtle mechanism of the universe itself? Ah! my friend," he added, as his face beamed with all the refined pride of his heart, "this is the royal prerogative of intellect—the blessed privilege that comes from a devout love of books. It can make the poorest among us richer than the richest; grant luxuries to those in want that even the beef-witted Cræsus himself could not purchase; and give the most luckless in the world the right of fellowship with the most gifted and most illustrious of mankind."

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 6.

Again the scene shifted, and the lad and his uncle were away in the suburbs of the town, at the shooting and hunting "box" of one who thought "sport" to be the great charm of life. Here, as they entered, a kennel of fox-hounds made the woods ring with their cries, and dogs of every breed met them at every turn. There were spare and high-haunched greyhounds, ready coupled for coursing; gentle-looking and docile pointers and setters, with their eyes ever fixed on their master; and shock-coated water-dogs, and wiry little rat-dogs, with their teeth glisten-

ing like gintraps, as they snarled at the new-comers; and ugly-looking bandy-legged bull-dogs, too, with mouths and jowls like prize-fighters. In one of the out-houses was a long-backed ferret, with hair as white and eyes as pink as an albino, ready for the next day's sport at the rabbit-warren. In another there were globular wire cages full of brown rats, restless as a knot of worms, that had been trapped to settle some important wager as to how many of the vermin little "Wasp," with the gintrap-like teeth, could kill within the hour.

The stables were filled with as many different kinds of horses as the yards swarmed with different breeds of dogs. Here was the satin-coated hunter, with limbs almost as slender as those of the greyhounds; the sturdy little shooting-pony, whose legs seemed as short and thick as those of a four-post bedstead; and the fast-trotting cob, that had done its fifteen miles within the hour, and won no end of money in its time.

The interior of the house, too, was as typical of the tastes of the owner as the out-buildings themselves. The little hall bristled with antlers and buffalo horns jutting from the walls, and from the hat-pegs hung huge jack fishing-boots and hunting-whips, while the rooms within were literally crowded with tokens of the "sporting character" they belonged to. The sides of the chamber into which they were shown were covered with prints of celebrated winners of races; and paintings of favorite horses, with some favorite groom standing at their head; and representations of far-famed fast trotters, with a gentleman in a tall skeleton gig, with big misty wheels, in the act of scrambling through some prodigious feat of velocity. There were engravings, too, of sundry shirtless heroes, in knee-breeches and "ankle-jacks," with muscles as big as cannon balls un-

der the skin, striking an attitude of self-defense; and memorials of some illustrious encounter between two chestnut and fiery-faced game-cocks, as close cropped as felons, and with spurs as long as cobblers' awls fitted to their legs. Then there were colored sets of pictures representative of "going to cover," "breaking cover," in "full cry," and "in at the death," with others of "partridge shooting," and "wild-duck shooting," and bits of "still life," together with a huge illustration of some extraordinary leap at a "steeple chase," where a few of the horses and riders were floundering in the brook, others flying through the air, and others scrambling with their steeds up the opposite bank. Moreover, there were glass cases filled with two or three stuffed partridges feeding among some imitation stubble, and another inclosing an enormous preserved pike, with his scales as highly varnished as a coach-panel. Upon the table lay foxes' brushes set in silver handles, and made into little whisks for dusting knick-knacks; and foxes' heads mounted as snuff-boxes; and stags' feet, with little silver hoofs, fitted to the blades of knives; while high above the mantle-piece was stretched a huge wild swan, with wide-spread wings, that measured goodness knows how many feet from tip to tip, and which had been shot by the owner of the establishment in the winter of such and such a year. In the different corners of the room, too, stood the several implements of the sportsman's art: fishing-rods, and double-barreled guns, and powder-flasks, and leathern wallets covered with netting, and riding and driving whips, and dog-whistles, and spears for otter-hunting, and felt hats with the crowns wound round with all kinds of lines and flies, and brown leathern leggins, and shooting-boots as heavy and clumsy-looking as navi-

gators', ay, and boxing-gloves, basket-hilted single-sticks, targets, and cases of dueling pistols too.

The sportsman himself was busy at his morning meal of bread and chine, with a tankard of foaming home-brewed ale by his side. The manner in which he scrambled down the food, coupled with the scarlet coat and black velvet cap in which he was costumed, told that he was in haste to join the hounds somewhere; and as he munched away, he described to his visitors, with his mouth full, what a glorious day he expected to have, as Squire So-and-so had recently bought a score of foxes, and turned them all loose on his estate, for really their subscription pack had pretty well cleared the country before that. Then he remembered some particular magnificent run they had had some seasons back, and gave the couple a vivid description of the chase as he filled his pocket-flask with brandy from the liqueur-case. Next, as he sat down to exchange his slippers for the highly-polished top-boots that stood beside the fireplace, he wanted to know whether the young squire there, alluding to little Ben, had ever been at a hunt, and told the lad, as he screwed his mouth up till his face looked like a knocker, and tugged away at the boot-hooks, that a good run was the finest thing in life, and that there was nothing like fox-hunting in the world. After that he fell to hastily admiring the boy's figure, asking how old he was, and calling him a nice little light weight. Then he wanted to know whether he had ever been licked at school, and whether he had taken any lessons yet in sparring; and said he wished he could stop and put the gloves on for a minute, and have a round or two with him. Presently he asked Uncle Ben whether he had heard of the match that he had coming off shortly; he had staked a hundred pounds that he

would bring down nineteen pigeons out of twenty—and he was sure to win, for he had bagged thirty brace of birds in a few hours only a few days back, and, what was more, he could snuff a candle with his dueling pistols at twenty paces three times out of four. Then, as he bustled about the room (rummaging among the litter of fish-cans, bullet-moulds, boxing-gloves, and books of flies, now for his riding-gloves, and now for some particular pet whip that he wanted), he told the boy that if he would come over some day he'd give him a ride on the pony, and take him out for a day's coursing, and then he should see some prime sport, if he liked, when the dogs slipped their couples. Why, he had one of the finest greyhounds in the world, the sportsman said, and had refused a hundred guineas for her over and over again. But he only wished he could stop longer with them, he added, as he slipped his great-coat over his scarlet jacket, though he wouldn't miss the meet that day not to please his own father, that he wouldn't. So he shook them both heartily by the hand, and then hurrying to the door, leaped into the saddle on the hunter young Benjamin had noted in the stable but a few minutes before, and, digging his spurs into the flanks of the steed, dashed down the road, waving his little nut-shell of a hunting-cap to young Ben as he turned round in his saddle, and, cracking his whip, shouted "Yoyicks! Yup! Yup! Yoyicks!" to the delighted and astonished boy.

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 7.

The next character they visited differed again from all they had seen before.

It was neither "sport," nor poetry, nor gold, nor drink, nor yet flowers that delighted this one,

but merely "antiquities," as they are called. A mere bit of old brick—a tile marked with the stamp of one of the Roman legions was sufficient to throw the old antiquary into an ecstasy of enthusiasm. A "celt"—an axe with a rude flint head—had greater joy for him than the finest work of art in the world. His house was filled with cabinets and glass cases, in which were stored heaps of what a good housewife would have denominated "rubbish," but which, in the antiquary's eyes, were far more precious than gold. The old oak chairs here were so knubbly with their carvings that it was impossible to rest either the back or arms against them without their leaving a series of lumps and bumps on the flesh; the spoons were all "apostle spoons," as they are called, and so knobby that they could not be held with any comfort; the walls were hung with bits of tapestry that were as ragged as a beggar's smock; the pictures, queer old things, with gilt backgrounds, and figures of saints as limp-looking as your "lean and slippered pantaloon;" the china, too, was of the queerest shapes and patterns, while the ornaments consisted of small bits of tessellated pavement dug up from some ancient Roman station, and which seemed like fragments of petrified draught-boards; besides little green-crusted and worn bronze urns, and small Egyptian clay figures that had been found buried with mummies, together with cracked Etruscan vases, and noseless Grecian busts, and statues without arms, that had much the look of Greenwich pensioners "in the abstract." Then there were satin cases filled with coins that had no more impression left on them than a charity-boy's metal buttons; copies of hieroglyphic inscriptions, and models of the Parthenon and Colosseum; tiny copies of Cleopatra's Needle and

Trajan's Column, and an infinity of odds and ends besides—all of which had cost no end of money, time, and patience to collect, as well as study and learning to comprehend, and which the queer little old gentleman (who was only too delighted to exhibit them to little Ben) frankly confessed, as he led the couple round the place, that he had nearly ruined himself in getting together, and he had serious thoughts, he said, of leaving it all to the nation after his death.

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 8.

After this the lad was conducted to an inventor's house, and here he found the rooms filled with curious models of machinery, and working-drawings and plans of the queerest-looking apparatus, while the doors and windows were fitted with the strangest contrivances by way of fastenings. Here were extraordinary kinds of pumps, and novel arrangements of water-wheels, and ships with revolving sails, like wind-mills, and flying machines, and velocipedes, and vessels to travel under the water or along the bottom of the sea, and boats to sail upon land, and plans for heating houses too by flues sunk into the earth to such a depth as always to insure an equable temperature without the cost of fire. Besides designs for perpetual motion, and projects for discovering the longitude, and new motive powers, and plans for obtaining an inexpensive and inexhaustible force by taking advantage of the magnetism of the earth.

"This notion alone," said the sanguine schemer, as he pointed to some pet notion, "is worth twenty thousand guineas at least;" then "that," he told them, "was a sure fortune to any one;" while if another "only answered," it would be impossible for any one to estimate the amount of money it would realize.

Little Ben looked with inordinate wonder at the individual as he heard him speak of the immense value of his projects one after another, and marveled how, if he was the possessor of such extraordinary wealth, there should be so poverty-stricken an air about his dwelling.

Nor was the boy's astonishment in any way decreased when he heard the man, as he stood on the door-steps assuring them that he wouldn't take a hundred thousand guineas, if any one would lay the money down on the stones before him, for even a half share in his flying machine, whisper immediately afterward in his uncle's ear, just before leaving, that he'd consider it a great favor if he would let him have half a dollar for a day or two.

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 9.

From the inventor the couple wended their way to the chief astronomer of the town, and this man they found scarcely able to speak to them, for he was busy sweeping the heavens for a new planet, which, after years of laborious calculation, he had ascertained *should* exist somewhere between the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn. He had been engaged in making observations upon this matter almost night and day, he said, for the last twelvemonth, and had laid out hundreds upon a new reflecting telescope, the speculum of which alone had cost more than half the money, for he was determined to make the discovery all his own. To him there was no pleasure but in watching the stars—no use for money but in the purchase of equatorials, astronomical clocks, transit instruments, artificial horizons, mural circles, and micrometer glasses, etc., etc.

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 10.

The visit to the astronomer was followed by a peep into the household of an entomologist, where the boy found the study of the stars replaced by that of insects.

It was no longer distant worlds, but the tiniest things on earth that absorbed the entire time and means of this individual. Here cases of spitted butterflies and cockchafers delighted the big baby, christened "philosopher." Here the telescope was laid aside for the microscope, and the everyday world of human passion ignored for the hidden one of animalcular life and habits. The inhabitants of a drop of water were, to the magnified vision of this particular sage, creatures of the liveliest interest, whereas those of the next street were hardly worth a moment's thought. To see the blood circulate in the web of a frog's foot, this worthy spent pounds and pounds upon an "eighth," but to know how the heart of man was stirred he would not give a doit. What an exquisite charm there was to him in enlarging the dust of a butterfly's wing to the magnitude of an ostrich's feathers, or in looking at the proboscis of a blue-bottle under a "high power!" but how "stale, flat, and unprofitable" to bring even a "low power" to bear upon the parasites of society, or to scrutinize the economy of the human blood-sucker! In a word, to brother man not the slightest heed, nor even a penny was given, whereas to brother tadpole an entire life and a small fortune were devoted.

Even little Ben, as he was whirled, so to speak, from one house to another by his uncle, and introduced to the most opposite characters in rapid succession (for the old man strove to bring out

the "high lights" of the picture of human life in all the black and white of strong contrast), could hardly help philosophizing, in his own simple way, upon the puzzling problem that had been brought under his notice.

"How strange!" mused the lad to himself, as he jogged along; "one man finds no pleasure but in studying the stars, another no delight but in contemplating insects; one in perpetually spying through magnifying glasses at little specks of light which are 'millions of miles away,' the other forever looking through the same kind of glasses at tiny creatures that are almost as far removed from himself! One declares there is no happiness in the world like that of sporting; another vows the only true joy is to be found in books; a third that it lies in show and dress. One sacrifices every thing to get drink, another to get money; this one to collect weeds and wild-flowers, and that man to collect bits of old pavement, old tiles, and vases. How odd it is! and one and all, too, are ready to give up their lives and fortunes to their particular pursuit."

The view of life seemed as inconsistent to the little fellow as the jumble of scenes in a dream.

"Ha! my man," smiled Uncle Benjamin, delighted to listen to the boy's reflections, "I dare say the riddle of human nature *does* puzzle you a good bit; and, to tell the truth, it occasionally puts me to my wit's end to comprehend it, even old stager as I am, and up to most of the antics of the mummers too. To run the round of one's acquaintances in this way, lad, and see the different characters one meets with in his journeys from house to house, is to my mind very much like going over a large lunatic asylum, and learning, as you pass from cell to cell, the various queer manias with which the several inmates are possessed."

But there was no time just then to reason on the matter: the first object was to see and observe; to draw conclusions was an after consideration. So on the old man and boy hurried to inspect some more of the shows in the great "Vanity Fair."

"Walk up! walk up!" cried Uncle Ben to the lad as they approached the next human curiosity, "and see now the most celebrated epicure in all the town."

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 11.

They met the worthy, hobbling along with a punnet of tomatoes in his hand (with one elephantine foot done up in flannel, and incased in a huge list slipper), on his way to the fishmonger's at the end of the street where he lived; and there, as he stood picking out a prime bit of salmon—"just a pound or two from the thick part of the fish"—he told them how he had been suffering from his "old friend the gout," though he was happy to say his dyspepsia was a *leetle* better, for he had been dieting himself a good bit of late. He had cut off his "night-cap" of Maraschino punch after supper, he said, for he had found out at last that *that* had been doing him a deal of harm, though it was delicious tippie, to be sure. Then he had given up his toast and caviar in the middle of the day; for his medical man had told him caviar was too rich for him, and that really his stomach was so weak that he must be most careful about what he ate—*most* careful.

"You see, Franklin," continued the gourmand, as he jerked at his acre of waistcoat, that was dappled with gravy-spots all down the front, and tried to force it over the huge wen of a stomach that bulged out like the distended crop of an enormous pouter pigeon, "you see, Franklin, I

make flesh so fast that, do what I will, I can't prevent myself running into corpulency. Why, I've even reduced my quantum of Madeira, I give you my word, to half a pint per diem; and if there's one thing I like more than another," he added, by way of parenthesis, "it certainly *is* a glass of good Madeira; but it must be good, you know, Franklin — good, or it's apt to turn acid with me; for my medical man assures me all fermented liquors make fat. But, though I go on with my dinner-pills (and my doctor, I must say, has given me one of the best pills of that kind I ever met with), and take more exercise than I used, still, the deuce is in it, I can't keep the bulk down — *can't* keep it under, Franklin, anyhow;" and again the worthy gave another twitch at the waistcoat, that *would* keep rucking up over the rolls of his abdomen.

Then, having at length settled about the fish, he slipped one arm into that of the elder Benjamin, and resting the hand of the other on the shoulder of the younger one (for he had given the boy the little basket of love-apples to carry), he began hobbling back to his house between the two, stopping every now and then to writhe with the agony of some passing twinge.

"*Why* I should be plagued with this infernal gout as I am," he exclaimed, as he stood still in the street, and screwed his face up till it assumed the expression of a compressed gutta-percha head, "I'm sure I can't tell. My doctor says it's all stomach; and heaven knows no man can be more particular about his feeding than I am. Indeed, I never could bear coarse food, Franklin — *never*. I think every one of my friends will allow *that*. But the misfortune is, you see, I have such delicate nerves, though few persons would think it, perhaps, in a man of my build; but I can assure

you my belief is that it's nerves—nerves—or I may say, indeed, a natural want of stamina—that is at the bottom of all my sufferings. The least thing I take seems to disagree with me. Now what was my dinner yesterday: why, nothing could have been simpler in the world, Franklin—nothing. First I had just a little vermicelli soup, with a sprinkling of grated Parmesan over it. By-the-by, Franklin," he asked suddenly, as he stopped and looked Uncle Benjamin full in the face, "did you ever try the grated cheese with the vermicelli? Well, *do!* I give you my word it's a marvelous improvement—*m-m-mar-velous!* Then there was a little water-souci; and you know there's nothing lighter than water-souci in the world; but it's a favorite dish of mine, Franklin, for, 'pon my honor, I think it's the most delicate flavor in life; and with this, of course, there was just a simple glass of Madeira to wash it down. Well, after that came a small dish of lamb chops, breaded, with sauce piquante, for you know I am quite alone, Franklin" (he added, parenthetically), "and can't indulge in heavy joints, even if my poor stomach would allow me; or else, I must confess, I certainly should have preferred a kibbob of mutton—did you ever eat a kibbob, Franklin? Well, take my advice, and have one immediately, and you'll live to bless me for the counsel; and besides these things, there was just a couple of kidneys *sautéed* with Champagne, and a field-fare or two stuffed with juniper-berries, and served with juniper sauce—the latter a thing that my cook does *divinely*, I can assure you—*dee-vinely!* And then for sweets—though I'm not much of a sweet-eater, certainly—there was a—let me see, what did I have yesterday?" and again he made them both stand still as he reflected—"cocoanut pudding, was it? no, no! that was the day when

Tom Skeffington dined with me, and he went into such raptures about the dish, and would make me give him the receipt for it. Oh yes, I know now; it was—" (and he screwed his face again into all the distortions of a gorgon's head as he interjected, "Hang the gout!)—it was—what is such a special favorite of mine—a cranberry tart, with a custard or two. You see, Franklin, the custard takes off the roughness of the cranberry; and if it has just a dash of vanilla in it, by way of flavoring, I give you my word it's most luscious—*most l—l—luscious!*" he repeated. "You try it, Franklin; now *do*, just to oblige me, for I'm sure you'll think it one of the greatest treats in life.

"Well, now, although *that*—with just an olive or two, and a griddle-cake to relish my wine, with a thimbleful of cherry-water as a digester to finish—constituted the whole of my yesterday's dinner," the epicure went on, "and I'm sure, as I said before, nothing could be simpler or lighter; still, you'd hardly believe it, sir, but when I got up this morning my tongue was furred—quite *furred*, I give you my honor; and it wasn't until I had taken a glass of brandy and soda-water that I could touch the least bit of the delicious cold partridge pie I had got for breakfast."

By this time they had reached the gourmand's house; and as Uncle Benjamin was preparing to depart, the epicure held his hand firmly locked in his as he kept shaking it, while he said, "No, no, Franklin, I couldn't think of letting you go in this way. You really *must* come in now; why, I thought you'd stop and take potluck with me to-day. I should make no stranger of you, you know. There's only that little bit of salmon you saw me buying (though it was a splendid fish, to be sure; and, with a little cucumber, I should think, would eat superbly—*superbly!*) and just a

wild duck, with a few little kickshaws, of course, besides; and something or other by way of pastry—such as some pine-apple beignets—to wind up with. Well, I can't offer you any thing better to-day. But I'll tell you what, Franklin, if you'll promise to honor me another time, and only let me know forty-eight hours beforehand, why, I'll have something *recherché* for you—truly *recherché*, I will, indeed."

But Uncle Benjamin only shook his head; whereupon the other added, "Oh, I don't mean to say I should put myself much out of the way for you; but we will have just a *nice little* dinner, that's all—one of the bachelor tête-à-tête affairs, that I believe I can manage as well as most people. Say, for instance, a few smelts and a canvas-back duck stewed with turnips. By-the-by, did you ever taste the canvas-backs that way? They're simply delicious, I can assure you—*dee-licious!*—especially if you insist upon the cook browning the turnips well before he stews them. Ay, and then, my boy," he cried, as he tapped the other on the shoulder, "you shall taste my new sauce. Dear me! I quite forgot to tell I had invented a new sauce; how oblivious of me, to be sure! Well, you know, Franklin, I've been after the thing for years—indeed, for *years and years*, I may say, but I never could get it to please me exactly somehow. However, at last, just one little condiment extra settled it; and now every body pronounces it to be—perfection! simply *per-r-fection!*" he shouted, and enforced the merits of the article with so vigorous a thump on Uncle Benjamin's collar-bone that the old gentleman fairly staggered under the blow. "Oh, it's the most exquisite flavor in life, I give you my word. I'm going to call it," he ran on, "'*Sauce à la'*—what's his name? Lord bless me! I shall

forget my own name next. You know—I call it after the celebrated French cook of Louis the Fourteenth’s time—the cook, you remember, who committed suicide because the fish, poor fellow! didn’t arrive till long after the hour the dinner was ordered for. Sad thing, wasn’t it? and you know they *do* say, Franklin, his bashawed lobster was a thing to eat and then die. But you’ll come in and have just a glass of my Amontillado, with a teaspoonful of orange bitters in it—just one, now—to give you an appetite for your dinner, man,” he added, pulling at the arm of the uncle as he struggled to depart. “Well, well, if you *will* go, you must, I suppose;” and then, as the epicure knocked at the door, he turned round and cried, “But, by-the-by, Franklin, would you mind, as you pass the corner of the next street, calling in at the green-grocer’s there for me—you know the nice store where they have always the window stocked with such a superb show of the better kinds of fruits and vegetables, and telling them to send me a punnet of their very best sea-kale? Please to say it must be the *very* best, and that I’ve made up my mind I won’t give more than half a dollar the basket for it; for that’s quite enough money, I’m sure, at this time of year. I wouldn’t trouble you, Franklin, but really this gout,” and he made another ugly face as he emphasized the words, “is the most excruciating torture, I can assure you—*ex-x-croo-ciat-ing!*”

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 12.

Nor did the gallery of character portraits cease here. Uncle Ben was anxious that his little pupil should see every phase of human eccentricity of which he could muster a specimen among the circle of his acquaintance; so now he took the

lad to some inveterate politician, and let him see how this man's thoughts and time were entirely absorbed in attending vestries, and denouncing the overseers of the parish as the "robbers of the poor," in opposing rates, influencing elections, in declaiming at public meetings, and holding forth to the fuddled frequenters of bar-parlors in the evening on the rascalities of all governments, the dishonesty of ministers, and the rights of man, as well as the iniquities of the taxes.

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 13.

Next he would lead the little fellow to some gentleman turner, who spent hundreds upon a lathe, his rose-engines, and eccentric chucks, and who passed his days in amateur carpentering and cabinet-making, with a French polished mahogany tool-chest, and the most elegant rosewood-handled chisels and gimlets; turning now ivory cups, and balls, and chess-men, and now fanciful needle-cases, and thimbles, and tobacco-stoppers for his friends, or else fashioning marquetry-work, or buhl work-tables, or mounting fire-screens for the more favored ladies of his acquaintance.

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 14.

And after this the boy would be introduced to some experimental chemist, and find this strange specimen of humanity surrounded with retorts, alembics, stills, crucibles, and furnaces; gasometers, thermometers, and pyrometers; together with specific-gravity scales and acetometers, barometers, hygrometers, and eudiometers; blow-pipes and test-tubes; electrifying machines and magnets; and, indeed, such an infinity of necromantic-looking apparatus, that made little Ben regard the proprietor of the laboratory more as sorcerer than sage.

Then here the youth would learn that the grand object of life and study was to separate some lump of earth, or bottle of liquid, or jar of air, into its elements, or to compound some new body out of the different kinds of matter existing in the world. Here he was told that the pursuit of truth for truth's own sake was the noblest thing in life; that poetry was mere prettiness, and added nothing either to man's knowledge of the world in which he was placed, nor to his progress in it; that there was a profound charm in lighting on a new discovery, or evolving some new fact or law in nature, which transcended all other forms of happiness; that the study of the subtle forces of creation—the secret affinities of things—the strange sympathy of this bit of matter with that, and its inexplicable antipathy to some other substance—the continued contemplation of those wondrous powers in the world, lying as they did at the very heart of the great mystery of nature and life, yielded a delight—the philosopher assured the boy—that at once satisfied, enlightened, and elevated the mind.

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 15.

But scarcely had the words of the natural philosopher died in the little fellow's ear than he was in the studio of a young artist; and him he found as enthusiastic about art and its glories as the philosopher had been about science, or the poet loud in his praises of poetry; for the young painter spoke of the old masters with all the veneration of a zealot and the affection of a son. Now it was "magnificent old Michael Angelo;" then, "glorious old Rembrandt;" and "dear old Rubens;" and "fine old Titian." He loved them, and worshiped them, every one, he said, with all the intensity of a woman's affection; and when

he had gone into raptures at the mere remembrance of the special excellence of each, as the vision of their works flitted one after another before his mind, he asked, "What is all art but the highest type of power in man, even as the Almighty himself is the Great Artist above all, because He is the All-powerful? Are not the works of God signal evidences of God's transcendent art? and is not this art the chief evidence we have of His transcendent power? We, lad," he said to the boy, "are but the poor copiers of the one great work—the one grand tableau of creation, and he the Great Original; we but the mere shufflers of the infinite varieties of form about us into new arrangements, and He the Great Inventor of all forms and figures; we but the petty balancers of light and shade, He the great Creator of the clear and the obscure throughout the world. And while it costs us poor painters inordinate pains and study to compound our colors and give luminousness to our works, He, by the mere craft of His will, illuminated His handiwork with infinite brightness in an instant, and made the lovely landscape of the new-born earth flash into a thousand different hues with but one touch of the wondrous pencils of light as they fell upon the woods, the fields, the mountain peaks, and the sky, for the first time of all. If, then," said the artist, "there be art in divinity, at least there must be some touch of divinity in art.

"The Divine attributes," the painter went on, "are goodness, wisdom, and power, and the human exponents of these qualities in the world are the clergyman, the philosopher, and the artist; but the artist transcends all. Art, for instance, must take precedence of science; for what is all natural science but the explanation of God Almighty's art as seen in the works of creation,

even as all criticism is but the expounding of human art as displayed in the works of man's imagination. Human wisdom comes from experience, but art is intuitive, lying in the innate perception of the beautiful, and the inherent faculty to render it either pictorially, musically, or poetically. Again, without a sense of art there could be no worship; for the feeling of worship comes only from the admiration and the reverence that a sense of the mighty power manifested in all objects of creation naturally begets in the mind. There is indeed," he said, "a spontaneous worshipfulness naturally uprising from the love and appreciation of art; for who could be conscious of standing in the august presence of a power infinitely superior to his own, without a feeling of veneration for the All-powerful overshadowing and humbling his soul?"

"Did not the zealous old painters pray"—he asked—"pray as few pray nowadays, before they dared to try and hobble after the great creative power? and who but a man accustomed to be continually thinking of the Artist in all the works he looks upon—to have an ever-abiding sense of the prompter, as it were, behind the scenes—could contemplate nature with half the reverence in his eye and mind that a true and high artist really does? To such a one a glorious picture is not a mere piece of prettily-colored canvas, nor a noble statue only an elegant toy in stone. No!" the painter exclaimed, with all the enthusiasm of his ardent and reverent spirit; "the exquisite counterpart of nature hanging against the wall is to the artistic sense radiant with all the glory of the counterpart of the divinity that created it, and the marble bust animate with all the fine intelligence and power of the divine spirit that made the stony bosom heave with life. Even so

the world of beauty itself, which, to the blear eyes of the vulgar, the prosaic, and ascetic, is but a prettiness, or utility, or a vanity at best, appears to the artist, who is ever thinking of the Artist in all he sees and admires, as a gorgeous, colored, and jeweled veil, through which the unspeakable grandeur of the Godhead is everlastingly beaming with infinite love and grace upon mankind."

RATIONAL ANIMAL No. 16.

The musician, whom the boy saw soon afterward, discoursed nearly to the same tune, though with some slight variation. To him there was a lovely melody forever flowing through all creation; the very succession of the seasons—the passage from night to day—the revolution of the planets—the rush of comets—the stately procession of the clouds—the mighty surging of the tides—the pulsing of the human heart—all this was but the latent music of the world; for to the finely-attuned ear and mind it suggested a corresponding rhythm of melodious and stirring sounds, that seemed like the distant hum of the great angelic choir heard in the soul, even as one hears the murmuring of the waves in the shell after it has been cast out of its ocean home. There was no joy, the musician told the youth, so pure, so entrancing, so transporting as that of music. It fell like an ethereal dew upon the fevered spirit of man, and flowed like the softest and subtlest balm into the wounds of the bruised heart. It was the manna of the mind—a kind of honeyed rain from heaven, sent down to sustain us in the wilderness of life and trouble. "What would the voice of man be without its natural tones?" the musician inquired. "Why, words," he answered, "were the mere black and white of speech; it was tone and expression that gave its true color to lan-

guage. Was there not an innate and special rhythm to each particular feeling—a different key-note to almost every different passion in our souls? Fear shrieked in discord, whereas love always lisped in music. Then the universal harmonies of things that philosophers and poets spoke so much about—what was this but the light melting into melody as it fell on Memnon's head? All science was but the music of reason—the harmonizing of different passages from the great opera which was forever being performed about us; while all art was but the attempt of a few fiddlers to “render” the grand organ-peal of the universe—to give expression to some stray little bit of special beauty, that the spirit fancies it has caught up from the works of the Great Master. Every thing was music, music every thing.”

Little Ben was bewildered beyond utterance with what he heard. “Which was right?” he kept wondering; “which was right?” But, before he could give vent to any thing beyond the crudest astonishment, the uncle had brought him to some fresh “*rara avis*” among men—some new version of life's whims and oddities.

And when the boy had been taken to see travelers and philologists; tulip-fanciers, entomologists, and meteorologists; chess-players and physiognomists (there were no phrenologists nor mesmerists in those days), old book collectors and statisticians, or mere fact and figure collectors; amateur actors, amateur sailors, and amateur stage-coachmen as well—ay, and almost the whole army of your hobby-horse volunteers in existence, the tutor and his pupil at length returned home, fairly tired out with their excursions in quest of the pleasure-seekers of human life.

“But, uncle,” said little Ben, for the hundredth

time of asking, as they sat resting their outstretched limbs in front of the wood fire in the little back parlor of the candle-store, "of all the queer people we have seen, and the many queer tastes and fancies we have found them indulging in, which do *you* really think now is right?"

"Well, lad," answered Uncle Ben, "I look upon them all, as I told you long ago, as a lot of big boys chasing one and the same butterfly. If they were so many puppets, Ben, with a wire up their back-bone, and pulled by some invisible hand, they couldn't be made to play up greater antics, or be more assuredly set in motion by one and the same cause."

"Yes, uncle, I know," replied the impatient youngster; "but you haven't answered my question. Now, which of all the many different pursuits we have seen is, in your opinion, the most rational?"

"Hah! my little man," returned Uncle Ben, with a philosophic sigh, "there are so many different roads to happiness in this life, that, unless we have the ground we are to travel over clearly mapped out before our eyes, it is difficult to say off-hand which is the shortest cut, or even the cleanest or most agreeable way to it. Unfortunately, too, there is no sign-post set up at the point where the different cross-roads meet to direct us along the right path, or to say, 'THIS LEADS TO MISERY'—'THIS IS THE ROAD TO RUIN'—'THIS IS THE NEAREST WAY TO SHAME'—'THIS IS THE HIGHWAY TO FOLLY,' and so on; so that when we come to this juncture in our journey through life, and stand deliberating as to which of the many turnings we had better take, why, we may be led by an infinity of circumstances to strike into the wrong path, and find out, when it is too late to retrace our steps, that what we fancied at

starting to be a perfect palace in the distance, surrounded by the most extensive pleasure-grounds, is merely the poor-house, or the county jail, or some great lunatic asylum after all."

"But, uncle," exclaimed the eager lad, determined not to be put off, "you *must* have some opinion yourself on the matter. Which of all the persons we saw do *you* think, now, was going the right road, as you call it?"

"Which do *I* think—was going—the right road, lad?" echoed the old man, with the most tantalizing tediousness. "Is *that* what you want to know, Ben?"

"Yes, uncle; which do you say—which?" the boy inquired again, as he leaned forward in his anxiety to catch the answer.

"Well, then, let us see—let us see," was the sole reply.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RIGHT ROAD.

"WELL, uncle," said little Benjamin, after a slight pause, "go on; which is the right road, as you call it?"

"Ay, but wait a while, Ben, wait a while," said the other, as he knit his brows, and nibbled away at his thumb nail with all the vigor of a mouse at a cheese-paring, muttering to himself the while; "There's nothing like making an impression while the wax is warm." Then he suddenly looked up, half vacantly, at his nephew, and inquired, "What kind of a night is it, Ben?"

"Oh, quite fine and bright starlight, I declare," answered the boy, as he thrust his head between the curtains of the little back window. "But,

pray, what has that got to do with the right road, uncle?"

"Yes, nothing like making an impression while the wax is warm," he mumbled again to himself; and then asked aloud, "And which way's the wind, lad?"

"The wind, uncle!" echoed the youngster, more and more puzzled; "why, it's as near as possible due south," he called out, as he went again and peeped between the window-curtains. "I can see by the smoke yonder coming out of old Mr. Brownwell's chimney. But what are you up to, uncle, eh?"

"Southerly, is it!" was the reply; "so much the better—so much the better, for then it's sure to be warm. Give me my hat and spencer, Benjamin," he said, starting suddenly from his chair.

"Why, you're never going out at this hour?" exclaimed the godson, in utter bewilderment.

"There, never mind, lad, but do you go and get your top-coat, and come along with me," the godfather went on. "There's no possibility of going over the matter here, with that shop-bell tinkling away every minute, and the people dodging continually in and out," he kept mumbling half to himself, as he stood with his arms stretched out behind him, waiting mechanically for the boy to slip the sleeves of his spencer over them. And then, as he turned round suddenly, and found his nephew had never stirred from the spot, but was still staring at him in wonder as to whether he could really be serious in what he was doing, he cried out, "Why, you young rascal, I'm not going to carry you off to the prairies again, never fear! You're a bit tired, I dare say, Ben, but we're not going far; so look alive, or we shall have your father putting up the shutters before we start."

Some half hour afterward the uncle and his nephew were seated on a solitary lump of rock that jutted just above the sands on the sea-shore, scarce a mile beyond the town of Boston.

The night was almost as bright as day; and had it not been for the silvery rays of the full moon, which seemed to cover the earth with a sheet of snow, one might have fancied, from the luminousness and transparency of the air, that it was the cold blue twilight of an early summer's morning.

The sky was frosted all over with "star-dust," and sparkled like the sea at night in the tropics with its million points of fire. Down the centre of the firmament streamed the broad phosphorescent band of the "Milky Way," with its "firemist" of stars, looking almost as fine and infinite to the naked eye as the minute particles that go to make up the bloom on a butterfly's wing, and seeming as though the curtains of the heavens were parted there, and one could just catch the dazzle of the countless multitude of lights about the Godhead's throne. On either side of this, the bright figures of the more marked constellations shone out in lustrous lines, solemn as the symbols traced by the Unseen Hand in strokes of fire upon the wall; and here and there, some larger star or stray planet arrested the eye, as it was seen shining alone in the pale violet air—a little ball of white light, bright as a glow-worm in a hedge-row. Not a cloud was to be seen; the moon, which had not long risen, hung a little above the horizon, like a big pearl upon some Indian prince's neck, and poured from out her opal urn such a flood of virgin beams that the white lustre came streaming across the ocean to the shore in a narrow rippling rivulet of molten silver, flowing as it were through the parted waters of the sea;

and as the billows fell languidly upon the beach, the very moonbeams seemed to curl over there, and then spread themselves out into a broad, shallow sheet of splendor far along the sands.

The earth itself was almost as lovely as the sky and sea. Though all color had faded from the world, and Nature looked sombre as a sister of charity in her sad-colored garb—though the woods had no more tint in them than black clouds of smoke welling up out of the ground—though the roadways were white as snow-drifts with the moonlight, and the fields like plates of steel, with the cottages glistening in the beams as if they had been cut out of marble, still, what exquisite “value” did the neutral tones and half dusk of the night give to the little specks of light that were seen shining here and there in the distance, now alone from out the windows of some solitary homestead, and now thick as a swarm of fireflies from amid the haze of some far-off village!

The neighboring town of Boston itself, with the moonlight drenching its endless ridges of roofs, so that they appeared to be positively wet with the beams, and the dusky forms of the tall steeples and towers melting, spectral-like, into the cold gray background of the sky, was indeed a noble sight at such an hour. The million window-panes were like so many squares of burnished gold with the multitude of the lights in the houses, and these were reflected in the tide that washed the peninsular pedestal of the city, so that the water seemed a-blaze with the long bright streaks of fire mirrored in it; and there they kept flashing with every ripple of the waves, till they appeared, now like so many fiery snakes diving deep into the ocean, and now like a flight of rockets shooting downward in long meteor-like trails.

There was hardly a sound to be heard. The

rippling of the waves upon the sands was as gentle as a summer breeze rustling through a forest.

The clatter of the work-day world had ceased; the hum of the town was hushed; the country silent as a tomb. The only noises that came fitfully upon the ear were the occasional barking of some startled farm-dog far away in the country, or the muffled throb and splash of some poor fisherman's oars at work in the offing, or else the bells of the many church clocks of the town tolling the hour, one after another, in a hundred different tones.

"Now, my little man," said Uncle Benjamin, after he had sat for a while silently contemplating the grandeur of the exquisite scene before him, "here at least we shall be secure from interruption; and here, lapped in the very sublimity of creation, let us try and find out which is the right road to worldly happiness."

The little fellow curled his arm about the old man's neck, and looked into his face, as much as to say he was ready and anxious for the lesson.

"Well, then, Ben, of course you have never asked yourself how many different kinds of pleasure there are of which human nature is susceptible," began the tutor.

"No, that I haven't, I'm sure," was the frank reply; "but, bless me, uncle, I should say, from the specimens we have seen, that there are as many different pleasures as there are men in the world, for each person we visited seemed to find enjoyment in almost the very opposite pursuit to that of his neighbor."

"Ay, my son; but those you saw," said Uncle Benjamin, "were each a type of a large class in life. I showed you, purposely, but one member of each different order of characters among mankind. But had we, instead of picking our way



UNCLE BEN POINTS OUT THE RIGHT ROAD TO WORLDLY HAPPINESS.



through the town, gone regularly on from house to house, you would have found that there are many misers in society like the one we saw, and a whole multitude of drunkards differing but little from the individual drunkard we visited, as well as a host of poets, and a large family of gluttons, philosophers, and fops, besides innumerable sportsmen, musicians, amateur mechanics, artists, and antiquaries, and that they have all, more or less, the same peculiarities and propensities as the types I introduced you to ; so that, though geographers divide the several branches of the great human family into nations, according to the mere patch of earth they are located upon, there is, nevertheless, more difference of nature often to be found between African and African, or Spaniard and Spaniard, or even between Yorkshireman and Yorkshireman, than between miser and miser, or drunkard and drunkard."

"How strange it would be, then, uncle," remarked the boy, smiling at his own idea, "if all the misers were made to live together, and parted off into a separate nation, as well as all the drunkards, and poets, and philosophers, and sportsmen, and others too. Then we should have the kingdom of Misers and the empire of Drunkards, I suppose, or Hunkland and Sotland, as they would be called perhaps—as England and Scotland were, you know, after the Angles and the Scots;" and the boy laughed outright at the notion as he said, "Wouldn't it be droll, eh? and I'm sure it would be a much better arrangement than now, for then all of the same tastes and dispositions would be gathered together, like one family in the world."

"But you'll find out, my lad," rejoined the uncle, "before you have lived many years longer, that 'birds of a feather *do flock together,*' as the

saying goes ; your drunkards hob-a-nob with their brother drunkards in the tap-room ; gluttons fraternize with gluttons at public dinners and feasts ; fops with fops at evening parties and balls ; scholars with scholars in colleges and learned societies ; sportsmen with sportsmen in the field and at betting-places ; and philosophers with philosophers in scientific academies and institutes. The world is broken up into sects as much by the 'non-conforming' of tastes as of religion, Ben, and each difference of creed is the same heresy to those who have a pet faith of their own. But we must keep to our point, lad," he added. "I asked you how many different kinds of pleasure human nature is susceptible of and mind, I say 'kinds,' not species, but classes, which include a large number of different varieties of pleasure within them."

"I'm sure I can't say," the little fellow replied, with a shake of the head ; "I can hardly understand the words you use, uncle."

"Well, then, let me explain," continued the other. "Every state into which our mind can be thrown must be either a sensation, a thought, or an emotion ; hence it follows that any pleasurable state of mind must be either a pleasure of the senses, a pleasure of the intellect, or a pleasure of the heart, so to speak, supposing the heart to be the organ of the emotions."

"Oh ! I think I see what you mean now, uncle," returned the youth, with considerable quickness, jumping as he did at once at his uncle's idea. "You would say, I suppose, that all pleasures must belong to one of those three *kinds* of pleasure ; they must be either sensual pleasures, or intellectual pleasures—or—or—what's the name for the other ?"

"Moral pleasures," said the old man, "though

it is but a sorry title at best; still, as it is the term usually applied, we will not stop to split hairs, or quibble, like lawyers, about words."

"So, then, all the different pleasures that we found the persons pursuing in our journey through the town," the lad went on saying, half to himself, delighted now that he had got hold of something like a clew to the mystery, "were either sensual, intellectual, or—or moral ones. Let me see! let me see!" he continued, musing, "whether I can make it out by myself. The drunkard's was a—a—sensual pleasure, of course, and so was the epicure's; and the poet's was an intellectual one. Yes, of course it was, and so was the philosopher's too; and the miser's was—was—what would you call the pleasure the miser found in his money, eh, uncle? It can't be intellectual; I should think it's sensual, isn't it?"

"No, lad; the love of money belongs to the class of moral pleasures," was the answer.

"Why, there's nothing moral about *that*, I'm sure," returned the pupil, with more frankness than deference to his teacher.

"There is no more true morality in money-grubbing, Ben," added the old man, "than there is profound intellect in collecting bits of old pavement and old tiles; and yet it is avarice that makes the one pleasure congenial to the miser, even as knowledge gives a zest to the other with the antiquary."

"But avarice is greediness after money, isn't it, uncle? and if the greediness of the epicure is sensual, why shouldn't the miser's gluttony for the guineas be called the same?" argued the boy, who was not at all pleased to hear the passion of the old hunks dignified into a moral pursuit.

"Why, my lad," answered Uncle Benjamin, "simply because it is not the senses that enjoy

the money, as the palate does the food or drink, but the sordid heart that finds delight in it. Granted the greed of the one is no more enlightened or refined than that of the other—for there are degrading moral pleasures as well as degrading sensual ones, Ben; but the delights of human nature are simply sensual, intellectual, or moral, I say again, according as they are enjoyed either by the senses, the mind, or the heart of man.”

“Oh, I understand now,” responded the pupil. “But, uncle,” he cried, the moment afterward, “what’s the use of these grand names and nice distinctions? they don’t seem to me to give a chap any real knowledge of the nature of the pleasures themselves, after all.”

“Well said, my son, well said!” the old man replied, as he pressed the pet boy to his bosom. “I’m glad to see you are not to be put off with mere big words, Ben. But it so happens in this case that the grand terms are not simply hard names invented to confound the vulgar, but they mark distinctions which enable us to study a number of different things at once—to group together a large variety of human pleasures, and thus find out what is common to all of that same kind, instead of our having to criticise each isolated pleasure successively; so that when we have once parceled out all the delights of mankind into the delights either of the senses, intellect, or heart, we can ascertain the peculiar attributes of each distinct class of delight merely by attending to the peculiar characteristics of sensation, thought, and emotion in all mankind.”

“Ah! I see,” exclaimed the boy, thoughtfully; “but isn’t it very difficult to find out what are these peculiar characteristics, as you call them?”

“The knowledge can be gained only by profound reflection and long attention to the mat-

ter," was the answer. "However, let us begin at once with the sensual pleasures, and see what worldly wisdom we can gather from even a cursory review of them, my little man."

The boy again placed himself in a convenient position for listening as he said, "Yes, uncle, go on."

THE PLEASURES OF THE SENSES.

"In the first place, then," commenced the godfather, "I should tell you that a sensation, according to the strict meaning of the term, always requires an external cause to give rise to it, whereas a thought has always an internal origin, being excited in the mind, in every case, by some preceding mental state. For instance, this rock produces in me a sensation of roughness as I draw my hand along it, and this makes me *think* of the texture of other rocks, and then, inwardly comparing the one with my remembrance of the other impressions, I judge what quality of stone it is by the mere touch. The external body thus excites the sensation in my mind, and this inward sensation produces the thought of other bodies like it, and that thought again induces the comparison and ultimate judgment. The first impression had an outward origin; the ideas which followed it were all excited within me, the one mental state giving rise to the other."

"I understand," said the attentive listener. "A sensation"—and he went over the distinction so as to impress it the better on his memory—"comes from something outside of us; a thought is excited by something within."

"Well, then, my boy," continued the other, "this being understood, of course it follows that we can have as many different sensations as we have different means of communicating with the outward world, or as there are, so to speak, dif-

ferent doors and inlets to our mind. Now, how many different organs of sensation have we, lad? You know *that*, Ben, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, uncle, we have five senses, I know," replied the youth. "Let me see, what are they? Seeing" (and he told them off, one after the other, on his fingers as he spoke), "hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling; yes, that's the five, all told."

"True, my man," added the uncle; "but a person may have many other sensations than such as come in through the organs of sight, sound, smell, taste, and touch. These are the five principal gates to the brain, certainly, but beyond them there is the general sense of heat and cold, as well as the several appetites of the body, all of which have an external origin as much as any other sensations of which we are susceptible. The gastric juice, for example, from the action of which on the stomach the feeling of hunger is said to proceed, is as much external to the mind as the soft, warm breeze which I feel now as it sweeps past my cheek."

"Go on," said the boy, as the old man paused for a minute to see whether the little fellow could follow him.

"And besides these, Ben," the godfather proceeded, "there is that indefinite sensation which comes from the natural and genial action of every function throughout the human frame when in a state of absolute health, or the sense of convalescence, as it is termed, and which has no particular organ to develop it, but arises from the fit operation of all the different parts of the system at once. Then again, lad, there is the sense we have of physical exercise, or that peculiar feeling which arises in the mind on the contraction of our muscles and play of our limbs, as well as the sense of effort that we experience when we en-

deavor to exert our power in any great degree. And farther, there is the sense of ease or satisfaction that we feel either after resting from fatigue, or on the allaying of any appetite, or the relief of any bodily pain. Lastly, there is the sense of stimulus or inordinate excitement, such as we experience when the particular functions of our body are performed with unusual vigor, as upon the quickening of the circulation, or upon being thrown into that peculiar vivid state called mental emotion, and which seems to affect the body almost as much as the mind. The same sense of stimulus also manifests itself in that peculiar impression of increased liveliness of system which is usually called 'animal spirits.' And here, so far as I know, Ben," concluded Uncle Benjamin, "ends the catalogue of the distinct sensations of which mankind is susceptible."

"Very good! very good!" cried the little fellow; "and now let me see whether I can remember them all. First come the five principal sensations of seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling; and then—let me see, how did you go on? Oh yes! then there is the sensation of heat and cold, and of the bodily appetites; and after that you mentioned the sensation with the long name, you know—the sensation of—of perfect con—con—convalescence—yes, that's it; and—and—what's after that?—don't you tell me, uncle. Oh, ay! I've got it—of exercise and of effort; and then there is the sensation of ease or satisfaction; and, lastly, that of stimulus or—or—whatever was it you called it?—some hard word or another, I know it was."

"Or inordinate excitement," prompted the teacher.

"Oh yes; inordinate excitement, so it was," cried the boy (clapping his hands as the remem-

brance of the words started back into his brain). "Do you think I went over those pretty well, uncle?"

"Excellently, my little man; and I am the more pleased, because the ease with which you recalled my words shows the intentness with which you must have listened to them," returned Uncle Benjamin, as he again fondled the little fellow, and told him, more by caresses than flattery, how delighted he was with his long patience.

OF SENSUOUS PLEASURE ITSELF.

"Well, Master Ben," the old man resumed, "as we know the different sensations of which human nature is susceptible, we are now in a position to begin studying the pleasures connected with them; for each organ of sense, I should tell you, boy, is not only capable of giving us some peculiar perception like those of light, heat, sound, odor, flavor, and substance, but it is also endowed with a fundamental capacity for conveying pain and pleasure, delight and disgust, in connection with such perceptions; and thus the light and heat, etc., which we perceive may be either painful or pleasant, agreeable or disagreeable to our feelings. Now it is with these additional or superimposed qualities that we have to deal, lad, rather than with the mere abstract perceptions or impressions themselves."

"I see," murmured little Ben.

"But first let me point out to you, my son," the old man went on, "the bounty and the grace of this addition or extra endowment to our senses. The simple perception of light and color only, for instance, or even of sound alone, would, it is obvious, have been quite sufficient for all the purposes of mere sight and hearing; but the adding of the æsthetic qualities, as they are called, the

making of light and color beautiful, and sound melodious to us, is surely an act of high and special benevolence—a touch of gratuitous and lavish kindness, which, as it adds nothing to the *utilities* of life, but is a source of some of the purest and most generous of all earthly happiness, is a signal evidence of the goodness of God to us. Again, even the institution of pain itself, which has so puzzled the controversialists as to ‘the origin of evil,’ is, when physiologically considered, merely another motive to action in man. You know I told you before, Ben, nothing can move without a cause, and that there is a *reason* for every one of the actions among human beings and the lower animals which are continually going on in the world. With mankind, as you have seen, the chief stimulus to action is the pursuit of pleasure; it is the sense of delight to come that generally leads men to act in this way or that. But while the love of pleasure draws us almost insensibly along by the silken cord of our innate desires toward that which is agreeable to us, our inherent aversion from pain makes us instinctively shun that which is noxious to us. Like the two poles of a magnet, the one attracts and the other repels, but both act toward the same end: the repellent force not only drives the body away, but it turns it at the same time toward the attractive one. And as the opposite poles of the magnet, when it is bent into the form of a horseshoe, so that they may both operate simultaneously, act and react on each other, and have thus more than double the power of either force singly, so, lad, with pain and pleasure; they are but two causes instead of one to produce the same effect—a double motive power to induce us to seek the good and avoid the evils of life. Then surely if it were benevolence to make us delight in goodness, as

the means of drawing us by the insensible attraction of our own instincts toward that which is fit and proper for us, so was it even still greater benevolence to give us a natural loathing for what is hurtful to us, and thus to create in us an involuntary aversion from the several ills the flesh is heir to. Viewed in this light, lad, evil is the very counterpart of goodness itself, and pain the twin-sister to pleasure."

"So it is," exclaimed the little fellow; "though I must say it does seem at first sight like as if pain, misery, and want had been created by an evil spirit rather than a good one—doesn't it, uncle?"

THE PLEASURES OF THE FIVE PRINCIPAL SENSES.

"And now, Ben, primed with this knowledge as to the fundamental use of pain and pleasure in the world, we will proceed forthwith to the consideration of the pleasures of the senses," the god-father went on. "Well, then, my boy, as each sense has been made susceptible of a certain form of pleasure and delight, it follows, of course, that there must be as many different forms of sensual pleasures as there are distinct sensations in mankind."

"Ah! I begin to see now why you wanted to make me acquainted with the different sensations themselves first," ejaculated little Ben.

"There are, of course," added Uncle Benjamin, "the pleasures of the five principal senses to begin with. Above all, there are the pleasures of the eye; and these mostly consist in the natural charms of lustre and splendor, bright colors and graceful forms, and hence the delight of all nations in pomp, show, and dazzle, as well as gaudiness and gewgaws. Hence comes the love of the precious metals, as being the more pleasing to the

sight; and the love of those pretty crystals called jewels, as being the brightest hued and most brilliant little lumps of matter in the world about us; hence, too, the love of fine robes, grand halls, gilt carriages, and gay liveries among the rich, as well as among monarchs and lord-mayors, and of tinsel and frippery even among chimney-sweeps; ay, and of bright beads and peacocks' feathers among barbarous nations and savages. Nor is this all: the natural delight that even the most educated and refined feel in the contemplation of nature when decked in all the glory of summer vegetation; in beholding the golden corn—the purple clover—the green meadows—the jeweled orchards—the bright blue sky—the snow-white clouds—the crystal waters—the sparkling fountains—the many-colored flowers, and the rich lustre of the sunlight, as well as the blanched splendor of the moonlight, and fiery fretwork of the stars—all is due principally to that wondrous palate of the eye, which makes such perceptions more or less pleasurable to the sense of vision in all mankind.”

“Go on, uncle, I like to hear this,” exclaimed the boy, delighted with the crowd of pleasant associations now called up in his mind.

“Then, lad,” he continued, “there are the pleasures of the ear, such as the warbling of the birds—the sweet plaint of the cuckoo—the rich notes of the nightingale, and the dulcet rapture of the lark; the sound of woman’s gentle and kindly voice—the laughter of infants—the murmur of the brooks—the hum of busy insect life—the buzz of the waterfall—the drone of the far-off sea—the chiming of the church bells—the ‘soughing’ of the wind, and even the negative delight which the same sense finds in the stillness of evening, the quietude of the Sabbath, and the solemn silence of the forest.”

The boy nodded as much as to say "Proceed."

"Next we have the pleasures of the palate, Ben," said the uncle, "and these are made up of the sweets and fruits of the earth, and the choice flavor of spices and 'sweet herbs,' as well as the peculiar and grateful sapid qualities of the different kinds of meat, roots, and grain that constitute our food. Besides these, too, there is the delicious freshness of a draught of cool and sparkling spring water—the softness of milk—the richness of wine, and the pungency of spirits. Nor should we here forget the strange perverted taste for tobacco, which, from being loathsome even to nausea at first, becomes, if long persisted in, not only pleasant, but generates an absolute craving, as hunger does in the system.

"Farther," he added, after a slight pause, "there are the pleasures of the sense of smell, and these are not less manifold than the others. To this sense man owes a great part of his delight in flowers and fruits, and also his taste for the cloying luxury of artificial perfumes—the fine aroma of spices—the rich fragrance of incense; while among the daintier charms of the same organ may be included the delicate natural odor of early morning—of the new-turned earth—of new-mown hay—of burning weeds—of the nutty smell of the woods, and the fresh redolence of the sea; moreover, even the negative delights of pure air and cleanliness spring partly from the like faculty.

"Again, my boy, there are the charms peculiar to the sense of touch or feeling—that sense which is confined not alone to the finger-ends, but diffused over the whole skin. Among these may be ranked the delight we find in softness and smoothness, as well as in elasticity or yieldingness. It is this sense which makes man feel pleas-

ure in fine linen and velvety textures—in easy chairs, soft couches, and beds of down; and it is the peculiar fresh and glibsome feel of the skin in a state of perfect cleanliness that constitutes one of the main inducements to personal ablution. Farther, it is doubtlessly in the delight that the hand experiences in the palpabilities of finely rounded and gently swelling forms that lies the very foundation of our notions of beauty in lines and figures.”

“Now that’s all the five senses, uncle,” remarked the boy, as his godfather came to a pause. “But then, you know, there’s the sense of heat and cold, and the sensations of the different appetites, and the sense of perfect what d’ye call it—perfect con—con—I never can remember that name;” and, but for this little hitch in his memory, the lad would assuredly have run through the whole catalogue once more.

“Ay, boy; but one thing at a time, Ben,” cried out the uncle, who was getting anxious to bring this part of the lesson to a close. “The pleasures derivable from the sense of heat and cold are chiefly such as are afforded by warm clothing in winter, and cool, light garments in summer. It is this sense that makes a fine warm spring day so intensely delightful to us all; this which renders the sea-side, with its fresh, invigorating breezes, so pleasant in summer, as well as the cool shady lanes of the country, and the exquisite umbrage and subdued light of the forest, so agreeable to every one at the same season. In the winter, on the other hand, the same sense makes us find pleasure in the shelter of our house and the cosiness of our own fireside; and when the keen and stinging east wind is heard whistling without, or when the earth is white as an infant’s pall with its sheet of snow, and we think of the

wretched shoeless wanderers with nothing but their rent rags of clothes to cover them, and no roof to shelter their heads, why then, like the hypocrites of old, lad, we thank God we 'are not as one of these;' and then our natural love of warmth makes us find a special blessing in the comforts of our own home, and the bright substitute for the sunshine that is glowing in the centre of our own hearth."

THE PLEASURES OF HEALTH.

"And now for the pleasures of the bodily appetites!" exclaimed little Ben, as soon as his godfather had finished with the other.

"Nay, child, all in good time," was the answer; "they must stand over for a while, till we come to the pleasures we experience from a sense of ease or satisfaction. The next subject is the pleasures of health, or those which arise from our sense of perfect convalescence."

"Ah! that's the word I wanted," shouted Ben, intensely pleased to get hold of it once more. "Perfect convalescence—perfect convalescence; I won't forget it in a hurry again, I warrant."

"Well, lad," said Uncle Benjamin, "the pleasures of health are of so indefinite and subdued a character, that it is only when they are brought out by the contrast of a long illness that we are fully sensible of the great natural delight there is in a state of convalescence. Then, as the blood begins to tingle again softly in the veins, and to set every nerve sparkling, as it were, with the returning circulation, while the whole skin becomes alive with the faint tickling of its revived action—then, as the warm sunshine is felt to sink into the frame like a honeyed balm, and to pervade the body as if it were in an absolute bath of light, and the fresh breeze seems positively to play and

fondle with the cheeks, softly as a woman's hand, as it sweeps past them, and to breathe the very breath of life into the frame with the refreshing fanning of every gust—then, and then only, are we thoroughly conscious of the fine sensuous delight that health affords us. It is the same principle of contrast, again, which gives the sense of health such charms in the memories of the old—ay, and even in their imaginations, too—when they behold the stout limbs, the plump and rosy cheeks, the pinky and smooth skin of hearty children, and see the little things run and frisk with all the sportiveness and springiness of lambs, and hear them laugh with the fine wild joy of utter carelessness, full of life even to overflowing, and gushing with spirits, and with every fibre of their frame glowing and quickened with the delightful enlivenment of thorough bodily sanity. Ah! then what would not the aged and decrepit give for one hour's enjoyment of this same sense of perfect health again!"

THE PLEASURES OF EXERCISE.

"Now are you going to do the pleasures of the appetites, uncle?" inquired the boy, who seemed to be still anxious that his teacher should keep to the order which he himself had laid down.

"No, lad," the other made answer; "the next sensual pleasure I shall touch upon is the natural delight of physical exercise, though in the slight glance I have just given at the enjoyment children find in their sports and gambols I have somewhat forestalled the subject. The delight of exercise (apart from the charms of external nature, and that enjoyment of change of air, which always serve to increase, more or less, the pleasure we find in walking or riding)—the delight of exercise, I say, seems to arise principally from the

'working off' of that muscular irritability which is called 'fidgetiness' when it becomes excessive in the system. The blood, as it travels through the body, tends to irritate every fibre of the flesh and nerves, and this irritation gives the muscles a natural tendency to contract, in the same manner as if they were excited with the mere point of a pin, and hence the allaying of the uneasiness occasioned by the muscular irritability becomes a source of no slight pleasure to mankind. Again, in the act of exercise the whole system becomes quickened, and every function stimulated, while the health is improved as well as the spirits enlivened; so that even were there no special delight of its own connected with the sense of exercise, the mere pleasures of increased health and excitement would be sufficient to make it agreeable to us. But the delight that youths find in what are called athletic sports and games—the fine, manly pastimes of cricket, rowing, running, leaping, climbing, skating, riding, and even the more effeminate amusement of dancing—all owe the greater part of their charms to the natural love of exercise in human nature. Again, the enjoyment of traveling (though of course the pleasure of seeing strange countries and customs enters largely into that kind of gratification) borrows not a few of its delights from the same sense; and even that love of wandering, which is termed 'vagabondage' (in those who can not afford to pay hotel bills), may be referred to the same cause. Indeed, it admits of a great question, too, whether that high principle of freedom, which is called 'the love of liberty,' is not part of that natural vagabond spirit in man, which, springing from an instinctive delight in exercise, makes us averse from all restraint, and ready to burst through any impediment that may be opposed to the free

use of our limbs or the natural exercise of our will.”

THE PLEASURES OF THE APPETITES.

“And now, I suppose, you’re going to touch upon the pleasures of the appetites—ain’t you, uncle?” again inquired the youth, after another pause; for, boy-like, he was not a little taken with the subject.

“Yes, my boy, they come next,” the godfather returned; “but the pleasures of the appetites—now that we have gone over those of the palate, which gives to eating and drinking the main part of their *positive* gratification—are mostly of a purely *negative* character—that is to say, the pleasure that essentially belongs to them consists chiefly in the removal of that pain or uneasiness, and consequent craving, which is the characteristic feeling of the appetite itself, and in the substitution of a state of perfect ease and satisfaction in its stead. As I said before, Ben, if hunger had been made a pleasure, man would have sat still and starved with delight; and as the pain of hunger, or want, is one of the chief ills in the world, we have here another marked instance as to the benevolent origin of what is called ‘evil.’ But, though our appetites, lad, have been made pains, or at least uneasinesses, and that merely with the view of exciting us to seek the things necessary to appease them, the act of appeasing them has assuredly been rendered a special delight to us; for not only has taste been superadded to the appetite, so as to make the food agreeable to the palate, but the feeling of satisfaction, ease, and contentment, which follows in the mind immediately the craving is stopped, has been rendered one of the most tranquil and yet enjoyable states of which our nature is susceptible. Indeed, the

delight that all men find in a sense of ease and satisfaction is perhaps one of the strongest 'cues to action' in human nature; for not only does this pleasurable state of negation from pain or uneasiness immediately succeed in the mind on the allaying of the craving of the bodily appetite, but it follows every other state of bodily or mental disquietude that man can suffer, and makes the sense of relief from physical torture as intense a pleasure as any in life. The sense of effort, for instance, I have before told you, is always irksome, and hence the uneasiness of what is called hard labor; and this is what all the world is endeavoring to escape from, and ultimately settle down into a state of ease and comfort in their old age. No man in existence likes work, though there is a cant abroad that industry is pleasant; for work is essentially what is irksome, whereas, directly the work becomes pleasant, it is 'play' or 'amusement.' But man must work, as I said, to live, and all prefer even the irksomeness of toil to the agony of starving, while most men put up with the uneasiness of their present labor and strife for the purpose of acquiring the means of future ease and rest. But effort is not only irksome, lad, even when exerted in a slight degree, but it is absolutely painful when prolonged to a great extent; and it is always fatiguing when long sustained, and ultimately is overpowering. Now it is this sense of fatigue which invariably follows any long-continued series of efforts that makes the ease of rest and repose a source of intense delight to the weary. You yourself, Ben, remember how you enjoyed your bed after that long pull at the sculls, when we were becalmed in the offing yonder; and every one who has felt the fatigue of a very long walk, and known what it is to have every muscle positively sore and tender with the

protracted exertion—the limbs stiff and cramped, and the joints seeming to grate against the bones with every bend—knows also that there is perhaps no luxury in life like rest. To many a laborer, lad, who is forced to be working hard all the week, and to whom even the sleep of the se'nnight is insufficient to take the crick out of his back and aches out of his arms, the Sabbath is often a sabbath of mere bed, or, at least, a large slice of the enjoyment of the blessed day of rest with such people consists in a sleep in the fields. But not only does the natural delight in ease," he went on, "show itself in this way among the poor and hard-working portion of society, but the same principle is also strongly developed in the rich and indolent members of every community. It is this love of ease that makes your fine folk delight in carriages, so that they may be dragged along through the air rather than be put to the exertion of walking; and it is the same feeling which makes them delight in a retinue of servants, to save them the trouble of doing the least thing for themselves. Again, the nice charm there is in what are called the 'comforts' of life derives its pleasure from the same source, for such comforts are but the means of removing certain little household uneasinesses; and the very delights of home itself may be referred to this same love of ease and quietude. To every English heart, home and comfort are the main enjoyments of life, and yet it is but the love of ease and quietude that makes the peace and cosiness of our own hearth so acceptable after the day's labors, the day's cares, and the day's hubbub. And, finally, it is this very love of ease, rest, and tranquillity that makes the tired pilgrim through life (when the limbs are aching with their long journey, the back is crooked with the heavy load

of years, and the ear is deaf with the noise and strife of the world) sigh for the long rest and sweet repose of heaven itself—the peaceful home of the spirit—the blessed comfort of the soul.”

THE PLEASURES OF PHYSICAL EXCITEMENT.

“And now,” said the little fellow, “you’ve got to do the pleasures that come from what d’ye call it?—that other long word you used.”

“Inordinate excitement, Ben,” added the old man. “Yes, my boy, and these will not take us long to specify, for I have already, while speaking of the delights of health and exercise, pointed out to you how large a share of those pleasures are due to the increased stimulus given by them to the circulation, as well as to every function of the body. There is, of course, a strong physical enjoyment in feeling the blood go dancing through the veins, and in having a fine glow of new life, as it were, diffused throughout the entire frame; to be conscious of a new vigor being infused into every fibre, and a fresh energy thrown into every limb; to find the animal spirits suddenly rise and gladden our nature, like a burst of sunshine upon the earth; to see the mist of the megrims gradually melt away from before the eyes; to have bright and happy thoughts come bubbling up, one after another, into the brain, and feel the heart flutter with the very thrill of the invigorated system. Every one delights in the gentle excitement of cheerfulness as much as they dislike the wretched depression of melancholy—or ‘low spirits,’ as it is called; and it is the sensual charm which is to be found in a state of increased bodily excitement that leads your drunkard and your opium-eater to fly to potions and drugs as a means of producing it, while the gourmand, whose stomach and palate have grown dull and dead from

long indulgence in the highly-seasoned food of epicurism, resorts to the strong stimulus of sauces, spices, and shalotes, Cayenne, curries, and 'devils,' as the means of stinging his overworked gustatory nerves into something like liveliness. It is the more remarkable, too, that it is only with weak and diseased appetites and natures that such stimuli or inordinate excitements are required. The drunkard, whose stomach is jaded and spent with the continued goading of his 'drams,' *must* have a 'relish'—some salt, savory snack—before he can bring himself to touch any solid food; the sick person, recovering from a long illness, is always more or less squeamish in his taste, and requires the little that he *does* take to be cooked in some peculiarly dainty manner, in order that the rare delicacy of the dish may 'tempt' him, and so serve as a gentle stimulus to his flagging appetite. The same delight in excitement, indeed, prevails in every one of the senses. The eye loves the extra vivid impressions produced by the contrast of opposite colors—the juxtaposition of black and white, red and green, for example; and even the natural antipathy we have from darkness, and the desire to revel in a 'blaze of light,' have their origin in the same tendency to delight in unusual vividness. To this principle, too, may be referred the charm we find in the solemn grandeur of the thunder-storm: in the instantaneous flash that lights up the whole heavens and the earth at once, and then suddenly leaves it in pitchy darkness; in the unnatural stillness that reigns throughout all nature before the storm, to be broken at last by the wild clatter of the thunder-burst, that seems like the roar and tremble of an earthquake in the heavens themselves. These are not only the brightest and loudest effects in the world, but contrast serves to render them even brighter and

louder than they naturally are. Again, lad, in the sports and games of youth, it is the excitement of the play that lends as great gratification to the amusement as even the exercise itself."

THE PLEASURE OF HABIT.

"And now you've done, uncle, haven't you?" said the boy, as the old gentleman came to a pause.

"Not quite, my lad," the other made answer, "for there is still the sensual pleasure of habit to be mentioned in order to complete the catalogue. This pleasure, again, like those of health, exercise, ease, and excitement, has no particular organ to which it can be referred, but it is rather a delight that admits of being connected with any or all of the more special sensations themselves. Of the strange pleasures which habit has the power of developing in us—of its power to transform what is naturally irksome and even painful into delights, and to change aversions into propensities, I have before spoken. I have pointed out to you that all which is required to work this marvelous change is long-continued repetition, and that, too, at frequent and regular intervals; but the change once wrought, the pleasure we derive from the object or practice to which we have become habituated is, perhaps, as great as any of our natural enjoyments. For instance, there is no doubt that the taste, and maybe even the smell of tobacco, is innately repulsive; and yet, let any one persevere in the use of it—let him continue either smoking, chewing, or snuffing it, and after a time habit is sure to set in, and transform the instinctive loathing into a cultivated longing—the natural abomination into an artificial delicacy. It is the same with the eating of opium and the drinking of neat spirits. With the muscular ac-

tions of the body, again, as well as the objects of the senses, the same principle of transformation holds good. You have already been told how the irksomeness of labor, Ben, can be converted into a comparative pleasure by habit, and it now only remains for me to draw your attention, lad, to some few other pleasures of the same kind. The pleasure of exercise, we all know, is so much increased by the habit of walking daily, that perhaps the chief punishment in imprisonment lies in the mental and bodily irritation which is felt when indulgence in the habit is prevented. Again, as I said before, there is pleasure even in whittling or paring sticks with a sharp knife, as you see the people continually doing in this part of the world; and, indeed, the simple habit in children of biting the nails produces so strong a desire to continue the practice that their hands have occasionally to be muffled, or their arms strapped behind, to prevent them indulging in the practice. Farther, there is the well-known story of the barrister, who always kept twiddling a piece of string when he was pleading, and who could be most eloquent while habitually engaged in unraveling the twine, but who couldn't get a word out if some wicked wag only stole the string before he began his address to the jury. Nor is this all; so strong a hold does habit lay upon the mind, that the national customs of a country are often as much revered as even the national religion itself; and not a few revolutions have been caused by the attempts of rulers to alter the habits and ceremonies of a people. There, now I *have* done, Master Ben," added the uncle, "and given you, I believe, a full list of the purely physical pleasures that our nature is capable of enjoying."

THE RESULT: THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.

“Thank you, uncle,” said the lad, as he rose from the rock on which he had been seated; “and now, I suppose, we can go;” for, to tell the truth, though little Ben was a good listener for his years, he had almost had enough lecturing for one sitting.

“Go, boy!” echoed the elder Benjamin, with pretended disdain; “why, what did we come for, you rogue? We came, Master Ben, to put you on the right road, but as yet we haven’t advanced a step. We are only staring up at the sign-post still, and haven’t even decided whether it will be better to go the way the senses would lead us, or whether we shall follow the path the intellect points out, or take the road the heart would counsel us to pursue.”

“Oh, ay! no more we have, uncle. Do you know, I had forgotten all about *that*,” answered the frank lad, who was too little skilled in the subtleties of dialectics to be able to keep the point of the argument always in view. “Well, then, I suppose, now that you’ve explained all about the sensual pleasures, you’re going to show me next why they’re not so good as the intellectual or moral ones.”

“I never yet gave you to understand, lad, that they were *not as good*, in their way, as the others,” was the gentle reproof. “When kept within due bounds, and held to their proper objects, there is assuredly no harm in the pleasures of the senses.”

“Yes; but what *are* those due bounds, as you call them, uncle?” inquired the youngster.

“The bounds of nature, boy; the bounds of the fitness of things,” the teacher replied. “See here, Ben, and mark well what I say. The three

main objects of life are these : business, amusements, and duties. It is the chief business of life to get food and clothing for the body ; to provide ourselves and those who belong to us with shelter, and, if we can, with the comforts of existence, as well as to lay by such a store as shall insure us the means of ease, if not affluence, in our old age. The main business of life, then, you perceive, lad, is merely to minister to the wants and delights of our senses, or, in other words, not only to prevent the pains and uneasinesses of the flesh, but to obtain some small share of the animal pleasures of existence. The addition of the feelings of delight and disgust to the mere perceptive faculties of the senses, Ben, I have before shown you, is a signal evidence of God's goodness to his creatures. Food is necessary only to reinvigorate the body and allay the pains of appetite. No other quality was required for the mere purposes of continued animal existence ; but the Almighty has made food agreeable to the palate also. Light and color were all that was wanted for vision, but He has made them beautiful as well ; sound alone would have been sufficient for hearing, but he has superadded melody and harmony ; and it is only an ascetic bigot, therefore, who is insensible to the bounty of God's benevolence in the world, that believes he is leading a righteous life in shunning all the graceful charms of sentient nature."

The boy stared with astonishment to hear his half-Puritan godfather give vent to such sentiments, and inquired, "Then why, uncle, were the epicure and the drunkard such offensive characters ?"

"Because, my lad, they ignored the stern business of life, and gave every thought of their mind, every affection of their heart, to mere animal pleas-

ure. That form of pleasure which, kept within its own natural bounds, is, remember, an *after-grace*, they made a *primary* pursuit of; the sensual delights, which have been superadded as a graceful reward after the hard business of life has been done, they made the whole and sole business of *their* lives; in other words, they strove, like dunces, to get the reward while they shirked the task," was the response. "The rudest form of animal life, Ben," he went on, "the last link in the long chain of sentient existence, is a polype, without eyes, limbs, heart, nerves, or, indeed, any organ of sense, and hardly of motion; a mere animated stomach; a living thing that you can turn inside out, and which still goes on performing its one function of eating and drinking as complacently as ever; an animate creature that is all belly and nothing else. The epicure and the drunkard, lad, are human polypes—the 'gastropods' of mankind, whose belly is the only organ that moves them, and stirred by which, like slugs, they go crawling and slaving along through the brief term of human existence. The business of life, my son, is to get the means of living; but the means of living are wanted not merely to tickle the palate, but to enable us to satisfy all the cravings, requirements, and aspirations—all the duties, affections, and yearnings of our nature. The grand object, Ben, is to make the business of life a pleasure, and not the pleasures of life a business."

"I think I understand what you mean by the business of life now, and see why the drunkard and the epicure are not worthy people."

"There is but one other point now," said the old man, "and then I have really done, my child."

"And what is that, Uncle Ben?" the boy asked, as he grew a *little* fidgety.

"Well, lad," the godfather went on, "you re-

member I pointed out to you at the beginning of the subject that our sensations all come from without?"

"Oh yes, I recollect you said that sensations always had an external cause, and thoughts an internal one—those were your words, unky, dear," exclaimed the little fellow, roused by the pride of having an opportunity of showing how attentive he had been.

"They were, Ben; and such impressions, coming from without, of course do not depend upon ourselves," added the uncle. "We must go and hunt in the world for such objects as we desire to act pleasantly upon our senses. But these objects are often to be procured only by extreme labor on our parts, or at great cost, in order to induce others to part with them for our benefit. Hence sensual pleasures are always the most costly of all pleasures. The delights of the palate, for instance, are found chiefly in the more expensive viands, fruits, and wines, as well as the rare delicacies which are either brought from the farthest corners of the earth, or forced into maturity by great care and trouble at unusual seasons of the year. For the luxurious gratification of the eye, again, we need the show of superb services of plate—the dear finery of jewels, and silks and satins, velvet and lace—the magnificence of stately halls, elegant furniture, and splendid decorations—the prettiness of gay gardens, and the noble grandeur of parks. And it is the same with every other sense appertaining to human nature; for the highly-prized objects of delight to each of the physical faculties are sure to be highly priced also. Indeed, the only means of sensual enjoyment that we have really within our own power, and which does not require some external object for its gratification, is that of exercise; for the

objects upon which exercise expends itself are our own limbs and the muscles of our own body. Hence the games and sports which make this physical indulgence so agreeable to men as well as youth are sources of harmless and healthful pleasure always within our grasp, and hence the very exercise of labor itself, when quickened by the excitement of will or purpose, or transformed into a propensity by long habit—of labor, which is not only necessary to our independence, and even continued existence in the world—is a faculty that lies literally at our fingers' ends, and which may be made to contribute at once to our well-being and to our happiness. Finally, I should impress upon you, my boy, that with the undue indulgence in any mere physical delight there is always some peculiar bodily evil connected. Over-indulgence of the palate brings gout, dyspepsia, apoplexy, and the utter ruin of bodily health; overdrinking causes delirium tremens, softening of the brain, and the soddening, even to fatuity, of the mind. Overwork, on the other hand, produces premature old age and decay; and over-ease, in its turn, begets indolence, corpulency, and positive helplessness. These, my lad, are the worldly punishments instituted by the Great Judge over all—the brands which the Almighty prints on the brows of the fools and human beasts of the world, and that are intended to whisper 'Beware' in the ears of the more wise and prudent."

"Well, then," said the little fellow, "I think sensual pleasures are but sorry pleasures after all, uncle."

"They are, as I said, lad, designed to render the business of life agreeable in *the end*, and hence were never intended to be made the primary pursuit of man's existence; and those who wrest

them from their true purpose, and seek to transform them into amusements, must suffer for their folly. If men have no want of food, and will yet eat for the mere pleasure of eating some savory dish, they not only lack the natural relish of food, but they break a natural commandment, which ordained that hunger should stir men to seek food, and that the pleasure of eating it should be the reward of getting it. And the breach of this natural commandment brings, sooner or later, its own peculiar natural punishment—bodily enfeeblement instead of strength and vigor—injury rather than well-being—suffering and disease in the place of happiness and health.”

The words were barely uttered when Uncle Benjamin started as he cried “Hush! what o’clock’s that?” and the sound of the big bell of the State House clock was heard booming in the silence of the night resonantly across the water.

“One! two! three! four!” counted the old man, following each stroke as it burst upon the air.

“It’s nine, I’m sure, uncle,” interjected little Ben.

“Five! six! seven!” continued the other.

“It must be nine,” added the boy, “for we can’t have been here more than two hours, and it wasn’t quite seven, you know, when we started.”

“Eight! nine!” Uncle Benjamin kept counting as the other talked, and then, holding up his finger as he reckoned the ninth stroke, he waited for a moment or two, and at last shouted out, as he rose hastily from his seat, “Ten! as I’m a living sinner. Come along, Ben, come along; we shall have them all in bed before we get home, I declare.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEXT TURNING.

THE following night the same couple were seated on the same lump of rock, looking at the same bright moon and stars, and engaged in solving the same subtle problem, "Which is the right road through life?"

"Now, then, Master Benjamin," began the good-natured old tutor, as freshly as if he were never tired of counseling his little godson as to how to live a righteous and sober life, "we have seen where one of the roads leads to; we have learned that if we follow the path of mere sensual pleasure we must expect to pay heavy tolls and taxes by the way, and shall come to only disease and anguish at the end. So let us take a peep down the next turning, and see what looms in the distance there."

"The next turning, as you call it, uncle, looks like a nice, quiet, shady lane to me," remarked the pupil, only too pleased to carry out the figure. "It's the path of intellectual pleasure, isn't it?"

"It is, my son," the other answered; "and as the main object of the business of life is to stay the cravings and relieve the uneasinesses, as well as to contribute to the natural delights of the senses, so, with the amusements of life, intellectual pleasure is, or should be, more directly connected. The physical word for amusement, Ben, is recreation; and a fine term it is, as expressing that re-enlivenment and reinvigoration of the jaded powers of body and mind which come from mental diversion. Enlightened amusement is

really mental refreshment—a cooling draught from a shady spring, that sobers and revives the soul after the heat of the work-day world far more than any of the fiery stimulants which the senses delight in. I told you, lad, you remember, when treating of the sense of effort, that it was always irksome, occasionally painful, and, if long-continued, fatiguing, and ultimately overpowering, for us to take any severe exertion. Now the natural means of removing fatigue is by rest; for the sense of weariness, which oppresses the limbs after protracted labor, is merely the Almighty's voice whispering 'Hold! enough!' and warning us not to overtax the powers He has conferred upon us; and when this weariness sets in, the craving for rest which he has implanted in us tells us that mere repose alone is sufficient for the recruitment of the spent animal strength and spirits. But the change that rest produces in the frame *passively*, amusement, or mere diversion of the mind from the laborious pursuits, brings about *actively*. The action of diversion recreates and reinvigorates as much as positive inaction or repose, and hence amusement after the day's business and labor have been done is as healthful as rest itself—ay, and as necessary too, for the restoration of that elasticity of energy—that spring of body and mind—which is requisite for the doing of the business and labor of to-morrow."

Little Ben was delighted to learn the philosophy of amusement, for, boy-like, he was quite sufficiently in love with recreation to be glad to hear that there was not only an excuse, but really a reason for indulging in the pleasant pastimes of life; so he chimed in, "Yes, uncle, I've often heard you tell father that 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' and now I know the truth of the saying."

“Ah! lad, but always bear in mind the converse of the proverb,” was the rejoinder, “‘that all play and no work makes Jack a beggar-boy.’”

THE PLEASURES OF THE INTELLECT.

“Well, Ben, with this little preface,” the uncle resumed, “we now pass on to consider the several intellectual pleasures themselves. To each intellectual faculty of our nature, then,” he began, “there is, of course, some special associate mental delight attached, in the same manner as there is some peculiar kind of animal pleasure connected with the various organs of sense; and I might proceed with this part of our subject by explaining to you, in due order, all the particular pleasures of the memory—the pleasures of the imagination—the pleasures of the judgment—the pleasures of reason—the pleasures of art—the pleasures of abstraction, and so on. But this mode of procedure would convey to you, comparatively speaking, but little knowledge as to the mainsprings or sources of such pleasures, and I want to give you a deeper insight into your own nature, my child, than comes of mere classification or orderly arrangement. I want to let you see that the general capacities for enjoyment in man are really the same in the intellect as in the senses themselves, and that the only difference is, that with the various forms of mental delight the pleasure comes in through the operation of the thoughts, while in the various kinds of animal delight the gratification enters through the action of some organ of sensation. Now, lad, let me hear whether you can enumerate the different kinds of sensuous pleasure of which human nature is susceptible, over and beyond those which belong to what are called the five senses, and also that of heat and cold, for these we have done with.”

Young Ben put his head to one side, and rubbed away at his scalp as hard as a cat does occasionally at its ear, as he exclaimed, "Let me see! there's the pleasure of the sense of perfect convalescence; I remember that, because of that plaguy hard word. And then there's another one, with a long-winded title, too, but he comes at the last, I know;" the boy went on talking away, as he tried to recall the sensations in the order his uncle had gone over them. "Oh yes! then there is the pleasure of exercise, and the pleasure of ease and satisfaction; and then comes Mr. Crack-jaw, and he's called the pleasure of—of—don't you tell me now—of—inordinate excitement. Yes, that's it!" he added, as the thought came out with a pop, like the cork from a bottle of soda-water. "Oh! but wait a minute," he cried, as he saw his uncle still looking at him, as much as to say he had forgotten something—"and then there's the pleasure of habit as well."

"Bravo, little man, bravo!" cheered the old boy, for really the uncle was as pleased with the feat as the little fellow himself. "And now, omitting the pleasures of health, I want to show you, Ben, that we find the same delight in mental exercise as in the exercise of our bodies; the same pleasure in the satisfaction of our minds, and freedom from any state of mental uneasiness, as in the allaying of any bodily craving or unpleasantness; the same gratification in vivid thoughts and perceptions as in extra-lively sensations and bodily stimulants; and the same enjoyment in the indulgence in particular habits of thinking as well as feeling."

"How strange!" murmured the lad; "but I can't see how you'll ever make it all out, though."

"The delights of exercise, satisfaction, inordinate vividness, and habit," continued the god-

father, "are as strongly marked in the mind as in the body; and as the corresponding physical impressions appear to come in through no special organ of sense, but to be impressions that admit of being associated with all or any of our physical faculties, so the capacity for these kinds of pleasure would seem to be general capacities that are capable of being united to the operations of the mind as well as that of the senses, and to be the means of enjoyment, as it were, underlying all our bodily and mental powers at one and the same time."

THE PLEASURES OF MENTAL EXERCISE.

"Let us begin with the pleasures of mental exercise."

The lad nestled up close to his godfather, and, curling the old man's arms about his neck, arranged himself in a comfortable posture for listening.

"The principle of the 'association of ideas,' as it is called," commenced the tutor—"that principle by which thought is linked with thought in the mind, and which causes conception after conception, and remembrance after remembrance to keep on forever sweeping through the brain (like the endless procession of clouds across the sky, or the interminable succession of waves over the sea) is the principal means by which the mind is moved from object to object, and made to appear, even to the individual himself, to pass through a series of images and recollections rather than the images and recollections seeming to flit successively through it. It is this movement of the mind, this transition from one state to another, which corresponds with that gradual change of place and play of limb which is termed exercise in the body; and as we are conscious of a continued

action going on within our physical system every time we move our muscles (apart from the mere sensations of the flesh), so are we sensible of the same kind of action perpetually occurring within us during the process of mental exercise. Indeed, as our limbs move, whether voluntarily or instinctively, only in answer to some preceding mental state, it is probably nothing more than the succession of these different mental states—the continued acts of volition or series of instinctive impulses felt in the mind—that impresses us with the sense of bodily exercise itself.

“Well, lad,” Uncle Benjamin went on, after a brief pause, “having now settled that the sense of exercise is one and the same feeling, whether the action be in the body or mind, let us pass on to the enumeration of the mental pleasures which proceed from it. That there is a natural charm in the mere exercise of the mind—in the continued gradual transition from one mental state to another—is shown in the delight that is generally felt in indulging in those kinds of ideal panoramas, those long trains of flitting fancies, that pass half-pictured before the ‘mind’s eye’ even in our waking moments, and which are termed ‘day-dreams,’ or ‘reveries,’ or ‘wool-gathering.’ Again, the pleasures of contemplation and meditation—of ‘brown studies,’ as they’re termed—are due to the same principle; and so is the delight that some find in planning and inventing, and even in building what are called ‘castles in the air.’ Indeed, *any* mental process that excites thought after thought readily and steadily within us produces (as the ideas keep sweeping through the mind) a kind of mellifluence, as it were, in the brain, that is essentially agreeable to our nature. Again, the pleasures of conversing, discoursing, and reading may be all referred to the like cause;

for, apart from any special charm there may be in the different ideas thus introduced into the mind, there is a delight in the mere mental occupation and exercise that such acts afford us. Farther, it is in the *suggestiveness* of certain subjects and ideas, as well as of certain objects in nature, and consequently in the exercise they afford to the mind, that a great part of natural and artistic beauty inheres. It is also on account of this suggestive property that keepsakes, relics, heir-looms, portraits, and mementoes generally, make up the most highly-prized portion of every person's treasure, serving, as they do, to revive or recall a long train of happy associations in connection with some beloved object, and that with a vividness and force that mere memory, without some such suggestors, could not possibly attain. For the same reason, the favorite old haunts of former days, or the birthplaces or residences of the illustrious dead, and the ruins of ancient countries, castles, or abbeys, are objects of more or less beauty in the eyes of every one, and they are so principally for their power of suggesting to us the thoughts of all the glory of the times connected with them. Again, many of our mental pastimes are sources of pleasure only as affording exercise, or acting as springs of suggestion to the mind. This is the case especially with the light amusement of riddles, and those tantalizing charms called 'puzzles.' Moreover, many forms of wit—the wit of innuendoes and inferences, for instance—derive their delight simply from this principle of mental exercise, *i. e.*, by leaving the mind to suggest the thought intended to be conveyed. Thus, in the old joke, we are told that a townsman said to a countryman, who was leaning listlessly over a gate, that he looked as if he couldn't say 'Boh to a goose;' whereupon the chawbacon shouted 'Boh' at the

other in reply. Now in this 'lively sally,' as it is called, it is obvious that the liveliness lies not alone in the readiness of the retort, but in the sly way in which it suggests to us that the townsman is one of the silly old birds that are *sometimes* caught by chaff. So, too, in the anecdote—"

"Yes, uncle, that's right," interposed little Ben, who was still chuckling over the relish of the last jest, and all agog with delight at the prospect of another anecdote. "Go on; isn't it prime, that's all!"

"In the anecdote, I say, lad, where a would-be witty officer is said to have asked a Roman Catholic priest why the papist clergymen were like donkeys, and to have answered, when the priest 'gave up' the riddle, 'Because they all had crosses on their backs;' whereupon the sly old papist, who was determined not to be outdone, demanded in his turn whether the soldier could tell what was the *difference* between a military officer and a jackass; and on the other shaking his head, and saying he 'couldn't see it,' the priest added simply, 'No more can I!'—in this anecdote, I repeat, we have another illustration of the same kind of suggestive wit, namely, in the sly inference of the priest that he couldn't see any difference between the two creatures."

"Oh, I take it now!" exclaimed the lad, thumping the air with his fist as his godfather threw in the explanation. "The priest was a sly rogue of a fellow, wasn't he, uncle?" the boy added, while he rolled about, and went into such convulsions of positive *horse* laughter that the chuckle sounded very much like a neigh.

"Ay, Ben; and the delight you find in such sly roguery shows you the pleasure there is in suggesting or inferring rather than saying what we have to say, and thus leaving it to the mind to

take up the sense by some act or exercise of its own. In irony, moreover, the very opposite is said from what is meant to be understood, and the true sense implied only by the tone and manner of saying it, as when I call you 'a young rogue' and 'a little rascal' by way of endearment, Ben" (and, as the old man uttered the words, he shook the pet boy playfully by the ear). "In poetry, also, the like principle of suggestion is often made to act as a stimulus to the imagination, and to give by such means a high beauty to the art. Milton, for instance, in speaking of death, says very finely,

" 'And on what *seemed* a head he wore a crown.'*

"Indeed, a hundred such examples of the beauty of the suggestive principle in art might be given; † so that there can be no doubt, Ben, that exer-

* The same beauty of the suggestive principle in pictorial art is shown in shrouding with the hands the features of figures in extreme grief; while in musical art, Beethoven's pastoral symphony, and Glück's overture to "Iphigenia," and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," are illustrious instances of the suggestivity of the works of the highest composers.

† The three most suggestive poems, perhaps, in the English language are Wordsworth's "We are seven," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and Edgar Poe's "Raven;" and they may be said to take precedence as to beauty in the order in which they are here set down. The little unadorned gem of Wordsworth is assuredly the finest thing of the kind ever penned. The opening prelude, as to the great mystery of death to a little child, and then the exquisitely-innocent and touching manner in which the wee thing numbers the dead brother as one of the family still living, and the sweet, tender, and yet profound grace of the recurring burden "We are seven," is such a masterly opening-up of the highest supernatural speculation, in connection with the simplest and prettiest little bit of nature conceivable, that the mind, after reading the verses, oscillates between the tender and innocent rustic beauty of the child, and the mystic, shadowy sublimity of death, rapt in a profound day-dream of delight and

cise of the mind is as grateful as that of the body ; and that whatever serves to stir the thoughts,

wonder. How different, on the other hand, and yet how grand, is the weird, curse-like tone of Coleridge's præternatural ballad ! It wants the gentle beauty of Wordsworth's little morsel to charm us, but it has, at the same time, an almost Shakspearian power about it to awe us. Coleridge carries the terror and grandeur of nature to the very verge of the imagination. He takes the mind, as it were, to the far end of the earth and ocean—to the edge of the great precipice, and gives us just a peep of what lies beyond ; he lets us look down, so to speak, into the dizzy well of infinite space. But Wordsworth lifts us above all natural things. The spirit flies with him away out of space altogether, and is lost in the lovely dream-land of the immaterial world to come. We are set thinking of the angels, and listening to angel music, by the innocent words of one who seems like a little earth-angel herself. Edgar Poe's poem, on the contrary, derives its force from its overcasting the mind with a totally different feeling. There is a fine haunted sense left upon the soul after reading it. We have an oppression of fatalism, such as *will* come upon us (despite all our philosophy) after reading about death-fetches, omens, forebodings, and ugly dreams that seem to have been fulfilled. Nevertheless, despite the fine suggestions induced by the American poet, the poem itself is very thin and feeble after Coleridge's noble imaginative work, and does not admit of being compared for a moment with Wordsworth's graceful cherub strain. I have heard great musicians (such as my old friend and teacher, John Barnett) say, that the peculiar charm of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony is its wonderful suggestivity also ; that it lulls the finely-attuned musical mind into a pastoral reverie, as it were, carrying it away, and lapping it in the very bosom of nature itself—now in the fields, now in the woods, and now by the brook side—and yet lighting it up softly with that reverent tone which the contemplation of Nature in her quietude, or even in her grandeur, always induces.

Mr. Dickens has often recourse to the suggestive form of wit, or making a part stand for—or rather convey a sense of—the whole, to produce some of his happiest effects. Sam Weller's well-known description of the inmates of the White Hart Inn in the Borough, by the boots he had to clean, affords us as graphic a picture of the persons staying in the tavern as an elaborate painting of the characters themselves.

and give play to the faculties within us, tends to gladden and inspirit us as much as the movement

“There’s a pair of Hessians in 13,” said he, in answer to an inquiry as to what people they had in the house; “there’s two pair of halves in the commercial; there’s these here painted tops in the snugery inside the bar, and five more tops in the coffee-room, *besides a shoe as belongs to the wooden leg in No. 6*; and a pair of Wellingtons, a good deal worn, together with a pair of lady’s shoes, in No. 5.”

Again, the Shepherd with his “Wanities,” and Sam’s inquiry as to which “partickler wanity he liked the flavor on best,” is another happy illustration of the intellectual charm that lies in the suggestive process of wit or humor.

“‘Wot’s your usual tap?’ asked Sam of the red-nosed gentleman.

“‘Oh, my dear young friend,’ replied Mr. Stiggins, ‘all taps is vanities.’

“‘Well,’ said Sam, ‘I dessay they may be, sir; but vich is your partickler wanity. Vich wanity do you like the flavor on best, sir?’

“‘Oh, my dear young friend,’ replied Mr. Stiggins, ‘I despise them all. If,’ said Mr. Stiggins, ‘if there is any one of them less odious than another, it is the liquor called rum—warm, my dear young friend, with three lumps of sugar to the tumbler.’”—*Pickwick Papers*, p. 376.

Farther, the wooden leg alluded to by Mrs. Gamp is another fine graphic use of the same figure. “As to husbands,” says the monthly nurse, “there’s a wooden leg gone likewise home to its last account, which for constancy of walking into wine-vaults, and never coming out again ’till fetched by force, was quite as weak as flesh, if not weaker.”

There is good, strong, humorous painting in the above examples, though perhaps the touches are those of the tenpound brush of the scene-painter rather than the delicate Shakspearian strokes—the fine sharp lines of the true artist. Nevertheless, it is preposterous for a class of critics to pretend that the author of “*Pickwick*,” “*David Copperfield*,” and “*Martin Chuzzlewit*” has no claim to serious consideration as a writer of fiction. The man who has created Sam Weller, Old Weller, Mrs. Gamp, Squeers, Pecksniff, Skimpole, and a host of other beings—that are as real to every reader throughout the country as their own friends and acquaintances, and, indeed, in many cases better, and more intimately known, even, than one’s own relatives—is surely worthy of all acknowledgment as the Shakspeare of carica-

of our limbs themselves. To the delight of mere mental exercise, then, may also be referred the charm that all find in mere change or variety. This love of change, indeed, is so marked a feature in human nature, that it is perhaps the most active of all principles within us. It is this which in the long succession of ever-shifting scenery, characters, and circumstances, constitutes the great enjoyment of traveling; this which makes the revolutions of the seasons, the passage from night to day, the ever-varying aspect of nature throughout every minute indeed of the same day, give such lively beauty to the external world. What an exquisite charm, for instance, is there in the contemplation of the continued flitting of the clouds and the moving shadows upon the earth and water; the bright bursts of sunshine,

tourists. Let the reader mentally contrast the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" with Mrs. Gamp—old Weller with Falstaff—his son Sam with the fool in "Lear"—or Pecksniff with Malvolio, and he will understand why the distinction is drawn. If Mr. Dickens had been but wise enough to eschew the fatally-facile trick of sentiment; if he had never written the profound rubbish of "The Chimes," nor the fatuous drivel of the "Cricket on the Hearth," nor the Adelphi rhodomontade of the "Tale of Two Cities," *et id genus*, he would, beyond doubt, have been as great a literary genius, after his kind—as fine a painter of the broadly-marked characteristics of human life and out-of-the-way places—as England has seen for centuries. He, however, has too strong a dash of the "real-domestic-drama" blood in his veins to allow himself to do himself even common justice. What is true and good in his nature he must forever be marring by affecting what is false and fustian in dramatic art. If he had only left the "Terry and Yates" preparatory school, and finished his education at the Shakspearian University, assuredly he might have taken honors as a "double first." One always feels inclined to say to the indiscriminate admirers of such a man what Rousseau told the friends who were lauding the "collected edition" of his works to the skies, "Ha! they should see the books he *hadn't* written."

and the sudden overshadowing of the land; the endless trooping of the waves on and on toward the shore, and the everlasting curling and dash of the billows, one after another, upon the beach; the capricious shifting of the swallow's flight, forked and swift as lightning; the ceaseless whirl of the wind-mill sails, with their long shadows, coursing each other upon the sunny greensward below!"

"Go on, uncle, go on; I like this very much," interposed the youth, growing pleased himself with the rapid change of thought.

"The continued pulsing of the water-wheel," resumed the old man, "with the white foam of the mill-slucice forever tearing along, like a drifting snow-wreath in the dark shade of the overhanging trees; the headlong little brook, with the water scrambling along its rugged bed, and curling like liquid glass about the edges of the opposing rocks and stones; the waterfall, forever descending in long pellucid lines of iridescent light, and sheets of the thinnest and purest crystal, and pounding the pool beneath into a mass of snow; the fountain, weaving the water-threads into forms of the most exquisite beauty, and curves of the softest grace, as it showers its million sparkling jewels into the air and on to the ground; the rich, ripe corn-field undulating in the breeze, as if it were a lake of red gold; the farm-cart, with its high-piled load of new-mown hay, surging and toppling as the team goes jingling along, rattling the bells upon their collars; the mist at early morn gradually rising from the earth, like the lifting of an angel veil; and the fitful crimson glare of the blacksmith's forge, flashing up, with every different heave of the bellows, in the dusk of a winter's evening—all these, and a thousand others, derive their natural charms from that principle

which makes change or variety—the change of life and action—so grateful to the minds of all. Indeed, the mere tedium, Ben, that invariably accompanies any thing bordering on monotony; the overpowering and insufferable weariness of one unvarying state of mind when long protracted; of one and the same object ever before the senses; of one eternal note continually sounded in the ear, or of one everlasting idea or subject presented to the imagination, as well as the innate antipathy we have from what is called prosiness, or what is ‘boring’ to us, or even appears ‘slow’—all this is sufficient to assure us that variation is not only a delight, but a positive craving of our intellectual nature. It is the intuitive knowledge that artists have of the charm afforded by mere change, and the tedium induced by monotony, that makes painters love to ‘break up’ long straight lines and large masses of color in their pictures, and to find picturesqueness in the tumble-down and weather-stained old cottages of the peasantry, as well as the shaggy coat of the jackass, and the jagged lines of rocks and ruins. So, again, in the plays of Shakspeare, Ben, the more passionate and beautiful speeches and scenes are broken up into a hundred fragments of different feelings, and thus they have not only a wonderful truth to nature (for strong emotion is ever fitful and discursive), but display intense art in that fine dramatic play and sparkle of the passions which is derived from the principle of transition or rapid change.*

* The illustrations to which Uncle Benjamin *more particularly* alludes are the soliloquy beginning, “Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt” (where *one* feeling is seldom sustained for more than five consecutive lines, the entire speech being full of disjointed utterances and abrupt digressions, as well as parenthetical bursts of some passing passion), and the first scene of the third act of “The Merchant of Venice,” where Tubal brings Shylock news of his runaway daughter,

Ah! when I was a boy, Ben, I would much rather have seen the mummers act 'Hamlet' or 'The Merchant of Venice' over at Northampton, than have had a plum-cake any day. Farther, my boy, in the tricks and transformations of conjurors, and even in the pantomimes of the mummers, it is the curious changes produced that render such exhibitions so delightful to youth, while in works of fiction we are charmed by the rapid succession of incident and adventure, and the variety of character and scenes presented to the mind. In conversation, too, it is the exchange of opinion and sentiment, the cross-fire of the different ideas and different views expressed by the different characters assembled, the occasionally lively repartee in answer to some grave remarks, that serve to make social intercourse one of the special delights of human existence.* Such are a few

and also of Antonio's loss at sea, and in which the Jew is tossed about in a tempest of conflicting emotions; one moment savagely gloating over the details of Antonio's misfortune, and the next bursting into a phrensy at the particulars of his daughter's flight—the transitions from the one feeling to the other admitting not only of the finest dramatic rendering, but glittering with all the richness and lustre of the highest art.

* The great master of every form of literary beauty gives a choice instance of the charm we derive from the grouping together of a large variety of circumstances in the speech of Dame Quickly, when she reminds Sir John Falstaff of his promise to marry her, and cites a number of minute concomitant incidents in order to overwhelm him with the truth of her assertion, and prevent the possibility of any pretense of oblivion on his part.

"*Falstaff*. What is the gross sum I owe thee?

"*Hostess*. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor—thou didst swear to me then, as I was

of the pleasures of mental exercise, lad ; and you will see by-and-by that as the irritability of the

washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me 'my lady,' thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me Gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it if thou canst."—SECOND PART HENRY IV., Act II., Scene 1.

How beautifully fit, too, are many of these little picturesque "surroundings," and how delicately are they thrown in—*e. g.*, "the parcel-gilt goblet," "the Dolphin chamber," "the singing-man of Windsor," "the mess of vinegar," "the dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some;" then the reference to the "wound" is a fine touch, as is the desire that she should be *no more so familiarity* with such poor people. But the grandest stroke of all among the long list of accusations lies at the end—so exquisitely true is it to Falstaff's character. "Didst thou not *kiss* me," adds the dame, "and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings?" This is a little morsel of artistic humor that has perhaps never been equaled, and certainly never transcended.

How beautifully marked and various again is the group of concomitants in Dame Quickly's description of Falstaff's death!

"'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning of the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with the flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields."

Here the "smiling upon the fingers' ends" is a wonderful bit of death-painting; the *fumbling* with the sheets, too, is finely illustrative of the state of mental vacuity at such a time; and when all these exquisitely-artistic associations are put together—the christom child—the turning of the tide—the sheet-fumbling—the flower-playing—the finger-tip scanning—the nose sharp as a pen—and *the babbling of green fields*, what play is there in the transition from one association to the other—and yet what a choice and cunning picture it is!

young muscles naturally sobers down, and the intellect becomes more and more developed with

what fine variety in the color—still how soft and sombre the coloring! and, above all, how truthful, and more than truthful, how *typical* the tone of the whole!

In Rabelais, again, may often be found curious grotesque instances of the amusement that is connected with the association of a number of diverse particulars with one subject, though here the charm is more verbal than ideal, *e. g.* :

“Master Janotus . . . transported himself to the lodging of Gargantua, driving before him three red-muzzled beadles, and dragged after him five or six artless masters all thoroughly bedraggled with the mire of the streets—prattling gabblers,” proceeds the author, “licorous gluttons, freckled bitters (beggars), mangy rascals, lubberly louts, cozening foxes, sycophant varlets, scurvy sneaksbies, fondling fops, idle lusks, scoffing braggards, jobbernal goosecaps, woodcock slangams, noddipeak simpletons.”

But the delight afforded by mere literary variety or change in the current of thought is often dexterously brought about by Charles Lamb, who was perhaps better skilled in the use of the parenthesis than any English writer that ever lived. In a true artist's hands, of course, the parenthesis, or even that modern off-shoot—the dash—is the means of what landscape painters call “breaking up” lines and masses; it is a kind of literary “shunting,” as it were, or temporary shifting of the train of thought on to another line, and, finely used, gives the mind one of those slight jogs or jolts that serve to wake up the faculties, and which constitute perhaps the chief sense we have of movement in mere passive exercise. The following example is from Elia's “Complaint as to the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis:”

“A clerk in the Bank was surprised with the announcement of a five hundred pound legacy left him by a person whose name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning walks from Peckham (or some village thereabouts), where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his halfpenny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus, that sat begging along by the way-side in the Borough. The good old beggar recognized his daily benefactor by the voice only; and when he died, left all the amassings of his alms (that had been half a century, perhaps, in the accumulating) to his old Bank friend. Was this a story to purse up people's hearts and pennies against giving an alms to the blind, or not rather a beautiful moral

advancing manhood, the athletic sports and games of youth pass gradually into the mental diversion

of well-directed charity on the one part, and noble gratitude upon the other?

“I sometimes wish I had been that Bank clerk.

“I seem to remember a poor old grateful kind of creature blinking, and looking up with his no eyes in the sun.

“Is it possible I could have steeled my purse against him?

“Perhaps I had no small change.

“Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words imposition, imposture. *Give, and ask no questions*: ‘Cast thy bread upon the waters.’ Some have unawares (*like this Bank clerk*) entertained angels.”

The parenthesis in the last line is set like a jewel with the nicest art, serving, as the little hard bit of crystal truth does, to *assure* the mind that the beggar and the angels *are* somewhat kin.

Mr. Dickens, too, often uses the interposed sentence between dashes very adroitly. In the following choice little bit from the “*Pickwick Papers*,” the interjected sentence is not only finely discursive, but so exquisitely suggestive of the affected humility of the red-nosed shepherd’s character as to be an admirable stroke of art.

“Sam felt very strongly disposed to give the reverend gentleman something to groan for, but he repressed his inclination, and merely asked (with reference to old Mr. Weller), ‘What’s the old ’un been up to now?’

“‘Up to, indeed!’ said Mrs. Weller; ‘oh, he has a hard heart. Night after night does this excellent man—*don’t frown, Mr. Stiggins*; *I WILL say you are an excellent man*—come and sit here for hours together, and it has not the least effect upon him.’”—*Pickwick Papers*, p. 218.

Again, the little domestic interpolation as to the price of red kidney potatoes, in the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins, in the celebrated trial-scene of the same unctuous book, is a very happy touch, admirably characteristic as it is of the housewife, and yet deliciously comic from the very inappropriateness of the piece of household information conveyed to “my lord and jury” by the lady, who found such difficulty in “composing herself” on her entry into the witness-box.

“‘What were you doing in the back room, ma’am?’ inquired the little judge.

“‘My lord and jury,’ said Mrs. Cluppins, with interesting agitation, ‘I will not deceive you.’

“‘You had better not, ma’am,’ said the little judge.

of books, meditation, and converse; nevertheless, it is still the same love of exercise that makes the occupation delightful in both cases, for it is this which gives its special charm not only to the physical pastime, but to the intellectual amusement as well."

THE PLEASURES OF MENTAL EXCITEMENT.

"What are you going to do next, uncle?" asked little Ben.

"Why, next we have to explain the pleasures of mental excitement," was the answer.

"But, uncle, you did the pleasures of ease and satisfaction after the pleasures of exercise last time," suggested the lad, "and why don't you go on as you began?"

"Because, Ben, here the one subject naturally passes into the other," returned Uncle Benjamin, "and in the other case it did not. You see, the love of change—the love of those gentle and gradual transitions of mind (which are all that is meant by the term mental exercise) is intimately connected with the pleasure that we derive from the more violent alterations in the natural course of our thoughts, and such violent alterations are mainly concerned in producing that state which is called 'mental excitement.' Indeed, excitement is but an exaggerated form of exercise in the mind, and, intellectually speaking, requires only an exaggerated form of the same conditions to produce it. Ordinary change merely exercises the mind, but extraordinary transition, you will find, inordinately excites it. To produce that

"'I was there,' resumed Mrs. Cluppins, 'onbeknown to Mrs. Bardell. I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pound of red kidney purtaties—which was three pound tuppence ha'penny—when I see Mrs. Bardell's street-door on the jar.'"—*Pickwick Papers*, p. 283.

change or play of thought which constitutes mental exercise, nothing but a succession of slightly different perceptions is necessary; but to throw the mind into a state of excitement intellectually, it is essential that some widely different impression, or even one that is diametrically opposite from our previous expectations, should be made upon us. Indeed, the difference must be so marked as to produce a *startling* effect upon us; and it is the love of these startling effects, and the pleasure we derive from the extra-vividness of the impressions produced by them, which constitutes the great charm that many find in the principle of mental excitement. The delight, for example, that is felt in contemplating—at a distance—the extraordinary phenomena of nature—the grandeur of the wild rage of the storm; the convulsive throes of the heaving earthquake; the mighty fountain of fire poured forth by the burning volcano, and the crimson cascades of liquid lava streaming, like the earth's hot blood, down the mountain sides; the jeweled stalactite caverns of the world, their roofs glittering with their deep fringe of pendent crystals, as though they were huge petrified icicles; the giant caves, with their monster columnar rocks, that are like the council-halls of devils; the immense icebergs floating in the arctic seas, and lurking there, like tremendous white bears, ready to crush the bones of any stray vessel that may chance to fall within their adamantine grip; the thick daylight-darkness of the eclipse, that affrights the cattle in the fields; the ominous-looking fire-mist of the comet; the flaming dart of the falling star, that seems to streak the heavens with a line of fire as it descends; the never-ending flood of the cataract, with its flashes of silver lightning and roar of liquid thunder—these are the natural stimulants of the innate

wonder of our souls, and which, awful as they may seem in all the terror of their reality, yet become the grandest and loveliest objects when ideally regarded by us. It is the same mental propensity that leads the more sluggish intellectual natures among mankind to find delight in those gross monstrosities, and wild freaks of nature, which are usually found in shows at fairs, and which act as drams upon the languid current of thought and imagination among the vulgar. Again, it is the natural delight of man in wonders and marvels that makes us all, more or less, have a trace of the grandmother and the child forever stamped upon our mind; finding, as we do, a strange winsomeness in those nursery tales of giants and ogres, fairies and pixies, hobgoblins and bogies, that we hear almost in our cradle, as well as in those mystic stories of ghosts and death-fetches, presentiments, omens, and witchery, which are only the hazy foreshadowings of that strange supernatural life and sense which we must carry with us to our grave."

"How beautiful it is, uncle! Do you know, I fancy I can just begin to see now a little bit into my own nature?" exclaimed the boy, in a more serious tone than he had yet spoken.

"There is but little light yet, Ben," returned the old man. "At best, we are but prisoners in a dark dungeon, and we must look, and look for a long time into our own souls, before we can discern any thing in the obscurity. Still, with long looking, the mental eye becomes at last acclimated as it were to the darkness, and begins to make out first one little object, and then another. But we want the light of heaven, lad—the light of heaven!—to illuminate the insect before even the highest microscopic vision can see it clearly. We mustn't wander, however, from our purpose. Now not

only does our love of extra-vivid impressions, Ben, make us find delight in the marvelous as well as in the wonders of the world, and also in the extraordinary, or even strange phenomena of nature, but it causes us likewise to derive a special pleasure from the astonishing and surprising events and objects in life, nature, and art too. When any thing occurs or is presented to us that is entirely different from what we have expected, we are *astonished*; and when it comes upon us utterly unexpected, we are *surprised*. If any one, for example, were to come behind you at this moment in the dark"—and, as the uncle said the words, the boy looked round half frightened, so as to assure himself that there was no possibility of such an event occurring to him—"and to seize you suddenly by the nape of the neck, you would experience a sensation something like to an electric shock all through your frame, and which would convulse for the moment every limb in your body. And then, if you were to turn round and discover that it was only brother Nehemiah or Jabez, after all, who had found out where you were, and crept softly up to you, so as to have a bit of fun with you, why then, lad, the alarm would cease in an instant, and you would fall to laughing at what is termed the '*agreeable surprise*' you had experienced."

The little fellow, indeed, smiled at the mere imagination of such an incident occurring to him.

"Again, if you were to go over to England, say, and suddenly discover, in the person of the lord-mayor of London, let us suppose, your own long-lost brother Josiah, who ran away to sea in opposition to his father's will, why then, of course, you would be mightily and agreeably *astonished* to find the outcast, who, you fancy, is now leading a half-savage life somewhere in the backwoods, had

become transmogrified* into the first civic functionary of the first city in the world."

"So I should, of course," interjected the lad.

"Now these feelings of surprise and astonishment, Ben," the uncle went on, "are feelings that serve to give intense vividness to the objects or circumstances which produce them; that is to say, they throw the mind into a state of violent excitement for a time, which is very different from the gentle stimulus produced by the mere exercise of it, and this violent excitement, of course, tends to impress the causes of the emotion with increased force upon the brain. They are true mental stimulants suddenly giving increased vigor to all the faculties and sensibilities of our nature—like wine, or even opium—and if indulged in to excess, they tend at last, like the physical stimulants themselves, to enfeeble rather than strengthen the natural powers. Thus, then, we come at the reason why the highly-spiced works of fiction and the tricky dramas of the stage (though it's many a long year now since I saw any of them) are filled with extravagant incidents and startling surprises, as well as such extraordinary characters as are the mere caricatures of human frivolities and singularities rather than types of human passion. These productions are not only contemptible as works of art, but baneful to healthy mental digestion—that digestion which is wanted to exert itself upon less fiery and more solid food, and has often to put up with the dry and hard cud of philosophy, which requires to be

* The young reader should be warned that the common colloquial expression here made use of by Uncle Benjamin is a vulgarism. A little reflection will show that there is no such root as "*mogrify*" existing in any language. The term is evidently an ignorant corruption of the word "*transmodify*," to change the *mode*, or form of a thing.

chewed over and over again, lad, before it can be swallowed—such romantic trash, I say, is as detrimental to sound taste and mental sanity as your hot peppers, sharp sauces, and your drops of raw spirits are destructive of the natural functions of the stomach. Nevertheless, lad, though the feelings of surprise and astonishment go to make up the glitter and finery of trashy and extravagant art, they are, after all, in a subdued form, the great enliveners of mental existence, and serve to add the finishing stroke, when touched with true artistic delicacy, to all works and objects of high beauty. They give, as it were, that gloss and lustre of varnish to the picture which brings out all the colors with finer force—the polish and sparkle of many facets to the jewels—the sunlight that at once brightens and warms up the landscape. The feeling of admiration, indeed, which all true beauty inspires, has so much of wonder and astonishment in its nature, that one can not but feel that the loveliness, even of perfection itself, would be only a kind of platonic loveliness if it did not at once astonish us with its transcendent grace, and set us wondering at the marvellousness of its consummate excellence. The beauty of nature and high art has always something *extraordinary* about it. Though we have looked upon the magnificent glory of the clouds, and gazed upon the very sumptuousness of gold and crimson with which the sun drapes the heavens and tints the air at morning and evening some hundreds of times in our lives, yet there is nothing old and familiar about the sight: the grandeur of to-day is not the worn-out grandeur of yesterday; for the scene is still so entirely novel in the grouping of the forms of the clouds, the splendor and tone of the colors, and the very tint of the pinky light itself, that we can not but wonder

and wonder on, day after day, even till we gaze at it for the last time of all. So, too, with the works of high art. It is the peculiar quality of all force, lad, that there is no principle of decay in it (a ball once made to move would keep moving on to all eternity, Ben, if there were nothing to stop it), and it is the same with the force of immortal genius. It is at once self-sustaining and indestructible. A truly grand work is young, fresh, and vigorous to the end of all time. Study it never so often—scan it till the mind seems to know every fragment of it as well as the mother knows every little lineament of her infant's face, and yet come to it again, and a new world of beauty and wonder will still burst out once more from the well-thumbed page or old familiar canvas, even as that mother can see the well-scanned face of her infant light up with a new expression with each new smile.

Young Ben was mute with the contemplation naturally begotten by the charm of his uncle's theme, and he sat thinking in silence of the great books he had read over and over again—of old John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Butler's "Hudibras," and Milton's mighty epic, and Shakspeare's wondrous plays (Uncle Ben had had a hard fight with Josiah to allow the boy to read the plays), and, last of all, of De Foe's simple "Robinson Crusoe" — and thinking, too, how strange it was that he should never tire of reading *them*, while there were others at which he could not look, after he had had his fill of the mere story contained in them, even though his mind had traveled never so pleasantly over the pages at the time.

"In wit as well as beauty," added the old man, "it is the gay surprise, the happy astonishment begotten by the unexpectedness of the lively rep-

artee or sally—of the quaint idea or odd simile— or of the choice grotesque expression that tickles, while it startles us with the novelty, and yet with the queerness and aptness of the thought.* In

* That curious style of “funniment,” called Americanisms, also depends upon the pleasure the mind finds in extremes for the greater part of its amusement. For instance, when we are told that “there is a nigger woman in South Carolina who has a child so black that charcoal makes a white mark upon it,” the fancy is carried almost to the very verge of common sense, and the effect produced is a vain endeavor to comprehend the incomprehensible, in connection with a mean instead of a grand idea—the same as if we were trying to realize a funny infinity. Again, the peculiar blunders called “*bulls*” are funny to us, because the mind contrasts the meaning with the sense expressed; as, for example, when we are told that an Irish gentleman had a small room full of pictures, which he was about to show to a number of his friends at the same time, but on finding that they all made a rush to the door at once, he cried out, as he endeavored to restrain the more impatient, “Faith, gintlemin, if ye will go in together, it’ll nivir hould the half of ye:” here we know well enough what the Irish gentleman meant, but this is so different from what he really said, and the contradiction of all his guests going into a room that wouldn’t hold half of them—all this is so marked that it is impossible not to laugh at the inconsistency under such circumstances. Farther, there are the verbal blunders—those odd mistakes of words—which are styled “Malapropisms,” after Sheridan’s celebrated character in “The Rivals.” It is this form of wit which delights us so much with the letters of Winifred Jenkins, by Smollett, or those of Mrs. Ramsbottom by Theodore Hook, and others by Thomas Hood; for who can help smiling when they hear an old citizen extol the virtues of “industry, perseverance, and acidity,” or a vulgar old dame declare that a bright, dry winter’s day is “fine embracing weather?” Moreover, there are the inconsistencies of those intentional mistakes which belong to the class of “Anachronisms,” and where the small modicum of fun lies, as in our modern burlesques, in putting Minerva into blue stockings and blue spectacles, and giving Mars a shell jacket and Piccadilly whiskers, or making Diana smoke cigars and talk slang; or else it is expressed in that strange and ingenious nonsense which consists of a kind of anachronous farago,

the anecdote of the dull and prosy clergyman, who was reproving his flock for their habit of going to sleep during the sermon, and who sought to shame them by reminding them that even Jimmy, the wretched idiot in the free seats, could keep himself awake; whereupon a wag returned that 'if Jimmy hadn't been a wretched idiot, he would have been asleep too'—in this anecdote, of course, it is the unexpectedness of the retort—the sharp backward cut of the foil, that startles us as much as any thing. So, too, in that pinchbeck kind of wit called punning, we are taken aback by the double meaning of the term on which the pun is

where the several events of history have been, as it were, rattled together in some droll kaleidoscopic fancy, and made to tumble into the queerest possible forms. Akin to these intentional anachronisms, or "cross-times," as it were, are the "cross-readings," or those curious jumbles of sense that either startle us to laughter with the oddness of the ideas that are thus brought into juxtaposition, or else set us wondering at the ingenuity of the arrangement. There are a few specimens of this form of fun preserved in the "*New Foundling Hospital for Wit*," the principal of which are extracts from the old "*Public Advertizer*," and the drollery of which consists in the odd associations that are frequently brought about by reading a newspaper across two adjoining columns rather than down each column singly in the usual manner, *e. g.* :

Last night the Princess Royal was baptized— Mary *alias* Moll Hackett, *alias* Black Moll. Yesterday the new L'd-mayor was sworn in— afterward tossed and gored several persons.

Again, in the double letter attributed to Cardinal Richelieu (which, when read in single columns, expresses one sense, and when read across has a totally different signification), there is enough art to make us marvel at the skill, and yet such a sense of labor with it all, that our admiration is alloyed with the idea that it was hardly worth while taking such pains, as the author must, to compass so trifling an end, to wit:

Sir,—
Mons. Compeigne, a Savoyard by birth,
is the man who will present to you
this letter. He is one of the most
meddling persons I have ever known,
etc. etc. etc.

a Friar of the order of St. Benedict,
as his passport to your protection,
discreet, the wisest, and the least
or have had the pleasure to converse with,
etc. etc. etc.

made, and thus pleasantly startled again by the use of the word in a different sense from what we expected. When King Charles the Second, for instance, bade Rochester make a joke, and Rochester asked the monarch to name a subject, the ready reply of the wit, on the king's naming himself, that his majesty could not possibly be a "*subject*," startles us slightly, when we first hear it, from the widely different sense given to the word *subject* itself. Moreover, it is to the vivid impressions produced by widely different and diametrically opposite ideas and objects, when made to succeed one another immediately in the mind, that such lively delight is found in the principle of contrast, as I before explained to you, lad, though then I enforced upon you the charms that belong principally to contrasted physical objects. In art, however, the extremes of contrast are often effective for a while, though your mere black and white style of painting generally belongs to that coarser kind of effect which is requisite to enliven duller perceptions and tastes. The figure of antithesis, nevertheless, is always brilliant in literary composition; for there is a natural sparkle in the collocation of any two directly opposite ideas, as, for instance, in the two terms of life—the cradle and the grave; the two extremes of human emotions—smiles and tears; the two opposite types of wealth and want—Dives and Lazarus; of worldly power and helplessness—the monarch and the slave.* Again, as the high lights of a picture are always in the foreground, and the greatest depth of shade to be found there too, so even Shakspeare himself often resorts to the principle of contrast to throw up the brilliances of some of his fore-

* The delight that some find in paradoxes, and even in what the vulgar *will* call "*contrayriness*," may be referred to the same principle.

most characters. Thus, in 'Romeo and Juliet,' the old nurse is an exquisite foil to bring out all the lustre and richness of the young, ripe love of Juliet; and even in the contemplativeness of the old friar, sworn to celibacy and the life of an ascetic, and yet who is sufficiently human to delight in matrimony and the beautiful world about him, what a charming set-off have we to the hot-blooded young Romeo, now moody in woods, and now burning with the flame of his first real passion; and what a lively relief, again, is the merry and voluble light-heartedness of the fairy-spirited Mercutio even to Romeo himself! Moreover, in 'Lear,' what exquisite contrasted force is there in those extremes of demention—the two opposite and widely distant verges of mental eccentricity—shown in the wild madness of the king and the cunning foolery of the fool! And so in 'Hamlet' we have the touching and tender madness of the young, broken-hearted girl, as depicted in Ophelia, contrasted with the 'insanity of purpose'—the mental wandering and vacillation of a weak and noble nature—exemplified in Hamlet himself. The grave-scene, too, in the same play, is resplendent with the same brilliance of contrasted idiosyncrasies; for here we have the quaint logical merriment of the old grave-digger played off against the fine philosophic utterances of the young Danish prince—all these are sufficient to show you, lad, that the principle of contrast, when nicely and skillfully handled, can lend some of its highest and most lustrous beauties to the picture. And with that ends the list of the chief pleasures that arise from mental excitement, my son."*

* The best example of the literary glitter produced by the figure of contrast is, so far as we know, the collocation of the wonders revealed by the telescope and microscope, penned by Dr. Chalmers, and which is certainly a brilliant instance

THE PLEASURES OF MENTAL SATISFACTION.

“And now you’re going to do the pleasures of mental satisfaction, ain’t you, uncle?” asked the boy.

of its kind. There is perhaps a *leetle* too much art apparent in the balance of the sentences, and continued vibration of the mind from the infinitely great to the infinitely small, and perhaps it is just a taste too saccharine to fully satisfy the highly educated palate. Nevertheless, as an illustration of the charms of this rhetorical form, it is at once signal and salient.

“The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. . The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me that beyond and above all that is visible to man there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty’s hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might there see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded—a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes—where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them with all the evidences of his glory.”

The only fault here, we repeat, is the obviousness of the art (“*ars est celare artem*”), so that the reader is led to see the *trick*, as it were, by which the effect is produced. The fairy piece which enchants us from the front of the theatre is but poor tawdry clumsy work viewed from behind the scenes, and hence the verses of Pope and Tommy Moore,

“Yes, lad,” was the answer; “for the consideration of the love of change, inherent in our

exquisitely artistic as they are, become mere elaborations of wit rather than flashes of true poetic fire—choice specimens of mental handicraft from the very excess of art that has been wasted upon them, rather than those fine facile creations which precede rule instead of following it; so that to pass from the dead level of the perfect polish of such work to the rich, rough, and forcible fervor of true poetic genius, as shown in Shakspeare, is the same as shifting the mind from the contemplation of mere filigree-work to the stupendous achievements of modern engineering—from looking at a Berlin bracelet in spun cast-iron to the massive grandeur of the tubular bridge or the dizzy triumph of the “*via mala*.”

But if the quotation from Dr. Chalmers is hardly a perfect specimen of this form of literary beauty, because the artistry of it is just a shade too marked, what can be said of the following extract, where we have not a scintilla of beauty, but merely clap-trap artifice and extravagance instead? Here the form which, with a person of true taste, can be made to yield such exquisite delight, becomes positively ugly as an oilman’s shop front from the patchwork of glaring colors in which it is tricked out. The effect is consequently merely “loud,” not “tasty;” and that black and white, which in a Rembrandt’s etching is a world of beauty, becomes as vulgar and inartistic as the sign of the “Checkers” on a public house door.

“It was the *best of times*; it was the *worst of times*; it was the *age of wisdom*; it was the *age of foolishness*; it was the *epoch of belief*; it was the *epoch of incredulity*; it was the *season of light*; it was the *season of darkness*; it was the *spring of hope*; it was the *winter of despair*; we had *every thing before us*; we had *nothing before us*; we were all *going direct to heaven*; we were all *going direct the other way*; in short, the period was so far like the present period that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.”—TALE OF TWO CITIES.

Such fatal blemishes as the above are really like rash attempts at literary suicide in a man who has no necessity to stoop to trick to produce an impression. But who can forget the wretched “artful dodges” of “the kettle began it;” no, “the cricket began it,” in the “Cricket on the Hearth,” and the raving melodramatic rubbish of “up, up, up,” and

mental nature, cleared the way for the explanation of our delight in those vivid impressions

“down, down, down,” and “round, round, round,” in the “Chimes?” Such overdoing as this surely “can not but make the judicious grieve.”

Now compare the crudity of the above piece of verbal trickery with the high polish and sparkle of the following bit of elegant artifice from Sheridan's wonderful elaboration of wit, “*The School for Scandal*.” It will be seen that it is still the contrasted figure of speech that gives the fine relish to the subjoined dainty morsel of literary luxury; and though it has all the studied artificiality of wit, and wants the honest geniality of delicate humor to give it the true ring of spontaneous rather than affected merriment, nevertheless, it must be confessed that the play and oscillation of the antithesis is kept up in a masterly manner, and that the whim vibrates as airily and elegantly as a shuttlecock between the battledores in skillful hands.

“SIR PETER TEAZLE.—When an *old* bachelor marries a *young* wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the *happiest of men*, and I have been the *most miserable dog* ever since! We *tift a little going to church*, and fairly quarreled *before the bells had done ringing*. I was more than once nearly choked with *gall* during the *honeymoon*, and had lost all *comfort in life* before my friends had done wishing *me joy*. Yet I chose with caution—a *girl bred wholly in the country*, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race-ball, though she now plays her part in all the *extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town* with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a *bush or grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square!*”—SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, Act I., Scene 2.

The “luxury” of the “one silk gown,” and the “dissipation” of the “annual gala of the race-ball,” as well as the “bush or grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square,” are nice delicate touches of wit, though out of the contrasted form.

As another illustration of the *contrary* form of wit, we may cite those paradoxical maxims which startle us with their opposition to common opinion, and yet with their truthfulness to a certain kind of debased nature, as, for instance, when Rouchefoucauld defines *gratitude* to be “a lively expectation of favors *to come*,” and Talleyrand explains *speech* to be the faculty given to man as the means of *concealing* his real thoughts and feelings.

which are connected with states of mental excitement, and the understanding of the latter subject has, in its turn, fitted us, in a measure, for the due comprehension of the charms which spring from our instinctive longing for a state of mental ease. Before we can desire or feel the delights of ease, however, we must exist in some state of uneasiness. Rest and repose are pleasurable to us only after violent exertion and consequent fatigue, even as exercise itself is especially charming after long rest and consequent tedium. So, again, before we can feel satisfied, we must have hungered; there must have been a precedent craving in order to enjoy that thorough contentment of soul which is a necessary consequence of the perfect appeasement of the previous longing. We must therefore, Ben, set about discovering what this state of mental uneasiness is, that corresponds with the bodily uneasiness of appetite, as well as with the wearisomeness of physical fatigue; we must do this before we can get thoroughly down to the source of the delight which comes from the allaying of the uneasy feeling. Now, though we are gladdened by change, or *slight* differences, and agreeably astonished by the perception of *extreme* differences among things, we are, on the other hand, disgusted by any mere heterogeneous chaos or confused tangle of ideas and objects. The transitions from one state of mind to the other, which make us so delighted with change and variety, must, in order to delight us, be essentially *rhythmical*, as it were; that is to say, there must be a mellifluence, or nice gradation about it, or else it would not correspond with that series of gentle and congenial muscular actions which is termed physical exercise. Again, the inordinate vividness of the impressions, which causes us to find so much mental pleasure in the more aston-

ishing phenomena of nature, is pleasurable principally because this same inordinate vividness serves, as it were, to let in a sudden burst of light upon the brain, and so to render the astonishing objects themselves more distinct than they would otherwise be to our hazy perceptions. But, though those things, which are extremely different, thus become extremely *distinct* when presented to the mind with all the force of collocation and consequent astonishment, nevertheless such things as are utterly heterogeneous in nature—that is to say, totally separate and disjointed—are merely rendered indistinct and confused when juxtaposed; and thus, instead of gaining extra light from the juxtaposition, they really appear even more confounded than they naturally are, and so become more obscure, while the increase of the natural obscurity serves to make such perceptions as hateful to us as darkness itself. There must be some principle of coherence, lad—some slight thread on which to string the beads of our thoughts and perceptions—some fine connecting bond of common sense to unite the series, otherwise the irrelevant sequence has all the incomprehensibility of nonsense, and the wild chaos of ideas all the incoherence of madness; than which, perhaps, there is nothing so maddening to attend to. True mental uneasiness, then, springs from that state of perplexity and bewilderment, that sense of confoundedness and distractedness of mind, which we experience whenever the thoughts appear to run wild, as it were, and to crowd upon the brain with all the inconsequence of delirium, and all the disorder and unconnectedness of *over*-excitement or phrensy. Thus, lad, you perceive by what fine shades and gradations the rainbow hues of the emotions pass into one another. A slight difference or change produces the pleasur-

able feeling of mental exercise. A wide and marked difference or contrast occasions the livelier pleasure of mental excitement, whereas total dissimilarity and disconnection give rise to *over*-excitement and that consequent uneasy state which is termed mental perplexity or bewilderment."

"Yes, I can see it as you explain it now," ejaculated the youth.

"Well, it is often the case, Ben, when any thing very extraordinary is presented to the mind, that the astonishment occasioned by the perception of it is succeeded by a state of *wonder*, and this is literally the dwelling or fond and lovely lingering of the soul over the object which has excited its admiration.* But this tendency to linger over the admirable and extraordinary naturally sets the intellect speculating as to the cause or special excellence of the rare event or object before us; and then, if the wonder can not be satisfied, if the marvel can not be explained, if the rarity be utterly unlike any thing ever seen before, and there be no apparent means of learning whence it came, or how it happened, or to what type it belongs, then, I say, such a veil of mystery seems to us to envelop it, and such a jostling crowd of idle speculations concerning it keep rushing into the brain—such a chaos of incoherent conjectures at once encumber and confound the reason, that as the mind attends to one vague

* The primitive meaning of the Latin root *miror in admiratio* is to be found in the Armoric word *Mirez*, to hold, stop, dwell; and whence comes the Fr. *Demeurer*, and our *Demur*, and *Moor* (as a ship). So the Anglo-Saxon *Wondrian*, to wonder, is connected with our old English word to *wone*, to dwell (Sax. *Wennan*); and *Wont*, custom. The primary sense of *astonishment*, on the other hand, is that *stunning* of the mind which is produced by any loud noise or *din*, such as *thunder* and other *astounding* phenomena.

surmise after another, and still finds no clew to the tangle, no resting-place in the wilderness, and sees not a solitary star-speck of light glimmering through the darkness of the clouds — why then the wonder-stricken are lost in a worrying maze of bewilderment, as it is called, and grow restless under the uneasiness of the perplexity that fetters their understanding, while they are devoured by a positive craving of curiosity that keeps gnawing and gnawing at the soul, like the eagle at the heart of poor struggling Prometheus chained to the rock. The mental action which accompanies a state of perplexity, then, you will perceive, lad, is essentially different from the movement of the mind in a state of exercise: in the latter state the thoughts flow naturally and steadily onward, but in perplexity there is no advance, but merely that mental oscillation or vacillation — that continued shifting backward and forward, to and from the perplexing object, which is always connected with doubt and distraction. It is this protracted flutter of the mind, this unpleasant palpitation of the soul, as it were, this spasmodic throb of thought in the state of doubt that makes the feeling so distressing to us all, and which gives it its principal uneasiness, while the uneasiness itself excites in us the same yearning and gnawing as a bodily craving to appease it. It is, indeed, a mental appetite, that hunger of the intellect for some object that will satisfy it; that yearning for knowledge and enlightenment, which is termed *curiosity* when stirred by the more trivial riddles and puzzles of life, and *philosophy* when moved by the great mysteries of nature itself. Hence you can easily understand, lad, that whatever serves to allay the great intellectual want of our minds becomes as palatable to our brain as even food or drink to the hungry or thirsting body — ay,

and it leaves behind it the same sense of satisfaction and contentment as we feel when the bodily appetite is thoroughly appeased. Any thing, therefore, which tends to clear up our doubts; to unravel, be it never so little, the tangled skein of circumstances encompassing our lives—to give us the least enlightenment in the pitchy darkness of the world's mysteries, is as delightful and comforting to the bewildered and troubled intellect as the allaying of bodily anguish and bodily fatigue, for it brings sweet relief to the aching brain, blessed mental rest to the mentally weary."

"Strange, isn't it, uncle, that there should be the same appetites in our mind as there are in our body," remarked the little fellow, "and that we should feel the same want for knowledge as we do for food!"

The old man scarcely heard the boy's remark, however, for he was too much absorbed in his subject to be diverted from the continuity of his own thoughts; so on he went: "Now it is the delight and soothing repose of the soul that we feel in states of mental satisfaction that is the main cause of the transcendent charms we find in the contemplation of perfection itself: a perfect circle even, for instance; a perfect crystal without flaw or speck; a perfect face, with all the features in due proportion, finely chiseled, and radiant at once with health, cheerfulness, intelligence, and kindness; a perfect human form, exquisitely modeled, perfect in its symmetry and the fine flowing outline of the limbs, and perfect in the grace of its gestures, and the lithesome ease of its actions; or, indeed, a perfect any thing, even up to the one transcendent Perfection—the perfection of all perfection—God himself. Indeed, not only does the feeling of perfect mental satisfaction give rise to the pleasure we find in

perfection of all kinds, and hence lie at the very root of our love of beauty, but it is evident that we never feel mentally satisfied with any thing so long as we can discover any imperfection, any defect or blemish in it; and the dissatisfaction we feel at the perception of any defect or blemish is a state of mental uneasiness that greatly annoys and irritates the mind. Even a button off a coat is particularly vexing to the eye; a thing out of straight, out of square, or out of truth, as carpenters say; a book with a page of the text torn out; a set of some great author's works wanting one volume, and so on—these are things that it is impossible to be pleased with, and *that* simply because the mind can not exist in a state of satisfaction and contentment so long as the sense of the want is impressed upon it. There must be absolute integrity of all the parts, otherwise the detection of the smallest deficiency will be sure to change the beauty into an ugliness, the paragon into a deformity; for deformity itself is only an excessive variation from that type which is considered to be the perfect form of things. So, again, we delight in any thing which seems to give us that perfect understanding, or grasp of all the parts, or thorough sense of a subject which is called the comprehension of it; even as, on the contrary, we hate what conveys no sense at all to us, or, in other words, is utter nonsense to our minds. It is, indeed, from the mental satisfaction that we feel upon the solving of any mystery, and the removing of the natural uneasiness of perplexity, that such high delight is found in the study of natural philosophy by those minds which are struck by the mighty mystery of the world about them; and even though the light afforded by the study be but as feeble as that cottager's lamp yonder, shooting the golden spider-threads of its

rays far into the darkness of the distance, yet there is the same charm in the study to the thoughtful man as that earth-star has to the wanderer in the night; for to the intellectual miner, working deep under the surface, the faintest ray is sufficient for continuing the toil. Besides, there is a fine, rich, and sombre beauty, lad, in the 'clear obscure'—in that mere glimmer of light which simply serves, as Milton grandly says, to make the darkness visible; and if philosophy does but make out to us the black background of infinite space and infinite distance, frowning between the tiny star-points of its small discoveries—like the vast endless cavern of the incomprehensible—there is still a solemn and deep beauty in contemplating the fine, massive, and unfathomable darkness, that walls in the world of man's knowledge, and looking into it, as one loves to try and fathom with the eye the unfathomable depths of the great ocean itself, even while we wonder, wonder, and wonder, as we strain the sight till the tears come, what is at the bottom of it all.

"Again," he proceeded, "the pleasure that is found in clever theories and lucid explanations, in happy illustrations and apt examples, proceeds from the same source—the love of light in darkness, the love of rest after weariness. Now I pointed out to you before, Ben, that a sense of incoherence and disconnectedness among a number of consecutive things distracts and, indeed, half maddens us, even as a sense of heterogeneousness and confusion among a multiplicity of coexistent things tends, in its turn, to throw the mind into almost the same confusion as the objects themselves. So, on the contrary, a sense of coherence and natural order in the succession of events and ideas, or a sense of systematic arrangement and

fitness among coexistent objects, inordinately delights us, and it does so simply by removing the distress of mind which is necessarily consequent upon the opposite impression. What tidiness is among housewives, classification is among philosophers—the mere orderly arrangement of things. A large part of natural science consists merely in grouping objects together into genera and species, orders and varieties; and these are merely so many separate pigeon-holes, as it were, for the convenient sorting of the ‘notes’ of the brain, so that one may be able to lay hold of any missing memorandum in a minute. By these means the mental and natural chaos of the world to ignorant eyes is brought into something like the order that the Almighty has impressed upon creation, and the mind enabled to look down, almost from the very altitude of heaven itself, and take something like an angel’s broad view of the universe and its infinite variety of phenomena. And it is the vast comprehension and clear-sightedness that the mind thus obtains from philosophic teachings which serve to give the highest mental satisfaction to the student. By this means the very rocks and stones have been, as it were, numbered and labeled; every beast in the field and forest, every bird, and, indeed, every tiny insect in the air and among the grass; every fish, ay, and almost every animalcule in the water, has been studied and allotted its due place in creation; every flower in the hedgerow, too, in the garden, in the desert, and on the mountain top; every tree, shrub, and herb on the earth, down even to every little piece of moss and weed on the rocks and ruins; every shell upon the shore; every little star in the sky; every lump of matter in the world; every crystal form found in the caves; every bit of metal in the mines; every gas in the atmosphere; every

color, every hue, and every form; every bend and motion of the light; every force and power at work in the universe; every country, every sea, and almost every river, mountain, and town, over the whole globe; every bone, muscle, blood-vessel, nerve, gland, and organ throughout the body, ay, and almost every feeling and faculty that there is in the mind, have all been noted, scanned, described, and duly mapped out, and that so lucidly that the intellect can see with an eagle glance, as it soars high into the air, the whole of the world, the whole of life, ay, and almost the whole of the universe at once. Nor is this all: the very order of events themselves, the secret machinery and almost mainspring of the movements of the planets, and our own earth and moon, have all been laid bare, and the endless chapter of accidents of which life and nature appear to the vulgar to be composed have been shown to be part of one mighty system, where all is harmony and proportion, law and order, and where the music of the spheres is but the resonance of the universal concord of things—the very breath of heaven, breathing a fine suggestive sweetness into the thrilling chords of Nature's grand Æolian harp."

THE PLEASURES OF MENTAL HABITS.

"And now, uncle," said the boy, as his godfather paused once more on coming to the end of the subject, "you've got only the pleasure of mental habit to explain, haven't you?"

The old man answered, "Yes, lad, that follows next, certainly; but after that there will still be the pleasures that proceed from our perception of artistic power, both in man and the great Creator of all things. Now, my little fellow, do you remember what I told you was the special function of habit? Let me hear."

“Oh yes, uncle,” spoke out the boy, as he turned round and looked his godfather full in the face, smiling the while with the simple pride of his heart at the knowledge he felt within him; “you said habit rendered that which was at first irksome to do, pleasurable after a time to perform, and you said, too—”

“That will do, good fellow,” interrupted the tutor, with a pressure on the boy’s plump palm that whispered a volume of fine pleasant things into his heart; “*that* is sufficient for us to bear in mind at present—except, indeed, you should recollect also what I told you at the time was the wondrous character of the change wrought by habit. You should remember that the mere continued *repetition* of an act can render it, however difficult and distasteful at first, easy and congenial to us at last; that it can transform pain into pleasure, labor into comparative pastime, and give to the most arduous voluntary actions all the simplicity and insensibility of mere clock-work.”

“I remember it well, unky, dear,” added young Ben.

“Well, then, lad,” proceeded the old man, “what we have now to consider is the mental pleasure that we derive from the mere principle of repetition, of which habit, or the *propensity* to repeat, is the special consequence. The first distinctive mark of the repetitive principle, then, is its *sedative* influence on the system; that is to say, its power to allay, or, rather, to deaden the pain or uneasiness connected with any violent or unusual exertion. Even the most agreeable impression, continually iterated and reiterated for a certain length of time, eventually palls upon us; for the pleasure connected with it becomes gradually weaker and weaker with the continued repetition, and ultimately passes, by fine and al-

most insensible degrees, into disgust and tedium, while it occasionally finishes by being absolutely overpowering in its offensiveness to the surfeited nature. This is the case not only with the sweets that to a child's palate are morsels of solid melting delight, yet gross sickly stuff to the more mature and refined taste of manhood, but it is the same also (as I before pointed out to you) with what is called 'monotony;' for, no matter how intrinsically beautiful the thing iterated may appear at first to the mind, the continued reiteration of it is sure, sooner or later, to produce tedium and weariness, and that even until the mind feels the same fatigue almost as the body does after long exercise, and the same disposition to lapse into that slighter form of mental coma—that soft swoon of the tired senses, from which the patient can be roused with comparatively little difficulty, and which is commonly denominated 'sleep.' Hence the *sedative* effect of certain continuously-recurrent sounds in nature: the murmur of the brooks, for instance, the throb of the water-wheel, and the lullaby of the mother; and hence the means of producing sleep artificially are all made to depend upon the lulling power of the continued repetition of the same idea, such as fancying one sees a flock of sheep going through a gate one after another, or imagining one's self to be counting some hundreds of nails successively.* Now the sense of pleasure and ease which the mind obtains from this same principle of mere

* The sleep induced by what is called "Mesmerism," or "Animal Magnetism," or "Electro-Biology," may also be cited as an instance of the comatose tendency of the long persistence of one and the same object before the mind. The hypnotic "fluid," which is supposed to pass from the agent to the patient, under such circumstances may be extracted from a prosy book, a dull sermon, a boring lecture, *et id genus omne*.

repetition appears to lie at the base of a considerable number of our purest mental delights. There must surely be an innate gratification in the simple recognition of an object, else why the special charm of an old familiar face, or even an old familiar tree, or of that group of old familiar objects which makes up the happy integrity of some old familiar haunt? Granted every such object is mantled with green associations as thickly as the old church with its clustering ivy, and that the sight of them revives some bright and lovely memory, one after another, till the brain buzzes with the golden bits of life like to a hive of bees; and granted, too, that this mere movement of the associations in the mind is, as I said before, sufficient to account for a large portion of the mental delight felt under such circumstances; still, that the simple recognition of the old things and places has a charm of its own, apart from any pleasure associated with the objects themselves, is proved by the attraction that the mere repetitive processes of art have for even the commonest minds. This is shown in the delight the vulgar feel in mere imitation—in the shadow of the rabbit on the wall, in which the baby itself finds pleasure; in mimicry of manners and tones—in pictorial representations of ‘still life’—in ‘striking likenesses’—in perfect copies of any kind, or models—and even in the continually-recurring chorus to a song, as well as the impressive burden of some plaintive ballad, or the perpetually reiterated ‘gag-words’ of the mummers on the stage. Again, we all know how intense a pleasure there is in the repetition of a favorite air, and how the people of some countries are stirred to the very depths of their souls on hearing some pet piece of their national music when far away from their home and fatherland.

mark, Ben, in the passage I am going to quote to you, with what fine force, owing to its continued recurrence, the term *sleep* seems to strike upon the ear, and to keep ringing in the mind as solemnly as a tolling bell.

“ ‘Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep* no more !

Macbeth does murder *sleep*, the innocent *sleep* ;

Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

‘*Lady Macbeth.*

What do you mean ?

‘*Macbeth.* Still it cried, *Sleep* no more ! to all the house :

Glamis hath murder'd *sleep*, and therefore Cawdor

Shall *sleep* no more. Macbeth shall *sleep* no more !’

“ There is not perhaps a grander instance of poetic and tragic power to be found in the literature of any age or any country than this, lad,” added Uncle Benjamin. “ The sleeplessness of the murderer is here enforced in so masterly and vigorous a manner, and there is such a fine supernatural and ghostly tone given to the words with which the murderer's brain is ringing, together with a dash of such exquisite beauty to relieve it in the lovely images of the continually-recurring sleep, sleep, that it becomes at once as touching and terrible a passage as was ever penned by human hand.”

The uncle had been so rapt in the beauty of his favorite author that he was obliged to reflect for a minute as to “ whereabouts he was ” before he could take up the thread of his argument. “ Oh yes, I remember,” he exclaimed, half to himself, “ I was pointing out to you, lad, the delight we experience from the mere repetition of the same impressions upon our minds. Well, Ben,” he went on, as cheerily as ever, “ it is the mere pleasure of recognizing the same quality or thing under different circumstances that makes us find such a

special charm in the perception of resemblances either in poetic figures or scientific analogies, or even the fables and allegories of literature and the parables of Scripture. In the vivid state of astonishment, you know, we are struck by the same thing appearing to us under widely different circumstances, or in association with something that is diametrically opposite from what we expected, so that the perception of the marked difference seizes and impresses itself upon the mind with all the vividness of an emotion. In the perception of resemblances, on the contrary, it is not the unexpected *difference* of the association with one and the same object, but the perception of an unexpected *resemblance* between two *different* objects; the detection of one and the same quality inhering in two things that were utterly distinct in our minds; the discovery of a point of unity where there is apparently such utter variety, that fastens itself upon us with such force and startling beauty. Take, for instance," said Uncle Benjamin, after a moment's consideration, "Shakespeare's lovely figure of early morning peeping over the hills, as given in the line

"'Jocund day stands *tiptoe* on the misty mountain top.'

What a fine bit of painting is this, and what exquisite delight bursts upon the brain with the perception of the analogy! Still, I *must* quote to you, lad, the sweetest simile that is to be found throughout the entire range of poetry, and which gives us the most graceful conception of unity in diversity that was ever achieved by art. Mark, too, how beautifully the idea of *oneness* in two distinct beings is enforced by the continued echo of the word.

"'Oh, and is all forgot?'

(says Helena, in the Midsummer Night's Dream):

'We, Hermia
 Have with our needs created both *one* flower,
 Both on *one* sampler, sitting on *one* cushion,
 Both warbling of *one* song, both in *one* key,
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
 Two lovely berries moulded on *one* stem;
 So, with two seeming bodies, but *one* heart.'

“Moreover, it is this perception of agreement between two different notes—the felt union of the vibrations, at frequent and regular intervals, between two musical sounds beating different times—which makes up the delightful perception of musical harmony, even as proportion among numbers is but the same perception of agreement between the different ratios; the expression 2 : 4 :: 6 : 12, for instance, signifies merely that four is double two, and twelve double six; or, rather, that the same multiple (2) is common to each of the two ratios. Again, order among a number of coexistent objects is merely the perception of a certain agreement about their arrangement, or, in other words, a sense of uniformity as to different positions they occupy; and this may be either the order of regular intervals, regular lines, regular figures, or of what is called congruity, that is to say, of that fit and proper collocation which belongs to natural or convenient association. And so, in the succession of events, it is but the same perception of agreement in the sequence of different phenomena that constitutes what is called the order of nature; for even the perception of cause and effect itself, so far as the natural beauty of the idea is concerned, is but the mental conviction we feel that the sequence of the two distinct events will be the same to the end of all time.

Farther, it is the like faculty of perceiving the analogies of things that gives us our sense of law in nature, and which confers upon us that power of generalization in science which is the high-minded equivalent of idealization in art; that power of typification rather than individualization, or realization, as it is termed (for the latter belongs to the imitative and reproducing form of talent rather than the creative faculty); that inward referring of all things to the spiritual 'form' that exists in the imagination; that mental regarding of the particular thing or event, not as a disjointed or disconnected and isolated individual body, but as part of a vast and grand whole—a single thread unraveled from a mighty net-work; a little fragment, let us add, out of the great kaleidoscope, which, if we will but twist and turn it over and over with the rest, is sure to tumble into the most perfect form—the choicest symmetry. Indeed," the old man proceeded, "it is this perception, lad, of uniformity in variety—this simplification of complexity—this sense of universal oneness pervading even universal infinity itself, which enables the mind almost to comprehend the incomprehensible. It is, as it were, the one indivisible and unalterable soul, giving the sense of identity and perpetual unity, amid all the changes of years, to the entire body of the universe. The faculty of comprehension enables us to grasp, even in the narrow compass of our nutshell skulls, the endless expanse of the universe itself, and to stow away, within the tiny honey-comb cells of our brains, all the infinite variety of worlds beyond our own, and all the same infinite variety of different objects, elements, forces, and forms of life and beauty that make up the vast complex globe on which we live. Then, as if the very conference of this wondrous power on our

souls was not sufficient bounty, the Almighty has superadded the mighty sense to enjoy it, and to feel the exquisite mental delight that has been made to spring from the use of the faculty itself—to find delight in that wondrous and delicious state of ease and rest, of satisfaction, contentment, ay, and thankfulness, which laps the spirit in a perfect waking trance of admiration.

“But, though the faculty of comprehension can do this for us, the faculty of analogy, or the perception of uniformity in variety, in no way lags behind. It is this which is the mental sunshine of the world—for it is not alone the light, but the very beauty of the brain; this which puts together the disjointed fragments of the great puzzle, and makes a lovely picture of it after all; this which tunes the jarring strings of the instrument into the grandest harmony; this which blends the little broken bits of color scattered over the earth into a rainbow ring, where the greatest diversity melts by insensible degrees in the sweetest unity; this which sets the house in order, and decorates it with its choicest ornaments; this which is the golden thread of light stretching from heaven to earth, and uniting the world of wonder in a water-drop even with the world of wonder in the stars; this which wreathes the straggling wild flowers of seeming accidents into a cunning garland of exquisite design; this which gives the fine touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, and links all men, nations, and races into one band of brotherhood, hand joined to hand, till the globe itself is circled with the human chain; this, in fine, which makes the charm of all reason, the delight of all poetry, the grace of all philanthropy, the glory of all chivalry, the dignity of all art, and, indeed, the very beauty of all the beauty that encompasses the world.”

THE PLEASURES OF ART.

“The pleasure produced by works of art comes now, I think you said,” observed the youth, as he found his uncle pause for a minute or two.

“It does, Ben; and, to understand this, we must revert for a short while to the special qualities of the sense of effort,” replied the old man. “You remember, my boy, that I told you effort was mostly irksome and occasionally painful; while, if long sustained, it was fatiguing, and ultimately overpowering; for effort means that *violent* or *laborious* exertion of our powers which is necessary to master some heavy task, or overcome some great difficulty. The moderate exercise of the power within us is, however, by no means disagreeable to us, as, indeed, we have seen in the simple pleasure derived from gentle physical exercise itself. There is assuredly an innate delight in making our muscles answer, as they do, immediately to the dictates of our will—the same kind of delight as you find, Master Ben, in making a boat answer readily to its helm, or a steed to the bridle; and this inherent gratification can often be noted in the smiles of a baby, as it begins to learn the use of its tiny hands, and in the little peals of hearty laughter that burst out when it begins to find it can toddle a few paces alone. It is this delight in one’s power, too, which makes up the large human pleasure of success, though success itself is so often connected with the attainment of some worldly good that the simple charm of succeeding is generally inflamed into an exulting emotion of joy at our own worldly prosperity. Nevertheless, our sporting friend could have told you, lad, the pleasure there is to be found in merely hitting the mark one aims at; in sending an arrow pat into the bull’s-eye; in throwing a pen-

ny piece into the air, and striking it with a bullet as it falls; in snuffing a candle with a dueling-pistol; in walking along particular cracks in the pavement, or balancing a straw upon the nose, or even in mastering the slightest possible difficulty. It is the simple stimulus of gaining such poor triumphs as these that stirs people to take to practicing the arduous physical feats indulged in by your tight-rope dancers, posturers, equilibrists, circus-riders, sleight-of-hand men, and so on, and this also which makes the vulgar find such intense delight in the exhibition of such feats of bodily agility. Indeed, every one is charmed with any work of 'skill' or subtlety, either of fingers, limbs, or brain; for we are pleased not only with the exercise of our own power, but even with the display of power in others. Nevertheless, to be impressed with the full force of this kind of enjoyment, two things are essential: one is, that we should have a perfect sense of the difficulty of the task, and the other, of comparative ease in accomplishing it. If there be no sense of difficulty, of course there will be no sense of power in the mastering of it, for it is merely the opposing force without that makes us conscious of the action of the force within. Indeed, it is this feeling of opposition from without which gives us our sense of effort itself. But this sense of effort—this sense which is made up of the double consciousness of hard external resistance to our will, and of strenuous internal exertion and determination to crush the obstacle to our wishes—is by no means an agreeable feeling, or one that consorts with our nature; nay, it is obvious that it must be *antagonistic* to it. Hence the enjoyment we derive from the exercise of power lies, not in the *act* of overcoming the difficulties, but in the *fact* of their being overcome; and therefore,

the easier the work is done, that is to say, the greater the work which has been done, and the less sense of labor we have in the doing of it, the greater the enjoyment we experience regarding it. This is the reason why a sketch is often more beautiful to us than a highly-finished miniature or elaborate Dutch painting; for, in the one, the effect is often gained by one bold stroke, as it were, while in the other we can see the million finikin touches that have been niggled into it. It is this sense of ease, combined with power, that makes freedom of execution always so pleasant, even as it is the opposite idea of fatigue that renders elaboration so disagreeable to us, as well as the performances of posture-masters and tight-rope dancers so unpleasant to refined natures, owing to the sense of painfulness or danger that they force upon us. Do you understand, my little man?"

"I think I can, a bit," was the diffident reply. "But, uncle, what has this to do with the pleasure we get from looking at works of art? There isn't any power wanted for art, is there? for I'm sure the artist we saw was a weak little man enough."

"The meaning of the word art, my dear boy, is simply power, even as an *in-ert* man means a man without power or energy," answered the tutor.

"But I thought art meant cunning," urged young Ben.

The uncle replied, "And so it does; like *craft*, which, however, signifies literally creation or sagacity.* But cunning, my lad, is simply *kenning*

* The Saxon word *Craeft* signified power, force, intelligence. The Germans, Swedes, and Danes have the same word, written *Kraft*, and meaning power, strength, or energy. The British equivalent for this is *Crev*, strong, and this is connected with the Welsh verb *Crëu*, to create (Lat. *Creo*), and with *Crafu*, to hold, comprehend, perceive; whence *Crafus*, sagacious, of quick perception.

or knowing; and knowledge is power—intellectual power—the power within us; the innate power of our souls and will, made to act through the muscles of our mind rather than through those of our body. The muscles are merely the instruments with which we work—the visible and palpable tools we employ to overcome some physical difficulty, while the intellect, the imagination, the wit, the reason, are the invisible and impalpable weapons with which we conquer mental obstacles.”

“Oh, I see now,” murmured Ben.

“Well, then, lad, to appreciate—to thoroughly and fully enjoy any work of high art,” the godfather went on, “we must be conscious of the inordinate power of the artist; that is to say, we must feel at once the inordinate difficulty of doing such work, and the inordinate ease with which the work has been done.”

“But how can I feel all this, uncle, if I don’t know what the difficulty was that the artist had to get over, and whether he did the work readily or not?” argued the pupil.

“Of course you can’t feel it if you have no knowledge of the matter, Ben; and if you are insensible to the high art of the artist, of course you can’t expect to have any high enjoyment from his works;” such was the simple reply. “It is the same with the vulgar, my little man—and there are vulgar rich, remember, as well as vulgar poor—they are utterly dead and numb to one of the purest, sweetest, and cheapest delights of human life, and that simply because they have no sense of art or artist in the great artistic works of the world. To them a gallery of fine paintings is merely a collection of pretty eye-toys, and it delights them about as much as a child is delighted with the pictures of a magic-lantern; a fine work

of fiction is to them nothing more than a pleasant dream; a fine poem simply a mellifluous succession of pretty images and flowery figures; and a fine piece of music a mere agreeable tickling of the tympanum. Such folk have no more elevated gratification from the contemplation of works of art than they have from the taste of a dainty dish set before them. They see the canvas only, Ben, and not the artist at the back of it; they look upon the bright bits of nature without any sense of the God that created them; and hence the tendency of all art, with low artists who work to please the vulgar, is to sink into mere *pretty subjects*.* With the higher craftsmen, however, pret-

* This subject-painting rather than art-painting is the great pictorial vice of the day, and a signal evidence of mediocrity in the painters who resort to it. Of course, if a man have not innate power enough to impress others with that admiration of his genius which makes up the true art-reverence, he must adopt some *extrinsic* method of producing an effect, seeing that he has no *intrinsic* merit of his own whereby to compass it. A tricky subject is chosen merely as the means of hiding impotent art. When a painter finds he can not paint to please the choice critical few who demand the display of something like power in a picture, why then he begins to paint to please the vulgar, purblind many, who have no sense of artistic power even when it is set before them, and to whom a picture is *only* a picture.

“A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

It is the same with the *powerful* subjects of the French school. Details that are naturally disgusting, of course, stir the soul more or less on being contemplated, and the emotion thus produced by the mere natural action of the disgusting details *themselves* the indiscriminate mind fancies to have proceeded from the power of the artist *himself*, whereas such subjects as are naturally “powerful” and “stirring” are a sure sign of weakness in the man who selects them. Depend upon it, the individual who has, and *feels* he has, the true artist power within himself, always strives to bring the power of his picture out of *himself*, and hates to produce a “powerful” ef-

tiness of subject obtains little or no consideration. The artistry of a thing—that is to say, its fitness

by resorting to subjects that are “powerful” *per ipsa*. The trickster, however, who has no capital to trade upon, *must* get credit by hook or by crook; and if he can not have what he wants, by honest means, out of the experienced and knowing, why he must, perforce, fly to the “yokels,” and obtain his fame under false pretenses. As examples of this tawdry, trumpery, loathsome, canting, sniveling, driveling, “stirring,” “charming,” “elevating,” “reclining,” teachy-preachy, inert kind of art, we may remind the reader of the band of abbey singing-boys in night-gowns, represented as bawling “**WE PRAISE THEE, O LORD.**” Then there is the sublime bit of devotion in false colors called “**READING THE SCRIPTURES,**” where we have a Quaker and his wife seated at a loo-table, on which is an outspread Bible and a glaring sinumbral lamp! “**THE ELEVENTH HOUR**” is another specimen of the modern Cantesque style of painting. Then there is also the Sentimentesque school of art, done to please the young ladies and their dear mammas; such as we find in the sea-pieces of “**MY CHILD! MY CHILD!**” and its “lovely companion,” entitled, “**THEY’RE SAVED! THEY’RE SAVED!**” and also “**THE WANDERER’S RETURN.**” The last, however, is really too rich, as an illustration of the sniveling, driveling school of painting, to pass by with merely a cursory notice. This picture consists of a weeping young lady on her knees in a church-yard beside a mound of earth, at the head of which is a grave-stone inscribed as follows: “**SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF SARAH, THE BELOVED WIFE OF THE REV. HABBAKUK BELL, MANY YEARS RECTOR OF THIS PARISH,**” etc., etc.; so that by this clever and delicate stroke of suggestive art we are made to understand that the pretty young lady on her knees, with her bonnet half off, and a tear-drop on her cheek as big as the pendant to a French fish-woman’s ear-rings (in order to give us a double idea of the intense mental anguish of the poor dear), is Miss Rosa Matilda Bell herself. Then we are farther let into the pictorial secret by means of a bouncing babby—which Miss R. M. Bell has, in the fury of her grief apparently, thrown headlong (poor thing!) upon the ground beside her—that this same young lady is not only Miss Bell of the bouncing tear-drop, but Miss Bell of the bouncing babby too; and that she is no less a person than *the* “Wanderer” to whom the picture refers. Now the artist, in true parsonic style, having divided his pictorial text into three words, and illustrated two of them, proceeds in due form to

for displaying the peculiar power of the artist—is sufficient for them, and hence even ugliness it—

—“thirdly, and lastly”—illustrate the final word of the “title,” viz., to make out the *return*. This is achieved also in the highest style of true Sentimentesque painting. In the background of the picture is shown the open church-yard gate, with the path leading to the darling old ivied rectory in the distance; and down this pathway we see an elderly clerical-looking gentleman, with long silver hair, and apparently a touch of gout in his left leg, coming along, with his head bent and his eyes shut, as if he were about to say “grace before dinner;” and whom we no sooner set eyes upon than we feel satisfied, though we never saw the rev. gentleman before in all our lives (and never wish to do so again, we may add aside), that it is no less a person than the Rev. Habbakuk Bell himself; for the black hat-band so dexterously thrown round his broad brim tells us, or rather let us say *hints* to us, in the most subtle and poetic manner, that the rev. gentleman is free to indulge in a second marriage Bell if he please; and that “Sarah, the beloved,” whose virtues are recorded on the tomb-stone that sticks up, like a sign-post, right in the front of the picture, was *his* beloved Sarah. Nor is this all: accompanying the disconsolate and gouty Rev. H. Bell (“many years rector of this parish”) is a young lady whom the same pictorial instinct assures us, directly we see her, is another of “*them* blessed Bells,” as the servants say, and that she has discovered her naughty sister Rosy in the church-yard, and induced the silver-hair Bell to hobble down there and forgive her, now that she *has* “returned”—after an absence of eleven months at least.

Now this is the worst possible style of art—this, we repeat, sniveling, driveling, loathsome, canting, stirring, charming, elevating, “refining,” preachy-teachy style as it is, and compared with which the fine honest old tea-board school is a manly achievement. Belonging to this class, again, are the “pretty-story” pairs of prints, such as “THE DEPARTURE” and “THE RETURN,” as well as “GOING WITH THE STREAM” and “GOING AGAINST THE STREAM.” Under the same trashy category, too, must be named “THE HEART’S MISGIVINGS,” and the “LAST APPEAL,” and “CROSS PURPOSES,” *et id genus omne*. Such pictures, again, as “WAITING FOR THE VERDICT,” and your “RAMSGATE SANDS,” and “DERBY DAYS,” and “FOUND DROWNED,” are no more painting than reporting all the minute incidents of her majesty’s trip to Scotland is either a poem, a drama, or a romance. Again,

self is often selected as the material to be adorned by them ; for, in the fairy work of true art, the

the "*profound*" touches of other artists belong to the same kind of trick-art, such as Holman Hunt's cut apple lying in the foreground, which is shown to be *rotten at the core* (how subtle !), and Herbert's "*CHRIST IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP*," with the fallen planks arranged *in the form of a cross at his feet* (how suggestive !)—all which we are told is so "*wonderfully deep*." Such clap-trap stuff as this has no more right to rank with the achievements of high art, than has one of Tom Hood's rude sketches, where the pencil was always made to convey an idea of some sort, ay, and oftener a much more cunning idea than such mere surface tricks as those above described. How different was it with the really grand men of former times ! In Rubens' "*DESCENT FROM THE CROSS*," for instance, that we see at Antwerp Cathedral, there is no petty artifice to give us a show of profound thinking, but only a display of profound picturesque perception, and profound power and grace in rendering it. The man straining over the top of the cross, with the end of the winding-sheet between his teeth, as he helps to lower the dead body from above ; the huddled form of the calm and dignified corpse itself ; and the soldier on the ladder assisting to support the heavy, powerless limbs—these are all given with such intrinsic force, and such utter absence of extrinsic trick, while the "*powerful*" details, that in the hands of a poor painter would have been exaggerated to loathsomeness, are here so finely subdued and veiled, that we feel, the instant we look upon it, we are standing in the presence of a mighty artistic mind. So, again, what wonderful vigor of drawing and portrayal of the human form—in a position that it was impossible to have had a model to sit for, mark—is exhibited in the "*CRUCIFIXION OF ST. PETER*" with his head downward, by the same master ! and yet the end is compassed without a touch of revolting or "*stirring*" minutiae in the means. Farther, what subject can be less pretty or even nice than Gerard Dow's "*WATER DOCTOR?*" and yet, was it the prurience of such a subject, think you, that tickled the great Dutch artist, or the fine play of light in the beam through the window—the lustre of the upheld bottle as the sun falls on it—and the wonderful scrutiny in the upturned face of the old doctor himself ? Such subjects are purely picturesque ones, and those who see only the opposite in them have no sense of the picturesque in nature, nor any soul for art, either in the works of man or God. The same thing may be said

Beauty can be wed to the Beast, and yet none feel offended at the marriage. Take the works of of Rembrandt's grand picture of "THE DISSECTION." No subject could be more innately repulsive, and yet to an artistic eye none could be more picturesque, and no painting at the same time more forcible and less offensive; for the details that a French artist would have reveled in, and done to gangrene, as we have said, are finely kept in the background; the dead recumbent body being thrown aslant across the picture, and half concealed by the figures of the doctors grouped in front of it, and the raw muscles of the arm only exposed to bring out the fine rich contrast of the crimson flesh with the black gowns. What is your pre-Raphaelite pictorial-reporting beside such mighty visions as these? If the painting of every particular blade of grass, and making out of the several stamina of each little flower in the foreground, and giving the peculiar geological texture to all the foremost bits of rock—if to be "botanically and geologically true" is the great art-object, why, then, the wonderful literality and texture-work of the photograph must be infinitely finer than any landscape ever painted by Turner, Gainsborough, Hobbemer, Poussin, or Salvator Rosa himself. But the fact is, this "truth" of detail is *no* truth at all, but downright pictorial *falsity*. Why, it may be asked, should artists make out the separate blades of grass—each flower-stamen, and the peculiar rock-granulation in the foreground *only*? Why *not* in the distance also? (Do not laugh at the absurdity of such a question, but proceed.) The answer, of course, will be, The eye could not possibly see *distant* objects distinctly. No more, we add, can it see objects distinctly in the *foreground either, when it is fixed or focused* (for they are optically the same things, and metaphysically something more) *upon the principal object of attention*. If a true picture of some one scene in nature is to be painted rather than a thousand and one portraits of the thousand and one minute and insignificant details that go to make up such a scene in the broad view of the landscape, then every collateral object must be toned down to the one on which the eye is meant to *rest*, and where, and where alone (from the very focusing of the eye upon it), the great intensity of light and shade, and consequently the distinct making out of particulars, will be visible. Every artist is aware that the great difficulty is to *prevent* making out the forms and colors of known objects in the distance; or, in other words, the difficulty is to paint them as they are seen in the general view, rather than as they are

Shakspeare himself: why, the mere subjects of his finest plays—'Macbeth,' 'Othello,' 'Lear,' 'Ham-

known to be when studied by themselves. And so we say artists have yet to paint the objects in the foreground as they *really are seen* when viewed in harmony with the principal object in the picture, and *not* as they are seen and known to be when studied specially and separately. But as it is, the foreground of your pre-Raphaelite pictures is as untrue to nature, ay, and as barbarous too, as Chinese backgrounds. This portrait-painting of each simple thing in a complex mass; this reduction of all the details of a composite living landscape—that has always a special feeling underlying and spiritualizing, as well as substantializing the whole—down to the senseless literality of so many distinct items of still life; this giving us a hundred different isolate pictures of a hundred different isolate objects where only *one* picture of *one* compound object is needed; this painting of heaven knows how many disjointed groups of people in "Ramsgate Sands," for instance, and giving to every one of the manifold faces making up all the manifold little cliques there each the same marked distinctness of feature and expression as the other, and making them out to be all doing and meaning something apart from the rest (even down to the model Italian boy with the model white mice themselves), and then calling it a picture of the place, when it is no more *one* picture than is the succession of conjoint "flats" which make up a theatrical diorama, and believing that it is any thing like a composition when there is not even the vaguest attempt at fusing and interblending the rude and undigested mass or perfect chaos of divers and diverse particulars into the broad and harmonious entirety of perfect creation; in fine, this giving to accessories and subordinates the same luminous and chromatic importance, the same black and white distinctness of detail, and the same delicacy of manipulation and finish as the principal object itself; this servile copying of model legs of mutton (as Wilkie used) for pictorial legs of mutton that were merely wanted to break up the formality of the rack under the ceiling, and which the eye could not possibly have seen while looking at the main characters on the ground below—all this, we urge, is another of the crying pictorial vices, and, indeed, general artistic vices of the time. And it is one which the false doctrine of modern art-preachers is tending to drive even farther still into the mere literalities of reality, rather than to lead young artists into the ideal beauty of general nature as opposed to particular truth. Such false doctrine

let,' the 'Merchant of Venice'—are morally revolting, and such as, if enacted in the world about us now, would stir even the dullard to the highest pitch of indignation. And yet, graced by the touches of this mighty, masterly hand, the moral monstrosity becomes transformed into a high intellectual beauty; the natural loathsomeness into the finest artificial feast; even as the manure itself is changed by the subtlety of mysterious nature into food and flowers, or as blood is used in certain industrial processes to produce the highest possible refinement. So, again, I have heard the Dutchmen in our town, Ben, say that Rembrandt's great picture of the Dissection is a perfect visual banquet of color; and even though it is the most repulsive of all subjects, they assure me that the eye forgets the mangled corpse upon the canvas, and sees only, in the wondrous contrast of the crimson hues of the raw muscles of the arm, and the yellow, cadaverous complexion of the body, contrasted with the black gowns of

is a mistake, which proceeds from the fundamental mistaking of the very nature of truth itself, confounding, as it does, that which is mere fact, or mere particular, bare, bald letter-truth with law and harmony or order and fitness, which is the universal and enlightened spirit-truth of things. It is this modern artistic fallacy and consequent falsity that makes our pictures of the present day (with hardly one really grand exception) such gaudy, fluttering, butterfly bits of color for the eye to look upon, instead of being the fine, steadfast, and satisfying points of visual rest like the grand paintings of old. Compare, for instance, the sublime repose and harmony of Rembrandt's picture of the "Woman taken in Adultery," that one sees at Rotterdam, and the rich clear-obscure of its foreground, with the pictorial riot, chaos, and hard chalkiness of M'Clise's "Robin Hood," and then surely none but the purblind and the tasteless will doubt for an instant that our own great artists have for many a long year "erred and strayed from their ways like lost sheep," and, moreover, that the Shepherd of Modern Painters is not *exactly* the man to bring the flock back to the fold.

the doctors grouped about it, the soul of the painter, reveling in the fine chromatic harmony. The lollipop school of art, my boy, is the most sickly and childish of all, and tickles the taste of those only who admire a picture as they would a paper-hanging, for being a sightly covering to a blank wall."

"But, uncle," asked young Ben, who was still at a loss to comprehend why so few should be able to have a knowledge of art, "how do people ever get to be impressed with a sense of this power and ease, as you call it, in an artist. They haven't seen him doing the work, and they surely can't tell whether he found it hard or easy to do it then?"

"Indeed, Master Ben! Well, let us see," said the uncle, in reply. "The strong men you have seen, boy, in the shows at Boston fair, whirling hundredweights about their heads with the same ease as *you* would so many bladders, and bending bars of iron as if they were twigs, you knew to be men of great muscular power, because you were conscious that *you yourself* would have broken your little back before you could have lifted the heavy masses of metal *they* did, and, moreover, because you were eye-witness to the comparative ease with which *they* lifted them; that is to say, so far as your eye could detect, there was no straining to compass the effect, nor any ostensible sign of heavy labor in the work. Every one is a natural critic of such feats as these, my boy, because they know, from their own every-day experience, how infinitely the task surpasses their own physical powers. And then, if they think physical power in man an admirable thing, they will admire the mighty strong fellow; they will look up to him with a kind of half-reverence and half-love, not only because the might

that is in him is so much greater than their own might, but because of the ease, and, therefore, the comparative grace with which he accomplishes the mightiest tasks."

"I begin to see what you mean now," muttered the youth, as he chewed the cud of the problem.

"Well, lad," the other proceeded, "of physical feats most people are born critics, because the physical power in such matters is often self-evident. We all feel and know, almost instinctively and intuitively, that we couldn't swallow sabres, or jump through hoops off a galloping horse's back, or dance the Highland fling upon a wire some hundred feet high in the air amid a shower of fire-works."

The boy couldn't help smiling at the obvious truths of the argument.

"Again, Benjamin, there are other feats of skill, rather than art, that almost every person can appreciate naturally;" and as the old man said the words, the boy turned toward him, eager for the illustration. "Almost every one, for instance," said Uncle Ben, "can appreciate the art or skill of simple imitation. I do not mean merely *enjoy* the resemblance produced (since that depends, as I have shown you, on an entirely different susceptibility of our nature), but I do mean that they can have a feeling at the same time of greater or less admiration for the person producing the enjoyment; for it is this feeling of admiration—this turning of the mind toward the human cause of our delight, and having a sense of greater or less wonder at his superior power, that makes up the feeling of artistry—that is to say, of respect, and even reverence for the artist-power. The child, when it perceives the shadowy likeness of the rabbit on the wall, Ben, and finds out that the long

black moving ears, and bright white eye that keeps winking at it, are produced by its father's fingers, depend upon it, looks into its parent's face with a mixture of love and wonder, ay, and of awe and worship, as it feels its first spasm of admiration for what it doubtlessly believes then to be a work of prodigious craft and skill. The misfortune is that half—nay, lad, more than three fourths of the world never advance in artistic knowledge and sense beyond the faculty of that little child, fascinated with the wondrous piece of imitation, and thinking that work a high artistic effort which is but a mere trick of the fingers after all."

"And how do others acquire a greater knowledge, Uncle Ben?" inquired his nephew.

"Why, boy," the answer ran, "when they have had their fill of the various imitative processes in art, and wondered till they have no longer any wonder left, for the once-wonderful artists who delight in bits of 'still life' (in the painted slice of cheese, for instance, with the mouse about to gnaw it, and the jug of foaming ale with the crusty loaf behind)—for the musicians who excel in the reproduction of the cries of the entire farm-yard on the fiddle (the braying of the donkey—clucking of the hen—cackling of the geese—gobbling of the turkeys, and crowing of the cocks)—for the ventriloquists who glory in conversations with invisible old cellarmen far under ground, and imaginary bricklayers up chimneys, knocking out imaginary bricks, who delight in frying imaginary pancakes, and in sawing through imaginary logs, and uncorking and decanting imaginary bottles of wine—when, lad, we have been surfeited with these mere tricks and antics of human cunning, and found out that the powers and processes which we once believed so transcendent, because

we knew and felt they were far beyond what *we ourselves* could compass at the time, are no such very extraordinary powers after all, but that, on the contrary, in the wide range of human nature, the faculty for imitation, or the simple outside representation of a thing, is one that mere ordinary power of mind and manipulation is sufficient to compass—when we have made this discovery, I say, we go on continually widening the circle of our experience, and comparing one signal evidence of human power with another in each of the different arts, until at last we come to distinguish the giants from the pigmies on stilts—the creators from the mere reproducing creatures; and end by regarding those only as high artists who display the most inordinate power of conception and execution in their works—power that can triumph over difficulties that would be overpowering to ordinary human minds, and yet triumph over them with the greatest apparent ease and grace. As you knew the power of the strong man in the show, Ben, instinctively and intuitively, by comparing the exhibition of his power with your own power, and also with that of the most powerful men with whom you were acquainted, and then feeling that he infinitely transcended them all, so with the mental athlete; directly we are conscious of *his* power—directly we know and feel that *he* can snap the iron chain of events in nature as easily as a silk-worm's thread—that he can crush the adamantine wall of circumstance hemming in our lives as readily as a wren's nest in his grasp—that he can make the most rigid and inflexible difficulties in his path as supple as the stems of harebells—and, indeed, that, like Atlas himself, he can stir the entire world with the force of his mere will as though it were a soap-bubble in the air driven by his breath—directly we know and

feel all this, we also know and feel that we are the little motes, and he the bright and sunny beam from heaven, at once stirring and enlightening us."

"I see! I see!" exclaimed the boy, thoughtfully, as he inwardly pondered upon the high theme.

"The pleasure we experience, my little man," the uncle went on, "in contemplating works of high art, arises not only from the intrinsic beauty of such works themselves, but from that fine enjoyment which springs from the conception of the highest power exerted with the greatest ease, and therefore with the greatest grace; for high art may be defined to be the voluntary exercise of high power with little or no effort, even as the highest art is that sublime exercise of the Almighty's power which makes creation the immediate consequence of the mere expression of the Almighty will. 'And God said, *Let there be light, and there was light.*'

"This is the very majesty of all art, Ben. It is impossible for the mind to conceive any thing requiring greater power to achieve, and yet any thing achieved more readily or more sublime in its achievements. The stupendousness and loveliness of the work—the flooding of all creation in an instant with that pellucid fire-mist, which forms the broad sheet of luminous matter diffused throughout the world—the stirring of the entire universe with the undulations of the luminous ether-waves from one end of space to the other, circling and circling round the central point of rest like the rings in a pool, and flashing light every where immediately in response to the great Will—immediately, remember!—without any intervening event!—without any intermediate work or labor to compass the end!—without any machinery!—without any delay!—the grand out-

ward result following as momentarily upon the inward determination as the passing thought illuminates the countenance of man—this gives us, lad, not only a sense of the highest art, but the highest sense of art which the human intellect can ever hope to comprehend.”

The couple sat silent for a while, looking at the broad sheet of silver moonlight spread before them—looking at the million star-specks above—looking at the lights on the shore, and rapt in the great artistic wonder of light itself.

“The pleasure we derive from the love of art, therefore, my boy,” resumed Uncle Ben, after a time, “is the highest intellectual enjoyment of which the mind of man is susceptible. It at once humiliates and elevates the soul: humiliates it with a true sense of its own inferior powers and shortcomings, and elevates it also with a sense of the perfection and excellence of the artist who has overwhelmed it with admiration. It fills the mind with all the glory of the highest conquest—the noblest triumph; not the conquest of man over man, but of man over nature—the triumph of heroic genius over difficulties. Nor is there in the true love of art any envy of rivals or dread of victors, for those who are made the slaves of the conquerors are the most willing of all slaves—the most reverent of all children—the most loving of all friends. The wonder that it begets in the soul is not the wonder of mere ignorance, child, but wonder informed by all the enlightenment and beauty contained in the wondrous work itself, and made fervent, almost to worship, by the sense of perfection and power in that which overpowers it. There is no power on the earth so mighty, and yet so spiritual—so kindly and so noble as the creative power of genius. The world’s riches and nobility are weak

as bubbles beside it; heroism and martyrdom are alone kin to it in force of soul. What if the rich man is able to appropriate a manor or a park?—can he appropriate the sunlight and the shade—the color, the form, and expression of nature? He may take a goodly slice of the earth to himself, certainly, but he can not possibly buy up the beauty of the landscape; he can not, with all his riches, arrange so that he alone shall enjoy *that*, for that is God's dowry to *all* who have an eye and a soul for art, and it is only the artistic sense that can thoroughly appreciate it. What if the noble can have a legion of toad-eaters to fawn and flatter, fetch and carry for him! can not the great artist, in every art, have all the intellectual spirits in the world for *his* admiring vassals, and make them at once his very slaves and worshippers? And does the glory of a nation, think you, lie in its Buckingham and St. Albans—the pet creatures of a foolish monarch's favor, or in its Shakspeares, Newtons, Bacons, Miltons, Lelys, Purcells, and those grand patrician souls that got their patents of nobility from the Great Creator himself? No, lad; there is no equivalent power in the world to the power of genius, unless it be the moral power of the hero and the holy power of the martyr; for these three, indeed, are but kindred forms of one insuperable and transcendent force—force of mind—force of spirit—and force of soul. There is the same self-sacrificing spirit in art as in heroism; the same sacrifice of worldly riches and worldly enjoyment to the one absorbing love—the love of the beautiful and the grand; the same bravery of nature shown in the artist's sturdy fight for success; the same prowess in carving his way through the host arrayed against him, and the same chivalry displayed in his ardor to do battle for honor and beauty. Nor

is true genius deficient, on the other hand, in the fine martyr power to suffer for what it devoutly believes and reveres; to suffer itself to be gibbeted by the rest of the world as a madman or a prodigal; to suffer itself to be crucified with the scorn of purse-pride and the tyranny of worldly authority; and yet, amid all, to lift its eyes to heaven, and see only the bright spirit of perfection that it delights to suffer for."

THE PURPORT OF INTELLECTUAL PLEASURE.

The theme was no sooner ended than young Ben threw his arms about his godfather's neck, and hugged him enthusiastically as he cried, "Oh, thank you, uncle! thank you for the fine feelings you have given me;" but, though the poor little fellow tried to speak on, his heart was too full for utterance, and hysteric sobs burst out instead of words, while Uncle Ben felt a tear-drop fall warm upon his hand. Then, as the lad hid his face upon his uncle's shoulder, the old man soothed him with fondling while he said, "There, don't be shamefaced, Ben; give it vent, lad, give it vent, and it will soon pass away."

"I feel as if I had got a ball in my throat," cried the little man, in a minute or two, starting up and pressing his fingers on his windpipe. Presently he began walking rapidly up and down in front of the rock on which they had been seated, and, after a few turns, stopped suddenly in front of his godfather, as he exclaimed, with a thump of the air to enforce the speech, "I shall be an artist, uncle—I shall."

"Lad! lad! lad! how you talk!" returned the other. "Have I been speaking only to create a phrensy in you, when all I wanted was to beget a love. Say you'll be a king, boy: it's easier far, since no special genius is required for that. Say

you'll be a giant, even though you are born a pigmy; you might as well. Ah! Ben, like a hundred others in the world, you mistake a taste for a faculty, a mere developed liking for an inherent power—the power to conceive finely and execute gracefully; and this is a widely different thing from the function of merely perceiving and enjoying. All the world, if duly educated, may have the enjoyment awakened and developed in them, but the *power* can never be given to them, any more than one could give them the power of soaring like eagles when they lack the special organization of the eagle spirit and the eagle wings."

The boy hardly relished his uncle's demolition of his conceit, so he merely murmured by way of reply, "Now I suppose we have done for to-night, eh? Besides, I want to get home, and think of all you've said."

"Well, my good lad, I won't keep you long now," returned the godfather; "but we mustn't go without giving a thought respecting what we came for, Ben. You forget; what you wanted was to be set on the right road, little man, but as yet we have only *surveyed* the quiet shady lane which you called the path of intellectual pleasure, so we have still to decide whether *that* will be the cleanest, or the most agreeable, or even the shortest way to worldly happiness."

"No more we have!" ejaculated young Ben, as the omission flashed upon him; and then he suddenly added, "But my mind's quite made up, though! I mean to go *that* way through life, I can tell you, unky."

"Gently—gently! gently over the stones, boy, as the coachmen say," cried the uncle, in a tone of warning.

This made his little godson turn sharply round

and inquire, "What d'ye mean by that, Uncle Ben?"

"Why, I mean, lad," he went on, "that you'd find, before you got half through your journey, that it was sore hard traveling. It's but a *by-way* at best, Ben, and if you want to make it the high road, you'll find, sooner or later, you'll stick deep in the mire, like many others who have made the same mistake."

"I don't understand you, uncle—after all the grand things you've been saying about it, too," interposed the little fellow, growing half peevish at the crossing of his purpose.

"Why, look here! what did I tell you were the three main objects of human life?" the old man asked.

"Let me see! what *did* you say they were?" young Ben inquired of himself; "though I'm sure you've told me so many things I can't exactly remember them just now."

"Business"—began the other.

But, before he had time to finish the sentence, the boy had added "amusements and duties."

"Well, then, lad," the uncle proceeded, "as sensual pleasures (or rather the relief of the wants and uneasinesses begotten by the senses) make up the main business of life, so the intellectual pleasures should form the basis of man's mature amusement; and, kept within their due sphere, they are the lovely, grand, and pure enjoyments of our soul. If, however, we *will* make a stern business of what should be merely a fine amusement—if we *will* be at play, lad, when we should be at hard work, no matter how graceful and refining the play may naturally be—if we *will* try to live on flowers (and, remember, the flowers are the most useless, though the most beautiful of all natural objects, Ben), and *won't* seek bread, why, of

course we can't expect worldly welfare. Depend upon it, my boy, we have only to burst through the regular round of nature at any time for a whole legion of ugly imps and evil spirits to rush in upon us directly the magic circle is broken."

"Oh then, I suppose, you mean to say, uncle," interposed Master Ben, "that was the reason why the poet had taken the wrong road?"

"Of course it was," said the old man. "He was one of the many poor fellows who try to live on flowers, and who starve rather than live at the business; for, let a man be as busy as a bee, Ben—ay, and as thrifty as a bee too—he can not hive much of what the poet called the world's honey out of the buttercups and daisies strewn in our path. If the exigencies of human nature rendered poetry as crying a necessity as food and raiment; if the love of the beautiful and the good had been made an appetite, and had bred in us all the pangs of an appetite when not satisfied (instead of being merely one of the many bountiful *after*-enjoyments that we have been fitted to feel, *on* the assuagement of the appetites themselves) why, then, to have made poetry a business would have been high and noble worldly wisdom. But since the butcher will not take a lovely sonnet in exchange for a lovely leg of mutton, nor a tailor accept the finest possible ode for a superfine suit of clothes, why, the larder must be empty, Ben, and the back be poorly clad, if we *will* continue toying with the beautiful, and at the same time warring with the wise."

"But, uncle," put in the little fellow, "Shakespeare was a poet; and yet, I think, I read up in your room that at the end of his life he wasn't at all badly off, either."

"He was simply the finest and wisest poet, perhaps, the world ever saw, my good lad," the

answer ran, "and just one of the few profound geniuses that can ever make a fortune out of an art. You see, Ben, the great drawback of the artistic passion is, that it leads so many to do what you were about to do just now—mistake the mere love of art begotten in them by the grand works of others, for an inherent power existing in themselves. The intense admiration that is excited by all works of high art begets an enthusiastic love for the art-creators, and this passion again begets, in its turn, a fervent desire in the breasts of those who feel it that others should have the same enthusiastic love for *them*. So, as each art-worshiper longs in his soul to be translated from the humility of the devotee into all the glory of the idol, or, in plain English, to be regarded as a genius by the world, why, it is not a *very* difficult matter for him to cheat himself, at last, into the belief that he *is* what he wishes to be. Hence hundreds of mere *clever* folk are led to make a business of that which should be merely an elegant amusement to them; but, alas! (as in all arts it is only genius, or *inordinate natural* power that we admire and value) mere cleverness, which is simply *ordinary educated* power, becomes utterly valueless to all who have any sense of high art itself. Consequently, your mere *clever* folk find it very difficult to get a market for their wares, and thus those who should have remained amateurs—that is to say, simple art-lovers—rather than aspired to be artists or art-creators (and who would have thriven as carpenters, builders, or smiths, or as house-painters, sign-painters, or, indeed, at any calling where more skilled or educated handicraft has a value in the world), have to pay a long and heavy penalty for their folly in the shape of want, disappointment, and envy."

"Oh, I understand you now, and see what a

narrow escape *I* have had, uncle," murmured the youth. "And that was why the artist we went to was almost as poor as the poet, eh?"

The answer was, "Ay, Ben, he was truly an art-lover, and should never have been an art-creator. The poor fellow could reproduce fairly enough, lad, but reproduction in art is, unfortunately for such as he, the counterfeit coin that every true judge of the sterling metal rejects with disdain as a sham and a cheat."

"Well, but science, you said, uncle, was wisdom," urged young Ben; "so I suppose the gentleman who passed all his time in collecting insects, and in looking at them—under the telescope, I think it was—"

"Nay, nay, the microscope, lad," prompted the uncle.

"Well, the microscope, then," continued the boy, "and who spent ever such a lot of money upon the little tiddy lenses to it, I suppose *he* was wise, wasn't he? Besides, you know, he was a rich gentleman, and could afford to indulge in such an amusement."

"So could the epicure, lad; and the one only differed from the other in the fact that the pursuit was less animal and less gross," was the rejoinder. "With the epicure, eating was a lust; with the entomologist, the study of animalcular life was a hobby."

The boy inquired, "And what's a hobby, uncle?"

Uncle Benjamin gave the following answer:

"A hobby, my son, is any dry stick that big babies like to get astride, and go prancing and curveting through the great highway as proudly as if they had a genuine bit of blood to carry them along. The fools in the old May-games were always shown riding some childish wooden hobby-

horse, and the fools of modern time—who see life only as a May-game—must have their hobby to ride too. Originally the hobby-horse was a hack-horse, that used to carry the same everlasting pack upon his back, and to be perpetually traveling the same everlasting road. Then the fool got astride wooden hobbies, and rode them with all the airs of a knight-errant, eager to win his spurs in the world; and after that babies took up the amusing foolery, and went a-cock-horse on their granny's crutch, anticking along as though the wretched hobbling thing fulfilled all the functions of life. Hence, my boy, a hobby came at last to stand for any kind of senseless dead horse that will bear any amount of overriding; indeed, it is a sort of diletante clothes-horse—a thing for philosophic fops to hang their mental frippery upon. Hence, too, hobby-riding is mere childish gamboling rather than the true manly exercise of the intellect—the monkey-trick of wisdom trying to crack the hard nuts of the world; as if the ape himself had learned to play the philosopher, and delighted to put on the sage's spectacles, and try and look wise by staring hard at the puddles and the stars through the thinker's glasses."

The lad was tickled with the figure, but too intent on solving all the difficulties of the problem his uncle had set before him to do more than smile at the image it conjured up; so he said,

"Still, unky, dear, I can't understand why, if there's no necessity for a man to follow any business, he mayn't continually pursue some intellectual amusement without being looked upon only as what you call a big baby or a world's fool."

"There's only one excuse, Ben," the tutor made answer, "for a man laboring day after day at the same occupation, to the exclusion of almost every other object in life, and that is, because it is a *busi-*

ness with him; that is to say, because the exigences of human nature at once demand and enforce it. But the man upon whom nature has relaxed her grip; who has drawn a prize in the strange social lottery; who, in the great conscription forever going on to recruit the standing army of life, has escaped entering the ranks by being allowed to find a substitute to do the hard work of the battle for him—for such a man to make an amusement a *business*—for such a man to toil and labor day after day at unnecessary work, as if he were toiling and laboring for dear life itself, and that also to the exclusion of every other object in the world—this is to reverse the wise ordinations of nature, and give play to all the austerity of hard work, as well as to transform what was intended to be a sweet and graceful relief into an ugly sore and a source of endless irritation.”

“But if he *likes* to make play hard work, uncle,” again urged the pertinacious little fellow, “why shouldn’t he do so?”

“Because, Ben, life should never be entirely sacrificed to play, or, indeed, to any one pursuit except that of work,” the tutor responded. “And there is no earthly reason why we should persist in working at this one pursuit day after day, but that we want food day after day, ay, and shall want it daily when we are too old and feeble to continue daily work. Besides, my boy, if Providence, by some special and inscrutable act of grace toward us, has exempted us from the hard labor of life, and struck the iron collar of want’s bitter serfdom off our necks, He has not exempted us, at the same time, from the *duties* of life, but rather ordained that from those to whom much is given much is expected. Consequently, he who rides a hobby rides roughshod over all the soft ties of

nature, tramples under foot—like the reckless hunter dashing through a corn-field in the wild chase that he calls sport—all that was meant to comfort and sustain the suffering, and wastes, in the phrensy of his amusement, the golden means of relief to those who want. To ride a hobby, lad (even though it carry us like Pegasus up to the very grandeur of the starry universe itself), is, after all—if we are forever in the clouds—merely to sweep the cobwebs from the skies, and to soar, like an old witch upon a broomstick, far away from all that is required of us on earth itself.”

“But, Uncle Ben,” inquired his pupil, “if such pursuits are *not* hobbies—if they are really the business by which people live, then there is nothing wrong in them, I suppose?”

“So far from there being any thing wrong in them when not made the one overweening and all-absorbing amusement of a life, lad,” he answered, “they are studies that make every one who has the faculty to comprehend the wonders revealed by them feel an everlasting poem in his brain, far beyond the power of even Milton himself to shape into words; and those with whom they are a business rather than a passion, depend upon it, find such studies—even grand as they are when occasionally contemplated in the lull of the work-day world—often harden into toil that makes the brain ache again after long laboring at them; and as the mill-horse, who was kept grinding forever in one eternal circle throughout the week, found ease and delight only in *unwinding* himself, as it were, on the Sabbath by turning in precisely the contrary direction, so the study of the revolutions of the heavenly bodies lends, in its turn, an inordinate delight and grace to the round of intellectual pleasure on the earth.

“And now, lad, we have but to note how these same intellectual pleasures are distinguished from the pleasures of the senses to have exhausted this part of our subject. What did I tell you, Ben, were the peculiar characteristics of sensual enjoyments?” and, as the old man asked the question, he rose from his seat, and, taking the boy by the hand, commenced walking homeward along the shore.

“Why, uncle, you said,” cried the little fellow—“for I remember it struck me strongly at the time—that as a sensation was always caused by the operation of something outside of us—”

“Yes, those were my words, Ben,” interposed the godfather. “Go on.”

“I know what you meant, but it’s so hard to say it as you did, uncle,” the boy added, after a pause; and then, with a little stammering, jerked out, “Why, you said we must go hunt for the objects of sensual pleasure in the world about us; yes, and you said we must often have to pay dearly for them too.”

“That’s perfectly right, Ben;” and the kindly old teacher shook his little godson by the hand as he said the words. “And, on the contrary, the intellectual pleasures are comparatively *inexpensive* ones, lying mostly within ourselves. The very perception of beauty (which is perhaps the largest intellectual sense of all, being connected with almost every source of mental enjoyment) is a faculty that admits of continual gratification without cost. The whole world, if we will but open our eyes to it, is one vast temple of beauty, filled with works of the choicest art, and this the very beggar or pauper is as free as the prince to enjoy; for it is a luxury that is priceless in a double sense, costing nothing, and yet being beyond all cost. Look here, lad—” and he stopped and turned to-

ward the moon that was flooding the bay with all the soft splendor of the silver sunlight of its beams. "Look here! What pomp of kings was ever equal to this? What palace was ever so gorgeous with its million lights as this vast starry hall? and yet it is lighted up even for the vagrant and the outcast, as well as for you or me. Who can appropriate this magnificent scene, boy? Who can buy this up so that he alone may enjoy it? And yet, lovely as all this now is, what a mighty transformation—what a new beauty will be brought about in a few hours! Think how the now colorless earth will then leap into a million hues with the first flash of the daylight; how these dark fields will suddenly glitter in the sun with all the golden-green lustre of the peacock's plumage; how the stars above will fade one by one from the skies, and the bright-colored little stars of the earth begin to peep out from the hedgerows and the meadows! How this broad ocean, which is more like one immense floor of silver, will then be red as wine with the ruby light; and think, too, boy, that this is a feast spread for us all, day after day, and a feast which never cloys—never surfeits."

The boy kissed his uncle's hand in gratitude for the pleasant knowledge and high perceptions he had given him. He was like a young bird whom the old one was teaching to fly, and he found no little difficulty in keeping on the wing after him, so he rested in silent admiration till the other continued.

"But not only is there the usual beauty of nature, Ben, ever open to us, but there is the beauty of the peculiar trains of thoughts and feelings begotten by the peculiar nooks and corners of the earth: the beauty of the solemn mood inspired by the woods—the calm, contemplative spirit en-

gendered by the quiet lanes—the gentle cheerfulness begotten by the brook-side—the sweet serenity of soul impressed by the sea-shore. Again, in the very associations with which the mind is forever strewing our path through life—like flowers scattered as we go—there is a large fund of delight always stored within ourselves. Our home is home only from the cluster of sweet associations that hang about the old house, thick and pleasant as a cloud of jasmine at the porch; not a tree in the fields where we sported in our youth but is entwined all round with the tendrils of many a sweet-scented memory; not an old friend's face that is not lighted up in our eyes with the recollection of all the happiness and all the many little kindnesses rendered to us. So, too, with the imagination: we have here also in our power a mighty principle of delight. Even with the very young, their plays—their little pretendings—their sham feasts—their mock battles—their love of fairy stories—all owe their pleasure to the charm of the fancy within us; while even to the more mature, the frost on the window-pane, which the mind loves to shape into so many grotesque pictures, and the glowing sea-coal fire that we love to sit and look at, and trace faces, and mountains, and what not, amid the red-hot coals, can give the fancy many an hour's pleasant play: even as to the poor prisoner, barred and bolted in his living tomb, the imagination is the great liberator; for this at any time can set him free in mind, and carry him, in fancy, home to his friends again. Indeed, lad, the world within—if we will but wander in it—is as richly stocked with beauty and treasures as the world without, and with beauty and treasures that are all our own too. It is in our brain the fairies dwell, and the flowers they nestle in bloom there too; there the gorgeous

land of romance and enchantment is to be found; there, and there only, can we find Utopia, the island of perfect happiness; there the wood nymphs and the water nymphs are ever lurking in the mythic streams and groves, and waiting but for one wave of the fancy's wand to summon all to life; there lies the realm of all ideal excellence and beauty, and there is no perfection to be found on the earth but there."

Again the teacher paused, while he mentally scanned the details of his subject. The boy hadn't a syllable to say. His little stock of words, he knew, was too scanty to trust himself to speak on such a matter; but his young heart was full to overflowing with that fine reverent fervor, that iris-like emotion (made up of all the brightest and warmest hues of the soul—love, wonder, gratitude, and veneration) with which the mind always turns to any one that has awakened grand thoughts and perceptions in it, and which Uncle Benjamin had called, in contradistinction to the moral sense and the common sense, the art-sense—the admiring, worshipful sense of human nature.

Presently the uncle resumed as they walked on by the shore: "But even, lad," said he, "when we have to hunt for the objects of intellectual pleasure *outside* of ourselves, and to buy them of others in the world about us, they are to be had for nothing in comparison with the costly luxuries of the senses. A dainty dinner would have cost me more than I gave for my copy of Plutarch's Lives—the book you're so fond of, Ben, you know; yet see what a number of grand feasts you and I have had out of it, and still it has left not a twinge of gout in the brain behind it either. For what I gave for my Shakspeare I couldn't have got a diamond bigger than a speck of hoarfrost, lad, and yet, if I could have had one as big

as the knob of a beadle's staff to stick in my shirt-frill, or as brilliant as a fire-fly to flash about upon my finger, do you think the pretty petrified dew-drop would have done other than have made a big baby of me? But, on the other hand, see what a man I've become by preferring to bedizen and bejewel my mind with the bright thoughts and fancies of those volumes. For what gem in the world is there that can compare with that lovely crystal book? Was ever a bit of earth so exquisitely transparent as even human nature itself is there made to appear? Was there ever such play of color as there you see twinkling in all the hundred hues of human character? Was there ever such fire as there, where every page is aflame with human passion, and every line scintillates with human genius? Was there ever such dazzle, such sparkle in a mere stone, however precious? Why, twist and turn the bright adamant bit of art as you will, in every different light you look at it you shall see fresh flashes, fresh delicate tints and touches, fresh glitter and richness, and fresh beauty too. A good book, lad, is at all times a wonderful thing. It is said that savages, when they first discover that a person has the power of communicating his thoughts to another at a distance by means of a few marks made upon a blank surface, fall down and worship the writer as a divine being. My boy, a book is naturally but a few pages of paper scratched over with a few fine black lines, and yet those magic lines are the means of enabling us to hold communion with the very dead themselves—to think as they thought, feel as they felt, hundreds of years ago. To read Shakspeare, my dear Ben, is to think Shakspeare, to be Shakspeare for the time; it is to have the same bright fancies flit through our brain, the same passions stirring our

soul, as he had while penning the book itself. To lift the cover of such a work is, as it were, to roll the stone from before the sepulchre, and have the immortal spirit rise from the tomb, quick again with the very breath of life and genius. But, though this is the natural marvel of a great book, its natural and spiritual beauty lies not more in the fine mental enjoyment it gives us than in the fine moral comfort it affords the soul. There are times, lad, when we are worldly-tired, when the spirit is footsore, as it were, with the fatigues of worldly care and worldly struggle, and it is finely ordained that it should be so. But then, ay *then*, what balm is the mental rest and the mental ease of a fine book to us! It comes as refreshing as dew in drought; as sweet and grateful as manna in the wilderness. It is like the very rest of heaven itself to get far away from the world at such times, and then the wizardry of a really grand and thoughtful work is felt to be the very power of enchantment. When we are sick of the world's fools, lad, and the world's cheats, and the world's heartlessness, and the world's trumpery, what intense delight then to slip away to our study, or to some pretty bubbling brook-side, and turn to the fond companionship of a good book, so as to get a smack of the world's wisdom, the world's greatness, the world's truth, and goodness too! Could we have known the great spirits that have delighted and ennobled mankind with their works, we should have thought it a high privilege to have had communion with them, a signal grace to have gained their counsel. Still they were human like ourselves, Ben, and had more or less of the weakness and pettiness of humanity amid all their strength and greatness; but in the noblest books, lad, we see only the noblest part of humanity; its inordinate power rather than its ordinary

frailty; its unwonted grandeur rather than its every-day meanness; and thus, by means of the best books, we get to know the best natures that ever lived, and to know them in their best and happiest moods too."

There was still another point to enforce before the lesson was completed; so, after a brief rest, Uncle Ben continued: "I have now only to impress you, my child, with a sense of the general *unselfish* character of true intellectual enjoyment, and then my worldly sermon is finished: I want you to mark well the distinction between the pleasures of the senses and those of the mind in this respect. With sensual pleasure there is almost always a desire to appropriate the thing that pleases us—that is to say, to take it and keep it to ourselves, so that we alone may enjoy it; and some mean natures find a small delight even in exciting the envy of others by the display of the worldly valuables they have been lucky enough to obtain, so that the love of pomp and show, dress and finery, is often found to be closely connected with the poor glory of worldly riches. But with the objects of intellectual pleasure there is seldom any such drawback. As I said before, a man can not appropriate the beauty of the landscape; indeed, so far from any such greed, any such craving to *monopolize* what pleases us coming upon the soul in a state of intellectual enjoyment, the very contrary feeling is awakened, and the same propensity for *proselytism* sets in, as even in religious fervor itself, and we grow eager to make others see, think, and feel as we do. Who that was ever fired with the beauty of a noble or graceful thought, a grand discovery, or a lovely scene, has not felt a positive yearning of the spirit to communicate the delight awakened in him to some congenial bosom! If it were not for this exquisitely

generous character of our mental nature. Christianity itself would never, probably, have traveled beyond the walls of Jerusalem; for if there were the same greed to monopolize a high mental enjoyment as there is to keep a sensual one all to ourselves, what desire could ever have stirred the early Christians to seek to turn the hearts of those far distant from all the horrors of paganism to the sweet benevolence of the 'new commandment?' Again, Ben, if it were not for this innate love of sharing our mental delights with others, there could have been no philosophy, no teaching in the world. When you come, boy, to look into those wonderful elaborations of mental mosaic-work which make up the several natural sciences, you will learn how they have been built up, like the huge coral reefs in the ocean, by an infinity of distinct and minute workers, all laboring away far beneath the surface, and each intent on adding his little mite of extra work to the mass, so as to give it ultimately the fine proportions of a great and mighty whole. You will then see, Ben, how little each has added, even after the labor of a long life, and how many had to contribute their quota of industry before the whole assumed any thing like the grandeur and solidity of a rock! And yet, lad, if each of these profound and minute laborers hadn't shared with the rest what he had been able to accomplish—if each had kept to himself the little bit of vantage-ground he had gained instead of letting it go to swell the common heap, why, what progress could any have made, or how could any have raised themselves above the mire?

"And now, lad," concluded the man, as they approached the harbor of the town, "we have reached the port we made for, and after our long voyage of discovery you'll feel at least the delight of treading with a firmer-footing, and learn the pleasure of standing upon *terra firma* at last."

CHAPTER XVIII.

TEASING.

THE lesson of life was nearly ended. There was only one more chapter to be got by heart; but it was a difficult one to study, and required close and peculiar observation of the world to learn.

Uncle Ben had to think for a time how he should dramatize the story he had to tell—how he should put life and action into it, and give it all the vividness that scenery and incident invariably lend to a subject.

However, at last he saw his way; so, early the next morning, the boy and his godfather were out in the streets of Boston, going the rounds of the city once more.

“Where in goodness are you going to take me to *now*, uncle?” asked little Ben, as he trotted along at the old man’s side, all agog again with the excitement of curiosity.

But old Benjamin Franklin was too cunning a teacher to blunt the edge of what he wanted to cut deeply into the memory by satisfying the lad’s desire at once, so he rather strove to fan the flame than damp the ardor of the boy’s wonder and consequent inquisitiveness. Accordingly, he asked in his turn, “Where do you think, Ben? You’ve been taken out fishing—you’ve gone out boating—you’ve been to the hunting plains in the Far West—you’ve been round the town to see the great human menagerie, and the strange rational animals collected in it—you’ve been on the rocks

by moonlight, and all to have a peep at the world, and find out how to grope your way through it, and now—”

“Yes, uncle, what now?” cried the lad, on the very tenter-hooks of suspense; and then added petulantly, as the old man stopped short, “There, you won’t go on. How you *do* like to tease a fellow, to be sure! I call it very unkind of you, that I do.” But presently he said, coaxingly, “Where *are* we going to, unky, eh? You might as well tell a chap; besides, what difference can it make, for I shall know it all in a short time.”

“Well, then, why can’t you wait that *short time*, Ben?” and the old man smiled as he played like a cat with the little mouse in his power, now letting him run on a few paces, and now pouncing down upon him only to tighten the grip and increase the poor thing’s torture.

“That’s the way you kept tantalizing me all the way to the prairies,” muttered the boy, as he walked doggedly on beside the other. “I declare, all you did then was to keep knag-knagging away at me, for all the world as one sees mother twitch and jerk away at the knots in a tangled skein of thread; asking me now, ‘Where I thought I was going to?’ and then, ‘What I expected I was to be shown next?’ and after that, ‘Why I fancied you took me all the trips you did?’ and only saying, when I begged of you to tell me all about it, ‘There! there! patience, my little philosopher, patience; you will know all in good time,’ just as you do now.”

The old man couldn’t help laughing outright as the boy mimicked his voice and manner while repeating the reply, for he himself could tell how pat the little fellow had taken him off. Then he said, “Well, Ben, I had an object for withholding the reason at that time, and so I have now. It is

merely a trick I have, lad ; just a trick, that's all. But come, Master Ben, where do you think we are really going to this time?" he began, again pricking the little fellow's curiosity with a small packet of mental pins and needles. "It's such a queer place to take a boy like you to, you can't tell."

The lad was on thorns again. He had turned away half in dudgeon at the idea of his uncle laughing, as he thought, at his eagerness ; but the smallest glimmer of coming information was sufficient to bring him back close to the old man's side. "A queer place, is it, uncle, eh? Whereabouts is it? What do you call it? What shall we see there?" he inquired, all in one breath.

But, poor fellow, the only answer he got was, "All in good time, my lad, all in good time ; we sha'n't be *very* long before we get to it."

The little chap could readily have cried with the irritation of the continued teasing ; but he bit his lip, so that his godfather shouldn't have the satisfaction of seeing how vexed he was. He knew there was some sight in store for him, and he was almost frantic with the rage of the appetite that the old man had roused in him.

Uncle Benjamin, however, knew well how far to go. He knew that overstrained curiosity, like the overtension of any other faculty, will often end in the snapping of the very chord that had once so tight a hold of the mind, and that disgust or indifference are apt to supervene if the desire be too long foiled of its object. So he began to relax a bit, and allow the poor struggling fish he had hooked a little play of line, just to prevent his breaking the mere hair which held him. "Come, Ben," he said, in a tone that sounded as if he was relenting, "I won't tease my little man any more," and he drew the lad toward him as he spoke ; "so

where do you think, now, I am *really* going to take you to?"

Poor Ben wanted to turn away again, for he expected the same question would bring only the same evasive reply; but the old man held him fast. "There, you're beginning your teasing again, uncle, I declare," cried the boy, half angry, even though he couldn't help laughing in the midst of it.

"No, I'm not, lad, indeed I'm not," answered the playful old boy, who couldn't keep from laughing too. "I'm going to tell you, for I know you'll never guess. It's such a queer place you can't think—the queerest place in the world to take a boy like you to, as I said before."

"Yes, I know you said it before, and what's the use of repeating it over and over again?" he exclaimed, with a quick toss of the head, that expressed whole volumes more than my Lord Burleigh's celebrated shake.

"How *can* you say so, Ben, when I'm going to tell you, I say again," the uncle pretended to expostulate.

"Then why *don't* you do it, and have done with it?" shouted the boy, savagely.

The godfather saw that he had gone the full length of his tether. It was plain the lad could bear no more trifling with; so Uncle Ben said, as he stood still in the street, and looked the little fellow in the face, "I'm going to take you, Ben—"

The boy couldn't wait for the information that he now knew was on the tip of his uncle's tongue; so, as the old man paused for a minute to give the words extra force at the end of the sentence, he cried "Where?"

"Why, to jail, lad—to jail!" was the reply.

"Ah! now you are only making a fool of me;" and the indignant boy turned upon his heel, as

his uncle fell to laughing outright at the little fellow's exhibition of incredulity.

"Hoi! what are you up to, boy? where are you going to?" Uncle Ben cried through his chuckles, as he saw the youth marching back home again; but, finding the youth paid no heed to his cries, the old man set off running after him, his sides still shaking with the fun the while, so that he went along wabbling like a jelly when it's moved.

"Come back, you rogue," he gasped out, as at last he got close up with the boy, and seized him by the collar; "I tell you I'm going to take you to jail;" and then, as he stared in the face of the astonished lad, he burst out giggling again so heartily that Ben himself—for honest good-humor is always infectious—was obliged to take the frown out of his little brow and pucker his cheeks into dimples instead. And there the pair stood for a while laughing at each other in the middle of the street.

"You're only having a game with me, ain't you now, uncle?" inquired the pacified youngster, when the whim was over, and they turned round to resume their way.

"I tell you, Master Ben, you are a little unbelieving Jew, you are. It's as true as gospel, lad; and you know I wouldn't say that in jest," the old man replied. "I'm going to take you to the jail."

"The jail!" echoed young Ben, in his wonder.

"Ay, boy, the jail!" repeated the other. "I'm going to show you the end of the road to ruin in this life. I'm going to let you see what wisdom there is in the poor-house as well as the prison."

"No! are you *really*, uncle? Well, do you know, I've long wanted to see what such places are like," added the boy, who was now himself

again, and fully satisfied that his godfather's fit of fun-poking was over. "But still, as I don't mean to go to ruin, Uncle Ben, I can't see what good there can be in your pointing out to me the road to it."

"I have no such object in view, my boy," went on the old man. "My scheme is not the paltry nursery trick of frightening you into rectitude by showing you the death's head and bare bones of worldly vice and folly. I don't want to make squalor and infamy mere moral bugaboos; but, rather, I *do* want to let you learn what kindly and touching things they can whisper in your heart's ear, if your heart will but turn to them. I want to use the ugliness of life as a means of giving you a sense of the highest beauty in the world, lad."

"Oh, I thought you were going to let me see these places, so that I might learn where I should get to at last, if I was foolish enough to take the wrong road," said the youth, still harping on the old figure.

Uncle Benjamin shook his head and smiled as he said, "The artifice has been tried a thousand times, and failed just a thousand times too. People see thus much of life made out in the trashy melo-dramas of the play-house night after night, Ben, and yet persons of my way of thinking—even though I *do* read and delight in Shakspeare"—he put in parenthetically—"believe that the morality of the play-house is poor powerless stuff, after all. Even in the silliest works of fiction, virtue is always rewarded and vice punished, and yet the silly people who read them *will* be vicious, and *won't* be virtuous, despite of the teaching. There is always a moral, too—some wretched, driveling, copy-book platitude—tacked on the tail of every fable; and yet, lad, what boy was ever

cured of saying 'don't care,' because that wicked Harry, in the spelling-book, was eaten up alive by a roaring lion for it—even though the punishment *is* so tremendous, and the fault so trivial?"

Young Ben smiled as he remembered the appalling illustration of wretched "don't care" Harry in the act of being devoured by the hungry beast in the primer he had used at Mr. Brownwell's school.

"The best moral lesson we can ever hope to give a person, Ben, is a truthful insight into human nature," the uncle went on. "The idle scholastic method of connecting a prize or a thrashing with good conduct, or the reverse, exhibits the crudest knowledge of the motives of mankind, for it makes the object to be gained or avoided something *extrinsic* to the thing itself; and thus, while it leaves the propensity to err the same as ever, it leads the mind to indulge in all kinds of cheatery to win the one or escape from the other. There is but one certain and sound way to bring men to good, and turn them from the evil that is in their hearts, and that is by attacking the erratic propensity itself, and bringing them to love the goodness for mere goodness' sake, and loathe the evil simply because it is morally loathsome. Once awaken this sense of moral beauty and moral ugliness in a human being, and you are sure of your man; for it is this same beauty, either of the senses, the mind, the heart, or the soul, that all are perpetually pursuing. But appeal to the mere brute greed of man's nature; teach him that he can *get* something by being good, or avoid something that he dislikes by respectable conduct, and depend upon it he is certain to remain innately bad at heart; and instead of our reaping a goodly harvest of golden grain in the end, we shall find that we have raised merely a vile crop of weeds

and tares, in the shape of worldly cunning, lying, and hypocrisy."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOWEST "RUNGS" ON THE LADDER.

OLD Benjamin Franklin had barely finished explaining to his little nephew what was his object in taking him to see the sights he was about to show him when they came in view of a large, ugly, overgrown building, that stood just at the outskirts of the town.

"That is '*the house,*' Ben," said the uncle, as they halted in front of it; "'*the house,*' as the poor always call it, for they seem to think there is no other house worthy of note in the whole town, and always speak of it as *the* particular thing of its kind, as we do, indeed, of *the sun, the air, the sea,* or even as we say *the House of Commons,* and *the Bank.*"

The building itself was of the bare, long, dead-wall, many-windowed style of architecture peculiar to factories, barracks, prisons, hospitals, and mad-houses. A huge light-house-like chimney, with a long black plume of smoke rising above the roof, would have made one fancy it was an immense workshop; a few soldiers in their shirt-sleeves at the windows, and sundry pairs of regimental trowsers hanging to dry outside of the casement, with a sentry pacing in front of the gate, would have rendered it the perfect type of a military *depôt*; or, had the long lines of windows been trellised with thick iron bars, it might, on the other hand, have stood for the county jail or the lunatic asylum; while it only wanted the long board announcing that it was "SUPPORTED

BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS," and the little money-box let into the wall beside the door, to have converted it into an institution for the cure of certain diseases.

Uncle Benjamin knocked at the gate, and immediately the little square wicket was opened, and the round, fat, ruddy face of the old soldier who acted as porter to the establishment appeared behind the gridiron-like bars. The man recognized the features of the elder Benjamin, and, knowing him to be a friend of the "Master," the gate was duly opened, and the couple entered the yard.

Close beside the gate stood the square box of the porter's lodge, which gave one the idea of its being an enormous dog-kennel, placed there to guard the entrance, while the yard itself consisted of an acre or two of mere bare gravel, and this was kept so tidy, and had been swept so even and rolled so flat that it seemed like one large sheet of sand-paper spread over the ground, while in the middle of it strutted some dozen or two of pigeons, as pompous and gorgeous as beadles.

To cross the threshold of the poor-house appeared to the boy like stepping into another country. He had never seen such a collection of old people before, nor indeed people so *very* old; for the inmates were far older and weaker than any met with in the street, while the younger folk were, many of them, either blind, crippled, or idiotic.

Little Ben had heard the deacons of his father's chapel complain, as they sat chatting with Josiah in the little back parlor in the evening, of the heaviness of the parish rates, and speak of the paupers as "a pack of lazy vagabonds," and his prejudice had been rather increased than lessened by his uncle's exordium upon work and thrift as the only means of avoiding penury.

But once within those walls, the little fellow was staggered with the amount of worldly helplessness focused, as it were, in that "dark chamber" of the town. There was every variety of senility, imbecility, and infirmity gathered together there, as if it had been a natural museum for the display of all the peculiar "specimens" of bodily and mental inefficiency. Some of the old went toddling about in their suits of granite-gray, along the white border of flag-stones in front of the building itself, with all the ricketiness of babyhood; others scambled and shuffled on, as if palsied with weakness; and other poor crooked-back things staggered onward, pace by pace at a time, with a stick in either hand to prop them as they went. Some, again, sat shaking on the yard benches in places where the sun fell, basking in the warm beams, in the vain hope of being warmed by them; and not a few had their white night-caps shining under their Greenwich-pensioner-like hats, as if they were ever ready for sleep, and waiting for the last, the long profound slumber of all.

Then the big, owl-like spectacles of some of the aged creatures—the mumbling, toothless tones, and gasping, wheezy voices of others—the continued asthmatic coughings of almost all—and the occasional shouting of some hale official into the ear of some one of the crew, as the *gaffer* stood with his face turned from the speaker, and his veiny, shriveled hand at the side of his head and close against the mouth of the other, straining to catch something like the meaning of what was said, all impressed the mind with such a sense of bodily and mental decay that ruin seemed stamped upon every thing—not merely worldly ruin, but the ruin of every human faculty too.

The boy couldn't help wondering whether Un-

cle Ben or himself could ever come to be like one of those.

Many of the young things in gray, on the other hand, were almost as powerless in body and mind as the old. Some had that peculiar dropping of the lower jaw—that dangling of the hands from the joints of the wrists, and that strange dragging, scuffling gait, as they went about, that are the outward visible signs of an utter want of an inward and spiritual every thing. Some, again, were blind, and sat in the sun with their faces upturned, smiling vacantly as they rolled their white opaque pupils restlessly and uselessly about, now turning them up half into their heads, and now wiping away the tears that kept streaming from them; not a few went hopping along on crutches, or crouching down nearly to the ground, while others were bent almost double with some horrid spinal deformity.

Then there was so curious and marked a shamelessness, or apparent callousness in the faces of all, that this characteristic perhaps struck the mind with greater force than any thing else, after the first impression of the utter helplessness of so large a number had faded a little from the mind. Young Ben naturally expected to find that all who had a thought or feeling left would exhibit some sense of worldly disgrace or sorrow at being inmates of such a place, and he even fancied that wretchedness and misery would be seen in every countenance, so that the decent-minded lad was half shocked when he saw the “able-bodied young women” stare and grin in his face as they went by in their duster-checked aprons and large white caps. And though he looked all around, he could not discover one dejected head, one abashed countenance, or one tearful eye throughout the whole of that wretched pauper town.

The boy twitched his uncle by the skirt, and said in a whisper to him, "Don't they feel, then, uncle—don't they *really* care about being here? They don't seem to think it any disgrace, that I can see."

"No, lad, they soon get settled down to their lot; and such as *do* chafe under it, suffer more from a sense of persecution and wrong in the world than from any idea of worldly degradation," answered the old man, in an under tone, as he drew the lad to one side. "If you were to go into a debtor's prison, Ben, you'd be struck to find that not one was confined there, according to his own story, for any just debt of *his*. So it is here, lad; for the mind never likes to see, and therefore never sees, its own errors. All these poor people are here, they believe, from misfortune, and many assuredly *are* so too, boy; not a few are impressed with a full sense of their *right* to the place, and are ready to assert it lustily, I can tell you; but none fancy they are here, depend upon it, from any imprudence or vice of their own; though, if you were to listen to my friend the master, he'd want to make out to you that *that* was the sole cause of every one of them being inside the gates."

"I wish I hadn't come, uncle," exclaimed the honest lad; "I shall never think well of the poor again."

"Don't be hasty, boy!" was the mild reproof. "We are every one of us apt to sentimentalize about such matters. We always come to such a place as this with some preconceived view—some extreme notion, either that the poor are pitiable, persecuted angels, or else lazy, drunken, and ungrateful scoundrels; and if the real poor don't happen to square with our imaginary poor, why, we'll have nothing to do with them. Do as I do,

boy—strike the mean! strike the mean! Don't put thorough faith in the injured air and misfortune of the paupers themselves, nor yet in the austere and uncharitable views of the master, but strike the mean! Every employer believes that he overpays his workmen, and every workman believes that he is underpaid by his employer—strike the mean! Every mistress is under the impression that her servant doesn't do half what she ought for her, and every servant is satisfied that her mistress 'don't do nothink at all for her.' Strike the mean, I tell you, lad! always strike the mean! And there is but one way, Ben, of teaching either party its errors. Let them change places for a while; let one of the paupers here become the master, and the master be made a pauper, and, rely on it, the master himself would take up the very same ill-used and right-demanding air of the pauper, and the pauper, on the other hand, adopt the same harsh and uncharitable views as the master. It is but human nature, after all, Ben. Under the same circumstances the generality of people become the same as others."

At this moment the master of the poor-house himself made his appearance, and walked with them over to the other side of the yard.

"My little nephew," said the uncle, turning to young Benjamin, after the greeting was over, "is rather astonished to find that the poor creatures here exhibit no signs of shame, and has just been asking whether they really feel for their situation."

"Feel, indeed!" cried the master, with a toss of the head that made the heavy bunch of keys he carried jangle again in his hand. "They hav'n't got the feelings of ordinary flesh and blood, sir. I've been master of this here house, and my good woman the matron of it three-and-twenty year

come next Michaelmas, and think I ought to have learned a *little* about the inmates of it in that time—eh, Friend Franklin?"

"Perhaps you have been here a little too long," mildly suggested old Benjamin. "A surgeon, after long practice at a hospital, hardly believes that there is any feeling in people under the knife—and perhaps it's better it should be so."

"Bless you now! just look here, Master Franklin. You see that young gal there—the one with the pail, slouching along as if she hadn't a bit of life in her—don't let her see you a-p'inting to her, my boy," interjected the master, turning in the opposite direction, as young Ben was about to raise his finger toward the quarter indicated. "Well, she's one of a long generation of paupers. We've got her mother here now, and only buried her grandmother the t'other day. Now, if that there family has cost the parish a penny, they must have put it to several thousand pounds—yes, several—thousands—of pounds expense!" he repeated, emphasizing each word; "and do you think there's the least bit of gratitude in 'em for it? no, not so much as a 'thank you, sir:' why, they've even impudence enough to look you in the face, and tell you it's *their rights!*—their rights, sir! And she's not one alone, Friend Franklin, but one of a very large class, I give you my word—a very large class, sir."

Uncle Benjamin merely nodded, and the other went on.

"I have to look about me pretty sharp, I can tell you, Friend Franklin; and, though I've been here three-and-twenty year come next Michaelmas, as I said before, I assure you these people here are as well up in the law of settlement and passes, and all that there sort of thing, as I am myself—ay, and they know the dietary scale by

heart, from beginning to end, I give you my word. But what annoys me more than all, Master Franklin, is the way in which these people can impose upon our chaplain, who is a nice, kind, easy sort of gentleman enough. I don't know whether you are acquainted with him; but he's no man of the world, you see, sir—no man of the world;" and the master put his forefinger right down one side of his nose, and bent the organ slightly "out of straight," as he looked shrewdly out of the corners of his eyes in the direction of the elder Benjamin. "Oh, *he* is shamefully tricked by them, and often places me in a very awkward position indeed; for sometimes, when I've been obliged to report some gal as riotous and disorderly, for—for pelting me with the suet dumplings, say, as was the case only last board-day with Mary Collins, because she said the flour was musty and the suet stinking! Well, the overseers, as I was a-going to say, will turn to the chaplain's monthly statement to see what he says about the gal's general behavior, and there they find agin Mary Collins' name either that she is 'a-going on very satisfactorily indeed,' or else that he'd 'every reason to be gratified with her conduct,' I forget which."

Uncle Benjamin loved a joke well enough to be able to laugh at the discomfiture even of his friend the master, and merely chuckled out that such conflicting statements must be awkward, certainly.

"Yes; the deceit of these people really surpasses belief, sir, I give you my word; and our poor chaplain isn't a match for them by a long way. Now, to give you another instance, there's Elizabeth Davis—I saw her in the yard just now," he broke off, looking all about to find the woman—"well, I suppose she's gone into the

laundry again, but never mind—as I was a-saying about Elizabeth Davis, you'd fancy butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, sir, and she has a tongue that would wheedle a charitable donation out of a pawnbroker. Well, sir, she's engaged in our laundry; for, of course, I needn't tell you we do all our washing here ourselves; and we allow the women engaged at the wash-tubs, and a few other perquisite women, who do the hard work of the house, just half a pint of porter after they've done their work. Now our porter, Mister Franklin, is sitch porter as it's impossible to buy in the town. It comes to us, you see, direct from the brewery, and is the real genuine article, I can assure you. It wasn't certainly the correct thing when the Phœnix brewery had the contract; but since we accepted the tender of the 'Star,' there hasn't been a fault to find with it, I give you my honor. Oh, it really *is* a superb glass of beer; indeed, our beadle declares it's the best glass of beer he ever tasted in all his life. Well, sir, let me see, where was I?—oh, I was saying that *that* there Elizabeth Davis—Ha! there the woman is now," he broke off; "just come out of the 'old women's ward,' with her sleeves tucked up, and her hands all white and shriveled with the washing. D'ye see? there, she's dropping us a courtesy, for she takes you for one of our select vestry, I dare say. Well, sir, that there woman had her half pint sarved out after her work the other day, and shortly after that, in she bounces into my room, with the pannikin in her hand, and says, as she slaps it down on the table afore me, 'This here beer's not fit to give a pig!' 'What's the matter with it, Davis?' says I, quite gently. 'Matter with it!' says she; 'why it's warjus.' Yes, that's what the woman called it; she did indeed, sir. 'Verjuice, Davis!' says I, quite gently, but still

impressively ; ‘ you ought to be ashamed of yourself to apply such wicked terms to the good things that the Almighty and the parish overseers provide for you, to comfort you in your poverty and time of tribulation.’ ‘ The parish overseers be shot!’ she exclaims. Did you *ever* hear such terrible language, Friend Franklin? ‘ It’s them as pays rates,’ she goes on, ‘ like my poor husband did for more than ten long year, as finds us in what we’re allowed; and my dues is what I’ll have, too, I can tell you, old un’—yes, sir, she called me ‘ old un;’ she did, upon my honor! ‘ Well,’ says I, still quite gently, but firmly, you know, ‘ there’s no other beer for you than this here, Davis; and as for its being in the least pricked, it’s all idle fancy.’ ‘ Pricked!’ roars she; ‘ what’s that?’ ‘ Why, sour,’ says I, never losing myself a bit. ‘ I tell you it *is* sour,’ she bellows out. ‘ I tell you it is *not* sour,’ I answers, still mildly, but more firmly than ever. ‘ Taste it yourself, then,’ says she; whereupon, like a fool, I *did* raise the pannikin to my lips; but I no sooner got it there than the artful, spiteful hussy gives the tin a knock at the bottom, and sends the whole of the beer right into my face, all down my neck and over my clean shirt-front, till, I give you my word, my frill was like a piece of soaked brown paper.”

Uncle Benjamin tried to look serious, but it was more than either he or Ben could do; so they had resort to their handkerchiefs, and smothered their laughter in the linen.

“ Well, friend, of course *that* there was a breach of discipline,” continued the poor-house master, “ that I couldn’t possibly pass by unnoticed; so I not only stopped the woman’s snuff and her weekly ounce of sugar, but I reported her to the overseers at the very next meeting; and when

they had heard my case, and agreed that it was something more than disorderly and refractory, and amounted almost to open *rebellion*—yes, rebellion, Friend Franklin, they referred as usual to the chaplain's book to see what kind of a general karackter the woman had before making their award; and there, agin her name, were these here very words—let me see, how did it run? for I've no wish to sp'ile it, I can tell you:

“*Elizabeth Davis—conduct exemplary—obeys cheerfully—works hard and willingly—is regular at her devotions—and altogether her moral and religious deportment of a very pleasing and consoling character.*”

Ben hardly knew which he disliked the more—Elizabeth Davis, or the master of the poor-house himself; and he was not at all sorry when Uncle Ben proposed, in order to stop the long list of grievances that the wretched, ill-used master was about to treat them to, that “the youngster there” should be allowed to inspect the “boy's side” of the establishment.

As the master led the way, the elder Benjamin nudged the younger one with his elbow, and whispered under his little three-cornered hat, “Strike the mean, Ben! strike the mean!”

Once in the passages, the smell of pauperism was marked and strong. The whole place reeked with the true poor-house perfume, which was a compound of the peculiar odor of bread, gruel, treacle, corduroys, pea-soup, soft soap, boiled rice, and washing; and as Ben and his uncle followed the master, who went along with his keys jangling like a wagon-team, the yellow sand kept scrunching as though it were so much sugar under the feet; for not a board nor a flagstone in the place but was as scrupulously clean and carefully sanded as the entrance to a livery-stable.

They had not proceeded far, however, ere one of the pauper officials—an “in-doors’ man,” who had been promoted to the post of wardsman—came hurrying after the master, saying, “Oh, if you please, sir, there’s three ounces of port wine wanted for the infirmary; and quick, please, sir.” So the two Benjamins had to be thrust into the bare and empty board-room, there to wait while the master retired to the store-room to see the quantum of wine duly measured out.

The boy was no sooner in the large, desolate-looking apartment than he began staring up at the walls, and wheeling round and round, like a countryman in a strange city—now reading the large painted table of “rules and regulations concerning disorderly and refractory paupers,” and now studying the printed and varnished broadsheet, headed “Dietary table,” and which, with a surveyor’s plan of the parish and its boundaries, and an enormous map of the city, that was mounted after the fashion of a window-blind, were severally made to do duty for pictures against the walls. Then the boy ran off to look at the only painting in the room, which hung above the mantle-piece, and which proved to be the portrait of “MARGARET FLEMING,” who, as the inscription said, “DIED IN THIS HOUSE, AGED 103.” Next he was counting the number of mahogany chairs that were drawn up in single file along the skirting-board all round the room, and so finding out how many “select vestrymen” were in the habit of sitting, on full board days, at that big horseshoe table, that was as green and bare as a billiard-board, and which, with the high-backed chair standing alone, throne-like, at the upper end, seemed almost to fill the entire apartment.

But in another minute the master was with them again, and telling them, as he went jangling

along the corridors, that he was afraid "the port wine would be utterly wasted, for the poor old thing it was wanted for was turned seventy, and had been sinking for many days; but their surgeon was such a fool, and really seemed to fancy they got their port from the pump."

Then, as they passed through the women's ward, a hundred old crones, in blue check gowns and big white caps suddenly rose from the forms, and kept courtesying one after another as the visitors walked along between the deal tables, and bobbing away like so many floats experiencing a rapid succession of nibbles. Here, too, Ben saw the sleek and fat poor-house cat curled up asleep in one of the old women's aprons, while the arms of another were laden with "little Roger Connell," one of the children out of the poor-house nursery that the hirsute old female pauper had begged the loan of to mind for a while, and whom she was fondling as if it had been her own, even though the poor pretty-featured little thing was a mass of sore with the scurvy.

"Yes, Master Franklin, you can get these here old things to do any thing if you'll only let 'em have one of the little children out of our nursery to pet for an hour or two," said the master, as he passed out of the ward, and came to the door at the bottom of the yard that led to the 'boy's side' of the building. "Bless you, ugly or pretty is all the same to them, so long as they're young; that's the only beauty in their eyes," he went on, while he found the proper key for the lock, and then paused for a minute before turning it. "I do verily believe now, that, selfish as they are to one another, they'd even give a goodish part of their week's hounce of sugar away to the young ones, and that the allowance might just as well be cut

off altogether, leastwise for the matter of good it is to the old people theirselves."

The yard door was then opened, and instantly there burst upon the ear a shrill babel of voices. Here the air above was spotted over with a perfect covey of half-developed tadpole-like kites, while the branches of the trees outside the walls of the large quadrangle were festooned with the tattered remains of the tails and wings of others that had got entangled among the boughs.

"There they are, my lad," cried the master, as he threw open the door, and hardly moved beyond it; "this is their hour's play: there they are, sir, of all ages and sizes, ay, and shapes too, though we keep the most helpless of the young, sitch as the blind and the hidiotic, on the other side of the house, as you saw. Some, you perceive, can hardly walk steadily, and others are big enough to be out and knocking about in the world for theirselves, instead of heating the bread of hidleness, which is the very 'best seconds' as they get here. There they are, my lad, and a greater pack of young wagabones there isn't to be found any where else in the world, I can safely say."

"Where are their fathers and mothers?" asked little Ben, timidly, for he was almost afraid to put a question to the man.

"Fathers and mothers! Lor' bless your hinnocence, child! why, the greater part—ay, two out of every three on 'em never knew sitch luxuries," answered the master, with a chuckle. "They're orphans—horphans in the fullest sense of the word" (for extra emphasis always involved an extra aspiration with the master); "and even the parents of them as has got either a father or a mother ain't nothing to brag about, I can tell you, for they're either in the poor-house theirselves, or else they're able-bodied, and getting their shilling

a week and their gallon loaf outdoor relief the most on 'em."

Uncle Benjamin couldn't help shrugging his shoulders and crying "God help 'em!" as the utter helplessness of the young, born under such circumstances, fell upon his mind with even more terrible force than the helplessness of the old.

"Ay, you may well say 'God 'elp 'em!' Master Franklin, for a greater set of young himps never wanted their hearts softened more than they do; and, d'ye know, I verily believe, sir, that comfortable places like this here hactually breed the very misery they're meant to give relief to—outdoor or indoor, as the case may be. Why, nearly half of these lads is fondlings, as they call theirselves; for they're a great deal quicker at that there kind of knowledge, about fondlings, and foster-mothers, and sitch like, than they are at their hymn-books, I can tell you. A great many on 'em has been picked up by the city watchmen on door-steps or under gateways, and a goodish number been tied in fish-baskets to the knockers of houses; and them as has been brought here in that there way, why, they have been born in the house itself, and are what the world falsely calls love children; though a nice lot of love there must be about sitch mothers, I say, as can turn their backs upon their own flesh and blood as soon as the little things comes into the world, and never care to set eyes on 'em afterward, but, on the contrayry, throws the whole burden upon the parish and the respectable rate-payers—ay, and what's more, are as himperent to our beadle over it as if they'd a perfect right to make us a present of a whole colony."

"Well, they don't seem to be very miserable, I must say," exclaimed young Ben, still harping on the most striking feature of all in such scenes.

“Miserable!” echoed the poor-house master; “why, you seem to be one of those persons, my boy, who come here with the notion that there will be nothing but tears and broken hearts to be seen from one end of the building to the other. Miserable!” he repeated, and then burst out laughing, as if there was something extremely comic in the idea. “Hem! miserable, indeed! No, no, my lad, all the misery in the world you’ll find *outside* our gates. People don’t come here to be miserable, I can tell you, but to be a great deal too well fed and taken care of, in my opinion. Just read our dietary table now, and you’ll soon discover that there isn’t much misery where people can have their three ounces of cooked meat without bone, and a pound of potatoes for dinner three times a week, besides a basin of excellent pea-soup—oh yes, you *have* tasted it, Friend Franklin—and potatoes and suet dumpling on the other days. Misery, indeed! Yes, but it’s good full-bellied, warm-backed, and well-housed misery though; and there isn’t a merrier set of young devil-may-cares than them same fatherless young himps here, I can tell you.”

“Come, come, now, friend,” cried Uncle Ben, who could plainly see that his godson was being led astray by the harsh views of the hardened master, “steady, my boy, stead-ee, as they call to the helmsman. Do you mean to tell me”—and the old man kept shaking his forefinger as he said the words slowly and solemnly—“that when some parent or friend comes to visit some of the more lucky of these poor human waifs and strays, and there’s a cry of ‘Johnson wanted,’ or ‘Robertson wanted’ (as I’ve heard go round the yard over and over again), do you mean to tell me that those boys, who know they haven’t a friend in the world to come and see them, poor chicks—boys

who have never so much as set eyes perhaps on a parent's face, or known what a mother's smile is like—do you mean to say, man alive"—and Uncle Ben shook his finger violently close under the master's nose—"that such lads (quicken'd with the same heart and blood as you yourself), when they see the lucky Johnson, or Robertson, or son of somebody or other go skipping off to the reception-ward, and come back playing with his halfpenny, or laden with his half pint of nuts or his farthing popgun—do you mean to tell me, I say, that you haven't noted, as I have, the little wretched, lonely, helpless, friendless things crowd moodily together, and look at one another with the same kind of powerless and bewildered air as one sees in a flock of sheep gathered outside a butcher's door? Come, come, friend, you're straining the bow a little too hard—a little too hard."

"Well, perhaps you're right, friend," rejoined the master, in a conciliatory tone. "You, as a stranger, I dare say, *will* observe things that are lost upon old hands like us; and one forgets, no doubt, that it's as remarkable a thing here for a boy to have any friends at all, as it is for an out-of-doors boy to be without them; so I shouldn't wonder, now I come to think of it, but the rarity of a father or mother may in such cases as you say make some of the young hurchins here feel the misery of having no one whom they can become chargeable to. Yes, that there must be hunpleasant to think of, certainly—not legally chargeable to any one. Besides, we all know," urged the master, as he endeavored to fall in with the tone of Uncle Benjamin, "how the boys at other schools always feel for the one who never goes home to see his friends in the holidays; and so here, I dare say, the great wonder of the time

is the boy who has got any friends to wish to see him, especially in a place, too, where there can't be any holidays, you know, from the simple fact that there are no homes to go to."

"How shocking!" shuddered Ben, with the sense of school and holidays fresh upon him; "but I should like the poor boys better," he added, "if they seemed to feel their situation more, for really they don't appear to me to care about it; so then I say to myself, If *they* don't care about it, why should *I*?"

"That's good, sound, sterling sense, if you like, my boy!" added the master, approvingly; and then, drawing the little fellow close up to him, he said, as he bent down and placed his head close beside young Ben's, "Now, you see all those lads there in the red worsted comforters, my child?"

"Yes," said young Ben; and he was about to point toward them with his forefinger, but the master seized his hand as the boy was in the act of raising it.

"Well, lad," went on the other, "the parish allowance in the shape of neck-tie to fasten the shirt collar is merely a piece of black cotton shoe-ribbon, and that there red worsted comforter, to keep the throat and chest warm, has been bought by the friends of those boys who are lucky enough to have such a thing as a friend in the world; so now you can pick them out for yourself. No friends, no comforters—d'ye see?"

It was terrible for the little soft-hearted fellow to be able to realize the orphanage of such a multitude in so visible and *massive* a manner; and as his eye wandered over the quadrangle, he kept saying to himself, "Comforters, fathers and mothers! no fathers and mothers, no comforters!"

"But I tell you, Friend Franklin, what is to my mind really the most dreadful thing by far in con-

nection with this kind of life," the master proceeded, "and that is what we were talking about only the other day: that boys and girls brought up here have no idea of working in order to live. You know they see day after day—and, indeed, *have* seen ever since they first opened their eyes—some hundred or so of people regularly supplied with their rations, and that without having any thing to pay or any thing to do for the food. Do you know, I *do* verily believe, Friend Franklin, that *many* even of our *big* boys here, and I'm sure almost *all* of our *little* ones, fancy that Nature sends breakfasts and suppers in the same way as she sends light and darkness; and I'm nearly certain, if some of our indoors boys were hard pushed on the matter as to where bread or gruel came from, you'd find there was some vague idea in their minds that half-gallon loaves were dug up out of the ground, something in the same manner as they've seen the men, in their walks through the town, doing with the paving-stones in the streets; and that gruel is as easily to be collected in tubfuls as the rain-water is caught for our washing."

"What would they fancy a half guinea was, think you, if they were to be shown one?" asked Uncle Ben, as he drew the bit of gold out of the wash-leather bag he carried in his pocket.

"Well, 'pon my word I can't say, Friend Franklin. Farthings are great prizes here," returned the master, "and groats immense fortunes. But here! come here! you 'Monday.' 'Monday, I say,'" the master shouted, as he beckoned to one of the foundlings, who had been named after the day of the week on which he had been taken out of a hamper at the mail-coach office.

And when poor "Monday" had made his appearance, and had been shown the bright yellow

little disk of metal, and asked what he thought it was, he said, as he rubbed among the bristles of his scrubbing-brush crop of hair, and stood grinning as if he had been looking at a stale-tart tray for the first time in his life, "It ain't a farden, 'cos I seed a farden once in Dobbs's hand, after his mother had been to see him, and she's got two and six a week, and half a gallon loaf outdoor, you know, sir, 'cos she takes in washing, and has the rheumatiz. No, no," and he shook his hand till you could almost fancy you heard it rattle, it seemed so empty, "it ain't thick enough, nor brown enough neither for a farden. Oh, I know now!" added the half-witted boy, looking up at the master, and grinning knowingly in his face.

"Well, 'Monday,' what is it, eh?" asked the master, as sharp and quickly as a mail-coach guard calls "a'right."

The lad grinned again for a minute or two before answering, and then said, "Why, it's one of the brass buttons off some charity-boy's leather breeches."

Poor "Monday," whose life, ever since he had been taken out of his natal hamper, had been hemmed in by the four high brick walls of the poor-house, and who, had he heard by chance of the upper, middle, and lower classes of society, would have fancied it pointed out the distinction between overseers, outdoors people, and indoors people—the poor lad was told "that would do," and "he might go;" and directly his back was turned the master began rolling about in a very convulsion of pent-up laughter, declaring he had never heard any thing half so funny in all his life. But Uncle Ben and even his little nephew saw in the worldly ignorance of poor "Monday" something far too grave to be merry over; so the godfather and the godson looked sorrowfully at each other,



“It ain't a farden, 'cos I seed a farden once.”



and each knew by the tenderness of the glance the thoughts that were stirring in the other's heart.

"Oh, I'm wanted, I see, up in the infirmary. Ah! I thought *that* port wine would be thrown away! so you'll excuse me, Friend Franklin, will you?" said the master, as he shook the other by the hand. "Drop in whenever you're passing, will you, for I shall always be glad to talk over these matters with you. Good-by, my fine little fellow; good-by, friend;" and, as Uncle Ben said something to him aside, he said, "Oh yes, of course I shall be happy to give you a letter to the governor. Good-by; I wouldn't leave you, but I have to see about the shell and things, you know."

"Come along, Ben," cried the uncle, pulling his waistcoat down as the master hurried from them; but, though the old man began to move, the little fellow seemed in no way disposed to follow. "Come, Ben, I say, there's the jail to see yet," he added, as he turned round and found the boy still in the same spot.

The little fellow jerked his head as the uncle looked back at him. The old man understood the signal, and returned to the boy's side.

"Whisper," said young Ben.

The elder Benjamin stooped down and put his ear close to the lad's lips, and as he caught what the other said, the old man smiled to hear the words.

"Oh, certainly," said Uncle Ben.

The next minute the little fellow was scampering after poor "Monday," and the minute after scampering back again to his uncle, who stood watching him at the gate.

"Give me your hand, my little man," said the godfather to young Ben; and, as the boy did so,

the old man shook it as if *his heart was in his palm*, and then on the couple toddled—
To the jail.

CHAPTER XX.

“LOWER AND LOWER STILL.”

FROM the poor-house to the jail some think it is not a very great remove—at least some social topographers would have us believe so.

But such people throw all the refuse of society together into one confused heap, which they call “the dangerous classes,” and it is only your pickers-up of unconsidered trifles that pause to separate the rags from the bones.

The agricultural poacher is not more distinct from the civic pickpocket than is the stock-pauper from the stock-thief, or the dull-witted and half-fatuous beggar, for instance, from the cunning and adventurous sharper; and such is the caste and cliquery in even the “*bas monde*,” that a “cracksman” would no more think of fraternizing with a “shallow cove” than a barrister would dream of hobnobbing with an attorney, or even a “wholesale” venture to return the call of a “retail” in the petty circle of suburban exclusiveness.

The jail that Uncle Ben took his godson to see was the jail proper. It had the fashionable gigantic stone gate, with festoons and tassels of fetters by way of ornamental work arranged over the doorway; and enormous unwieldy doors, knobbed over with square-headed nails as thickly as the sole of a navigator’s boot, and punctuated with a couple of huge lions’-head knockers, that reminded one of the masks in a pantomime. The walls were as high as those of a racket-ground;

and all along the top of them extended a long bristly-hog's-mane, as it were, of *chevaux de frise*, that looked like a hedge of bayonets.

Uncle Ben and the boy were admitted through an opening in the larger gate, and went in, ducking their heads under the aperture somewhat after the manner of fowls entering a hen-roost.

"Lett'r for th' gov'nor," shouted the military-looking gate-keeper, in a sharp military tone, as he handed the note Uncle Ben had brought with him to a stray warder, or turnkey as they were called in those days.

The official disappeared with the document, and the old man and the boy were asked to step into the gate-room while they awaited the answer.

"Just look, uncle," said the lad, in a whisper, as he entered the place almost with fear and trembling, "just look at the blunderbusses and cutlasses all chained together up there"—there were several rows of the clumsy brass-barreled pieces and knobby-handled swords arranged over the fireplace—"and look at the lot of handcuffs and irons too; just look how tastily they're arranged—all over the walls, I declare;" and he wheeled round and round, taken with the set patterns and bright glitter of the well-polished manacles, that had been embroidered, as it were, into all kinds of lineal devices on every side of the cell-like lodge. There were swivel handcuffs, that looked like big horses' bits, and close-linked chains, like horses' curbs; the one strung after the fashion of keys on enormous rings, and the other hanging in great hanks like so much iron yarn. The upper part of the walls, again, were garlanded round with leg-irons and ankle-cuffs; and there were iron neck-pieces that were like heavy muffintins, and iron waistbands that were almost as thick as the ring to an Indiaman's anchor. Some

of the human harness seemed to have been made—so massive was the style of ironmongery—for the renowned race of Cornish giants; for a few of the manacles were literally as large as the handle to a navigator's spade, while others, again, were such mere miniature things that they looked positively as if they were meant for babies, being no bigger in compass than a little girl's bracelet, though twenty times heavier; and the sight of these set one thinking either that the juvenile offenders must be very strong and desperate, or the jailers very pusillanimous and weak.

"Oh my!" cried Ben, as he made the tour of the room, and halted in front of an enormous long pole, with an immense crutch covered with leather at the end of it, and which had somewhat the appearance of a Brobdignagian pitchfork; "what *ever* can that be for, uncle?"

The gate-keeper, standing at the door, overheard the question, and turned round for a minute to explain the use of the article. "That, my lad," said the man, as he kept his eyes still fixed on the door while he spoke, and broke off every now and then to answer the gate, "is to prevent any of the prisoners injuring the officers in their cells. 'Casionally, you see, the fellors gets furious when they're locked up alone in the 'fractory ward, and swears they'll stick us with their knives, or beat our skulls in with their hammock-rings if we only chance to go in to them; and we can see by their looks as they means it, too. Well, in such cases, one of us puts on that great big shield you see there," and the officer pointed to a leathern disk larger in diameter than the largest target. "It's as big round as a man's high, and made of basket-work, and well padded, and covered with buffalo hide. So, when the officer sees his opportunity, he dashes into the cell with that there thrust out

in front of him, and covering his whole body. This takes the chap aback a bit, and before he can recover hisself another officer darts in, holding out that long pole there, with the padded crutch at the end of it, and with that he makes a drive at the fellow, and pins him round the body close against the wall; and then another officer, armed with that there smaller crutch, rushes on directly after the other, and pinions the chap's legs in the same manner. So, when they've got the fellow fast and tight, then all the other officers in the prison pour in, and overpower him altogether. *That* is what that pretty-looking little happy-rattus is for, my young gentleman.”

Young Benjamin, who had been staring with the same sapient, round-eyed kind of expression as an owl in a bird-cage all the time the man had been speaking, merely said “Oh!” when the story was ended, and wondered whether, if poor half-witted “Monday” ever got in there, he'd be manacled, and fettered, and pitch-forked like the rest.

By this time a warder returned, and putting his hand to his cap, saluted the elder Benjamin in military fashion as he said, partly to the gate-keeper and partly to the gentleman himself, “Pass two—'spect prison — gov'nor's orders.” Then beckoning the gate-keeper to one side, the officer seemed to take the ramrod out of his back while he said in a whisper, “You'll find a half gallon of rum, Bennet” (and he winked as rapidly as a bird at the man), “at the bottom of the bread when it comes in this evening; just pass it for me, will you, and you shall have your regulars. I'll square it with you by-and-by.” Then suddenly turning round and assuming the military air again, he cried, “Now, sir, pliz foller me—'spect prison.”

The man, who wore many heavy keys chained

round his waist, was about to apply one of them to a huge lock (as big as a family Bible), and to open a gate in a thick trellis-work of iron railings that was as ponderous as a portcullis, when Uncle Ben suggested that he wished more particularly to see the boys' part of the prison, saying that the master of the poor-house had told him that their new Quaker governor was beginning to try and keep the juvenile from the old offenders.

"Yezzir—all stuff, though—never carry it out—new-fangled nonsense; been here twenty year, I have—been together all *my* time, they have—no harm came of it, as I can see. Nothing like dis'pline—stric' dis'pline; yezzir—that's all we want here, sir—dis'pline—stric' dis'pline."

Then putting his two hands to the heavy gate he had been standing at while he jerked out the above speech, he made it moan again as he turned it slowly on its hinges.

Ben was now in a kind of bird-cage of iron bars; and another gate, with another huge family-biblical lock, had to be undone before he entered the paved yard of the prison itself.

Once within the precincts, the place was like a fortress, with its heavy blocks of buildings and embrasure-like windows, all radiating from the "argus," or governor's house in the centre, like the threads of a gigantic spider's web done in brick-work. The doors to the different prison wings were as massive as those of an iron safe, while each of the different "airing-yards" was railed off like the entrance to some gloomy and desolate inn of court.

The warder and the visitors passed on to the oakum-room, which had been built across the end of the large triangular space between the last two prison wings, or rather the last two bricken spokes of the architectural wheel. This room consisted

of a long barn-like shed, fitted with seats, which ranged from one end of the lengthy out-house to the other, and which stood on a slightly-inclined plane, so that altogether it had somewhat the appearance of a rude stand run up for the nonce at a race-course. The air here was charged with the true prison perfume, and reeked as strongly of the tarry and hempen odor of rope-yarn mixed with a whiff of stale cocoa, gruel, and pea-soup, as a circus smells of oranges and saw-dust.

Here were some hundred of mere children, ranged along the forms, each with a hook tied just above the knee, and "fiddling away," as the prison phrase ran, at a small thread of the unraveled junk; that is to say, sawing it backward and forward across the hook, and then rolling the loosened strand to and fro along their thigh, where the trowsers seemed to be coated with glue, from the tar with which they had become covered. The whole atmosphere within the room was hazy as that of the interior of a mill with the dust of the abraded tow flying in the air. A death-like, catacomb-like silence reigned throughout the place, and round the shed sat a small detachment of prison officials, perched at intervals on high, lawyer's-clerk-like stools, watching the lads at work, while here and there upon the walls hung black-boards covered with Scripture texts, such as,

"I WILL ARISE AND GO TO MY FATHER, AND SAY UNTO HIM, FATHER, I HAVE SINNED AGAINST HEAVEN AND BEFORE THEE."

And "SET A WATCH, O LORD, BEFORE MY MOUTH, AND KEEP THE DOOR OF MY LIPS," etc., etc.

As the trio entered the shed, the whole of the boys rose in a body to salute them, and each put his hand across his forehead like a person shading his eyes as he looks up on a bright sunny day.

They then sat down immediately afterward, the one simultaneous movement sounding like the breaking of a huge wave upon the sea-shore.

“Hard labor pris’nus, sir, most of ’em !” said the chief warder, still jerking out the information in the same snappy tone as if he were giving the word of command. “B’ys all in gray, Sum’ry b’ys,”* went on the communicant, with his chin in the air as before. “B’ys in gray, with yeller collus to weskets, Seshuns b’ys ;† and b’ys in blue here on lower fo’m, Mis’meenuns.”‡

Little Ben hardly heard the words, and the uncle cared not to inquire into the precise niceties of the legal distinctions.

The boy was rapt—entranced—stunned, as it were, with the utter novelty of the place and scene before him. He had heard talk of robbers, and had certainly read of Robin Hood and his band of freebooters in Sherwood forest, but he had never seen more than the back of a thief in all his life before, and that was when an alarm had been raised in their street one night, and he had caught sight, on throwing open his window, of a troop of watchmen hurrying along in chase of a nimble pair of legs in the distance. Still, to the lad, there had always been a world of vague terror in the mere idea of such characters. He had formed an imaginative picture of wild, lawless ruffianism, and cut-throat, ogrish propensities and appearance in connection with the predatory class

* Summary boys, *i. e.*, those who had been summarily committed by magistrates without being sent to the sessions for trial.

† *Anglice*, Sessions boys, or those who had been tried and convicted of larceny or felony at the sessions.

‡ Properly called “Misdemeanants,” or boys that were imprisoned for some misdemeanor ; that is to say, that had not committed any theft or serious offense.

in general, and this had often, when the window-sashes of his bed-chamber rattled in their frames, caused him to lie and tremble in his bed by the hour; so that now, the utter difference between the real and the ideal positively confounded him. Could it be that the little children before him were really thieves—little mannikin things like them—that were not only the very opposite in appearance to ogres, cut-throats, and ruffians, but mere babies most of them, and who seemed to require a nurse rather than a jailer to watch over them? Was it for the safe custody of such mere Tom Thumb creatures as these that the half-military prison officials went about, with those heavy bunches of keys chained round their waist? Was it for these wretched toddlekins, who seemed to need a go-cart instead of a prison van to bring them to the jail, that the cutlasses were chained up over the mantel-piece in the gate-room, and those tiny, baby-handcuffs kept, ever ready, hanging against the walls? Did those little hands, that had hardly outgrown their dimples for knuckles, need a fortress to resist them? did they want iron doors as heavy as sepulchre-stones, and iron bars and bolts as thick as musket-barrels, and walls as high as cliffs, to keep *them* from breaking prison? What could it all mean? Surely, he thought, as he turned it over and over, it must be the mad-house that his uncle had brought him to, so as to have a bit of fun with him, and see whether he'd know the sane from the insane. Yet no! What could those poor boys be there for, if the men in authority over them were really so many lunatics? Could they be the poor idiot lads that the grown maniacs were allowed to play the fool with? It really seemed to be so. But no, no; the little fellows hadn't the idiot look with them, like the wretched silly boys he had seen in the poor-house.

Besides, the warder himself had called it a prison. What *could* it all mean?

Then poor bewildered little Ben began, as the whirl and confusion in his brain, and the singing of the blood in his ears subsided a little, to glance his eye fitfully along the forms, and notice the features of such lads as had resumed their work, after having had their fill of staring at himself. He could see no difference in their looks from his old playmates at Mr. Brownwell's school. Some one or two were positively pretty lads—good-looking in the literal sense of the term—and seemed, despite the ugly gray prison dress, to have faces beaming with frankness and innocence. Others certainly looked dogged and sullen, and many had a sharp, knowing, and half-sly expression, with a curl at the corners of their mouth and a twinkle in their eye, as if they were ready to burst into laughter on the least occasion; but not one could he see that had that sinister averted scowl, and those heavy, bull-dog-like features that were made to characterize the thieves in the pictures of some of his schoolfellows' books. Were these, then, *really* thieves before him—little baby felons and convicts in pinafores? Yet still he fancied he must have misunderstood his uncle somehow. Why, there was one poor child there in gray, with a yellow collar to his waistcoat, that wasn't bigger than little Teddy Holmes, his sister Ruth's eldest boy; and Teddy was only just turned five, he knew. They could never have tried *him*, and made a convict of such a mere babe as he was; for, if they made felons of little things of five years old, why not at four, at three—or, indeed, why should the baby in long clothes go free, if it came to that? How could such a mere infant as that lad possibly know right from wrong, any more than Tommy, their cat at home?—and *he* really was a dreadful thief, if you liked.

But poor young Ben's speculations and bewilderment were soon put an end to by his uncle asking the chief warder what was the character of the offense for which the misdemeanants—the boys in blue on the lower form—had been imprisoned.

“Stan' up, mis'meenuns,” cried the chief warder, as if he had been drilling a body of privates.

The boys rose in a row as though they had been all hoisted by their necks at one pull; and there they stood, with their hands straight down by their sides, and their chins cocked in the air, the very monkey mimicry of the antics of the chief warder himself.

“What a' yer in for, b'y?” squirted out the officer, addressing the first lad in the rank.

“Heaving a highster-shell through a street-lamp, please, sir,” was the urchin's reply.

Ben stared at his uncle as the answer fell upon his ear.

“In thri times afore,” added the officer, by way of comment. “The b'y did it to get a month's food an' shelter, dussay.”

“An' you?” went on the warder, passing to the next.

“Please, sir, a woman said I hit her babby,” whined out this one.

“An' you?” the warder continued, running down the rank.

“Heaving clay about, please, sir,” responded the next.

“In fo'teen times afore,” the officer threw in, as a commentary on the character of this lad.

“It's been mostly for cadging (begging), please, sir,” expostulated the brat, “and only two times for prigging, please, sir.”

“Sil'ns, b'y. Nex' b'y go on,” shouted the man in authority.

“Heaving stones,” said No. 4.

“Threatening to stab another boy, please, sir,” cried the lad after No. 4, as the warder pointed to him.

“Prigging a bell in a garding, please, sir,” exclaimed No. 6.

“Heaving stones, sir,” went on No. 7.

“Heaving stones too,” No. 8 said.

“In f’ur times afore,” again interposed the warder.

“Heaving stones,” ejaculated No. 9.

“The same,” answered No. 10.

And there the file ended.

“Heaving stones! Heaving stones! Heaving stones!” The words echoed and echoed again in young Ben’s brain; and then, in the natural sympathy and justice of his little heart, he cried aloud, “Oh, uncle! do they put these poor little fellows among thieves, and lock them up in this horrid place, and make them wear that ugly prison-dress, for such mere child’s play as that? Isn’t it a shame! Why, there wasn’t a boy at our school that shouldn’t have been here, then, if all were punished alike. Oh, isn’t it a shame—a wicked shame!” he repeated. “Why, I remember myself,” and the lad was pouring forth a torrent of generous boyish indignation, and would have run on for heaven knows how long, hadn’t the chief warder cut him short with one of his peculiar explosive commands in the shape of

“Sil’ns, sir, pliz. Can’t allow such remuks as them in pressuns of pris’nus.”

Young Ben was tongue-tied in an instant, and he drew up close to his uncle’s side, for he hardly knew whether, if “heaving clay about” was punishable with imprisonment, he too mightn’t have rendered himself liable to be locked up by what he had said.

“Now,” exclaimed Uncle Ben to the warder, “let’s hear the offenses of some of the others.”

“Stan’ up, you b’y, ther’,” shouted the officer, addressing the first of the lads in gray seated on the next form.

The boy shot up from his seat in an instant as sharply and suddenly as a Jack in the box on the removal of the lid, and stood as stiff as a dummy in the window of a “youth’s fashionable clothing mart.”

“H’ould a’ yer, b’y?” said the jailer, questioning the lad first as to his age.

“Thirteen year, please, sir,” was the answer.

“What a’ yer in for?” went on the laconic turnkey.

“Coat and umbereller, please, sir,” the little fellow replied, with a faint smile; and then added, as if he knew what would be the next query, “This makes seven times here, please, sir, and three times at the Old Hoss, please, sir.”

The “Old Horse” was the cant name for the next county jail.

“Hollong ha’ yer got this time?” demanded the warder, so as to make him state the term of his imprisonment.

“Three calendar, please, sir” (*Anglice*, three calendar months). “This makes four times, please, sir, as I’ve had to do three calendar,” said the lad; “and I’ve had two two-monthses as well—one of the two-monthses here, and one at the Old Hoss, please, sir; and I’ve done one six weeks and two two-dayses besides. It’s mostly been for prigg-ing, please, sir,” added the young urchin.

Little Ben stared with amazement at his uncle as he heard the confession, uttered as it was without the faintest tinge of shame to color the cheeks, ay, and (what struck him as still more strange) without the least quake of fear, even though the warder stood at the boy’s elbow.

"Woddid yer tek?" shot out the official, now drawing the lad out as to the kind of articles he had been in the habit of stealing.

"I took a watch and chain wunst, please, sir, and I did a pair of goold bracelets another time," was the unabashed and half-exulting reply. "I frisked a till twice'd; and this time it's for the coat and umbereller, as I told you on afore. One of the two-dayses I had was for a bottle of pickles, but that was three or four year ago."

"Why, I beganned thieving about four year ago," he went on, in answer to another question from the officer, who seemed as pleased as the boy himself with the examination. "I went out with a butcher-boy. He's got seven year on it now, please, sir. He sent me into the shop with a bit of a hold seal to sell, when I prigged the stoop" (stole the watch); "and I tried on the same dodge when I did the pair of goold bracelets."

"Have you got any father, my lad?" asked Uncle Ben, with a hitch in his breath.

"Yes, please, sir," the answer ran. "Mother mends glass and chayney, please, sir," and father's in the consumptive hospital down in the country. I don't mean to go out prigging no more, please, sir," added the youngster, as he suddenly lowered his eyelids with affected penitence, "not if I can get any other work that'll keep me, I won't."*

"Won' do, b'y!" cried the inexorable warder; "yer pitched that ther' tale to the lady as went over the pris'n las' time we had yer here; an' then yer got three calen'ar the second day after yer went out."

* There is no fiction in the above answers of the boys. These, and those which follow, are simply the replies of the young thieves at the boys' prison in Westminster, which were taken down verbatim by the author at the time of his visit to Tothill Fields' House of Correction in the year 1856.

Little Ben was heart-stricken with what he heard. It was all so new to him—so startling—so shameless—so frank, and yet so subtle—so heartless, and yet so knowing; in a word, it was so utterly unlike all his preconceptions concerning robbers and thieves, that, now that he was really convinced he was standing in the presence of a host of boy-felons, he felt sick and half scared with the terrible consciousness of the fact.

There was such a sense of massiveness in the large array of crime before him, that, now the boy had learned that the greater part of the mere children were there for thefts as brazen-faced as those which the urchin of thirteen had just confessed to, he was fairly appalled with the vastness of the vice. Few, indeed, know what it is to see crime in the mass—wickedness in the lump, as it were; to look upon some hundred heads, and feel as if they were fused into one monster brain, instinct with a hundred devil-power, and quickened with a hundred fold more than ordinary human cunning and cheater. Most people know crime only as an exceptional thing; they hear, read of, or become personally acquainted with merely *individual* cases, and never see it in such huge conglomerates—such immense corporate bodies of devilry as give the mind a foretaste of the concrete wickedness of Pandemonium itself. It is no longer one wayward human heart we contemplate, but hundreds of such hearts, every one of them pulsing like a hundred clocks in terrible unison, throbbing with one universal rancor and hatred of all that is good and grand, and never a generous passion nor a noble sentiment, and hardly a kindly feeling stirring within them. Crime seen under such circumstances seems to be as much a part of the “ordinations of nature” as even gravitation itself, and a sense of destiny and fatalism almost overpowers the soul.

As for poor little Ben, there was such a kind of rattlesnake fascination in the terror that was on him, that he couldn't, for the life of him, take his eyes off the lad who had just sat down.

The boy was a sharp-featured and sly-looking youngster of about Ben's own height, and had a pucker and twitter about the corners of his mouth which showed, despite his downcast look, that, though pretended penitence was on his eyelids, incipient laughter was on his lips. Indeed, he needed but to have the prison garb exchanged for the man's coat, with the tails dragging on the ground, and the trowsers tied up over the shoulders with string instead of braces, and the bare muddy feet too, to mark him as one of the confirmed young street-vagabonds that are to be found in every city. Were these the poor little human waifs and strays of the town, that Ben had so often seen collected at the entrances to the courts and alleys about the neighborhood? he asked himself, without shaping the thoughts into words. Were these the slips and cuttings that, after being duly inoculated and planted, and transplanted into the hot-bed prison soils, were destined to bear the felon fruit? As the light burst through the parting clouds of his brain, his mind's eye grew half dazed with the flash.

He looked again and again at the lad, and tried if he could read innate wickedness branded like the mark of Cain upon his brow. But no! The boy-thief, now that he came to gaze at him well, was the very image of Bob Cooper, who was the kindest and best-natured boy of them all at Mr. Brownwell's school. Then the recollection that the father of the young thief was in the hospital, and the mother out all day mending "chayney and glass," came stealing over his heart, as soft and genial as the warm south wind on a winter's

day; and as his nature melted, young Ben thought, what would that boy-thief have been had he been blessed with friends and counselors like himself? and what might he himself have become had the same iron circumstances cradled his childhood? The thought once in the little fellow's brain, and he looked upon the crowd of boy-thieves before him through the liquid lens of pity flooding his eyes.

“Stan' up, nex' b'y!” again snapped out the prison official.

This boy knew by the questions put to the previous one the kind of information he had to give; so, directly he was on his feet, he put his hands straight down by his side, and raising his chin, and looking directly before him, he delivered himself of the following statement, almost in one breath, and certainly in one sentence:

Sixteen year old please sir and in for a stealing a coat I've been a prigging about four year I done one calendar here for a pair of boots and four calendar at the Old Hoss for prigging a tray of silver pencil-cases the way as I prigged that there was this here I took a hold aypenny ring and broke it up and went into a shop to ax whether it were goold or not and while the gennelman was a looking at it I slips the tray of pencil-cases under my coat then I got took for two bundles of cigars and did another month here after that I was took for some meresome pipes and had another month on it here I was took for a coat besides and done my three calendar at the Old Hoss again for that father's a hingineer and I ain't got no mother please sir and that's all.”

“Wait, boy!” cried Uncle Ben, as he saw the lad about to resume his seat; “what do you mean to do when you leave here?”

“Do!” echoed the young thief, as if he was astonished at such a question being put to him.

“Yes, lad,” repeated the elder Benjamin; “what do you mean to do?”

“Why, when I gets out here I shall go priggging again, in coorse,” was the candid and fearless reply of the lad, as he looked the warder full in the face.

“But why,” inquired the old man, “why will you thieve rather than work, lad?”

“Why, ’cos I don’t know no other way of getting a living honestly,” he answered, with an ill-used air.

The odd blunder set every one in the prison laughing, officers and all, except the head turnkey himself, and he merely shouted out,

“Sil’ns, b’ys! we can’t ha’ no laughing here!” and when the place was quiet, the warder added as before, “Stan’ up, nex’ b’y.”

“Been fourteen times in prison,” began the lad of his own accord, as he rose from his seat. “I’ve had three calendar in this here prison four times, and one fourteen-days, and I don’t know how many two-monthses and one-monthses besides.”

Uncle Benjamin could no longer bear to hear the boys recount their several imprisonments with all the glory with which an old soldier fights his “battles o’er again,” so he cut this lad’s statement short by asking what alone the old man cared to know. “And when you leave this prison, you’ll begin thieving again, I suppose?”

“No, I ain’t a-going this time,” answered the lad, in a dogged tone.

“Indeed!” exclaimed the old man.

“No,” went on the other; “I means to hook it, and go to sea.”

It was now time to pass from the salient details of the foreground into the broad masses and deeper tones of the general view. So Uncle Ben began to inquire as to ages rather than the crim-

inal histories of the different boy-prisoners, for he knew that the mere years of the children imprisoned there would tell a far sadder tale than they themselves could recount.

“What is the age of the youngest prisoner you have here, officer?” said he, addressing himself to the head turnkey.

“Fi’ ye’rs,” exploded the official, with all the callousness of true routine. “Stan’ up, you Tom Tit there,” he cried, addressing the child by the nickname he had got in the prison; and immediately a little head of short-cropped hair popped up at the back of some of the bigger boy-thieves in the front row. “Ther’, get on the form, do, and let’s see you a bit,” added the chief warder.

The mannikin scrambled up on the bench as he was ordered; and little Ben shuddered as he saw the mere babe stand there grinning in the felon’s suit of gray, that hung about him like a sick man’s clothes.

“Secon’ time o’ being here,” went on the disciplinarian. “In for stealing—what’s yer ’fense?” he asked, sharply.

The child grinned again as he lisped out, “Frithking a till, pleathe.”

“Woddid yer tek?” demanded the other.

“Five bob and a tanner, thir,” was the urchin thief’s reply.

“Fi’ and sixpuns, he means,” went on the officer, acting as a glossary to the baby’s slang. “Ther’, that’ll do; stan’ down. That’s the youngest we’ve had for some time. But I’ve knowed a child o’ six sent to the hulks, I have, though he cud hardly say ‘not g’i’tty’ when he was tried.”

Uncle Ben wouldn’t trust himself to speak upon such a matter in such a place, so he bit his lips to keep back the words that were burning for utterance at the tip of his tongue; and he

frowned and shook his head at his little godson as he saw the boy, in his indignation, scowling and making mouths at the warder before him.

“Want th’ ages of so’ more, sir, eh?” the official asked; and as the uncle gave a nod in reply, he cried,

“None here eight ye’r old—nor nine; let’s see,” the man said, talking to himself—“ten’s the nex’ youngest we got—isn’t it, Corrie?” he inquired of one of the other warders near him.

The man addressed shot up from his seat as he replied “Yezzir!” in a voice that made the place echo again as with the report of a pistol.

“Stan’ up now, all ten-ye’r b’ys,” shouted out the head turnkey, authoritatively; and the words were no sooner uttered than the lads rose from different parts of the room. “Ther’ they a’, sir,” he added—“one! two! three! four! five! Fi’ ten-ye’r b’ys, and three on them in once afore; others fir’ ’fense b’ys.”

“What are they here for?” Uncle Ben sought to learn.

“What a’ yer in for?” said the man, pointing first to the one nearest at hand, and then to the others, while the answers of the lads ran successively thus: “Pick-pocketing—stealing brass—stealing seven razors—taking tuppence—spinning a top.”

“What’s that?” asked Uncle Ben; “surely that lad didn’t say he was here for spinning a top?”

“Yezzir; reg’lar ’fense, that! a boy gets one calendar for it, if he’s took up for ’structing the king’s highway, sir;” such was the information that came like a thunder-clap upon the two Benjamins; and the younger couldn’t help throwing up his little honest hands, and tossing his good-natured head, in the depth of his pity for the poor little suffering things before him.

“Stan’ up all’leven-ye’r b’ys, now,” was the next order; and when it had been obeyed, his man proceeded to tell them off with his fingers as before. “Sev’n b’ys here!” then he said, “One in ten times afore; another six times; another five; the res’ stranjus and firs’ ’fense b’ys?”

Uncle Ben nodded; and again the warder cried, “What a’ yer in for, b’y?” and went pointing to the lads in succession, and drawing from them the following answers, one after another, as he did so:

“Taking a silver kettle—stealing pigeons—spinning a top (the two Benjamins again looked at each other)—begging—killing a dog—sleeping in the public gardens (another exchange of glances)—stealing a tray of goold rings.”

“Now twel’-ye’r old b’ys, sir, eh?” again inquired the warder; and, as the uncle nodded again, up shot ten more boys, and their offenses were found, in the same manner as before, to have been “pickpocketing—stealing a coat—pawning a jacket—stealing lead—pickpocketing—stealing meat—breaking a window—stealing a goold watch and chain—stealing bread”—(“You didn’t want it, b’y, eh?” “Oh no, sir; meant to sell it”) was the parenthetical inquiry and answer)—“and stealing brass.”

And when all the offenses had been stated, the warder added, by way of comment, “Pickpockets here all old hands. One in six times afore. On’y two stranjus ’mong the whole twel’ b’ys. See any mo’, sir?”*

Uncle Ben shook his head, and then said “Stay” as he cast his eyes upon the ground. “Yes,” he went on, “I should like to know how many of the

* The remarks made in the note to page 390 apply also to the above statements. They are matters of fact rather than imagination.

boys here have no fathers or mothers to take care of them."

The words were hardly out of the old man's mouth before the warder had made the building ring with the command of "Stan' up, b'ys with no fathers and mothers!" and then, as he saw one lad rising whose parents he knew to be living, he bawled out, "What a' yer doing there, b'y? You're not a no father an' mother!"

"Please, sir," cried the lad in return, "I'm a no mother, sir—I got a step, please, sir."

"Well, si' down, then! It'll come to yer turn nex';" and as the lad did as he was bidden, the warder went on counting again, and ended by saying, "Ther' they a', sir. Fi' no fathers an' mothers."

"Five *utterly* destitute!" muttered Uncle Ben, as he felt his heart drop like a stone in his bosom. His little godson stared at him with all the bewilderment of utter horror, for he knew well what was passing in the old man's mind.

"Now, sir, I s'pose you'll take the b'ys with a father or a mother on'y, eh?" suggested the official; and, as he saw the other nod assent once more, he bellowed out the order; but such a multitude of young ones rose at the word of command that the warder knew half of them had mistaken the summons. So he kept shouting to those he was in doubt about, "Now, b'y, a' yer a father or a mother, eh?" whereupon the urchin would answer either that he was "a mother" or "a father," as it might happen, or else that he was "both a father and mother too;" in which latter case he would be told to "si' down and pay more 'tention, or he'd get in the 'fract'ry cell if he didn mind."

"Ther' they a', sir, at last," again cried the man in authority. "Fifteen no father! Twel' no mother!"

“Please, sir, my father and mother’s suppered,” shouted one of the bigger boys; “and mine’s in the poor’us, please, sir,” cried another; “and mine’s gone to sea;” “and my mother’s been in the ’ospital for the last year with dickey” (decay) “of the thigh-bone;” and so they went on, each shouting out after the other, as if they fancied some wrong had been done to them in not being allowed to stand up as orphans beside the others.

“Sil’ns!” shouted the warder; “we can’t ha’ this here!”

Uncle Ben went up to the official, and said thoughtfully, “I want to find out how many of these boys have got relatives in prison.”

“Oh, a’most all on ’em, sir,” was the laconic reply; “regular jail-birds, greater part on ’em; but I’ll see, sir, an’ let you know.”

It cost the official some trouble to make the lads understand what they really had to answer; and the warder had to put the question to them in their own peculiar terms, as to whether their family or friends were “flats or sharps” (*i. e.*, honest or dishonest people); and then, as some misunderstanding arose, the urchins would cry out, “Please, sir, my father an’t a sharp, he’s a flat, sir—an’t never been in pris’n in his life.” Other lads, too, would call out that their mother was a cadger (a beggar), and want to know what the gennelman would say that there was—a flat or a sharp; while others shouted out that they had got a brother who was a “gun” (*i. e.*, thief).

However, at last the warder had settled the matter; and as he told the numbers off, he shouted in his usual official tone, “Five got fathers in prison! One, father at hulks! Three, mothers in prison! Twenty-six got brothers in prison! Four got brothers at hulks! Two, sisters in

prison! Three, cousins in prison! Two, cousins at hulks! One, uncle in prison! One, uncle at hulks! One, aunt in prison! And now all's told, sir."

"But one more question," said Uncle Ben, sorrowfully, "and I have done. How many of the parents of these boys, who have got fathers and mothers, are habitual drunkards?"*

The question was clearly put and clearly understood, and the statements duly checked by the attendant warders, who, from the repeated return of the greater part of the lads to those quarters, knew pretty well the family history of most of those under their charge; and the answer proved to be that twenty-five boys, at least, in every hundred, were rendered even worse than fatherless by the brutal setting of their parents.

Poor Uncle Ben, in his desire to read his little godson a lesson, had given himself a severer lecture than he had expected. He was touched to the very quick of his own kindly nature, and stood for a moment with his chin on his bosom and his eyes on the ground, as if stricken down with shame. Then his lips moved quickly, though he uttered not a word, and he locked the knuckles of one hand in the palm of the other, as he flung his eyes for an instant upward. The next minute he was looking wildly about him, half afraid that some one might have noticed his weakness, and the minute afterward he was rubbing away at his forehead, as if to rouse himself out of the trance that was on him.

The warders were too busy in restoring order, and the prisoners in too much commotion to give heed to the old gentleman. No one noticed him indeed, not even his little godson; for he, poor lad, had turned his face to the door, so that none

* See Mr. Antrobus' book, "The Prison and the School."

might see and know what he felt. Boy as he was, he was well aware how those young thieves would only sneer at him for his girlish compassion; accordingly, he clenched his little fists, and dug his nails into his flesh, so that his eyes might not seem red when he turned round again.

“A’thing more, sir?” asked the chief, when the boys had been got back to their seats, and the place was quiet again. “A’thing more, sir?” he repeated, in a louder and sharper tone, as he saw the old gentleman stand still, looking on the ground.

“No! no! no! no!” was the half-bewildered answer. “I’m going—poor fatherless things—home now directly.”

“Like to see our women’s prison, sir?” went on the warder.

Uncle Ben gave a shudder that seemed to go all through his body as he replied “No! no! I’ve had quite enough for one day, thank you.”

“Wooden take yer quarter-an-hour, sir, t’run through it,” went on the officer, who was as anxious as a showman that the visitors should see all the sights of the place. “See the little things in the nuss’ry, then?”

Uncle Ben just caught the last words of the sentence, and he was all alive again at the bare mention of such a place in a jail. “What!” he cried, in utter astonishment, “*did* you say you had a *nursery* here, officer?” and he stared at the man as narrowly as if he was watching the workings of his countenance, though the gesture was merely the instinctive emotion of incredulity on Uncle Ben’s part.

The warder bore the scrutiny without as much as a wink, and replied, “Yes; nuss’ry was my words, sir. Like to see ’t, sir?”

The old man, now that he was assured of the

fact, gave vent to no emotion whatever, but merely said quickly, "Of course I should;" and then, jerking down his long waistcoat, he set off at a quick pace out into the yard, saying, "Come along, Ben! come, boy! we're going to see the prison nursery!" and, as he hurried along, even an inexperienced eye might have told by the short, quick steps he took, and the rapid, twitchy jerkings of the arms as he went, that his whole frame was in a state of high irritability.

Again the heavy gates had to be unlocked and locked, and more gates forced slowly back, before the women's part of the prison was reached.

There the visitor and his young friend were handed over to the care of a matron, with a request that they might be shown the nursery portion of the bolted and barred establishment.

CHAPTER XXI.

FELONS IN THE CRADLE.

ONCE on the female side of the jail, Ben and his uncle soon began to feel that they were out of the close and stifling atmosphere of mere drill and military discipline (of drill and military discipline, save the mark! among a brood of children, who cried aloud for good fathership rather than drill-sergeantship to train and tend them); for the matrons really spoke, and seemed to act toward their "erring sisters" as if they had some sense of their own frail tendencies, and some little feeling for those poor human reeds who had not had the power to stand up against the wind.*

* There may be readers of a sterner mood, unacquainted with prison economy, who may fancy that the transition from the mere disciplinarian male jailer to the more humane female one borders somewhat on the sentimental or Rosa Ma-

The matron to whose charge or care Uncle Ben and his little nephew were handed over was a

tilda school of literature. It may be so; but the transition is not given as a stroke of art, but as a touch of nature. In making the prison-tour of the metropolis, and passing day after day with the governors of the several penal establishments, as the author did but lately, with the view of making himself acquainted with the "prison-world," no change was so marked, and, indeed, none so refreshing, as the transition from the formalities of the male warders to the amenities of the female ones. The women's prison at Brixton, as well as that at Wandsworth, and, let me add in all justice, that at Tothill Fields too (though the punishments at the latter place are *inordinately excessive*, being upward of fifty per cent. more than the average proportion of punishments throughout the female prisons of *all* England and Wales), these were certainly *not* the heartless and senseless places that the men's and boy's prisons seemed to be (always excepting the stupid tyranny of the silent *hour* (!) at the Brixton Institution); and they were not so simply because there was some show of kindly consideration and feeling on the part of the lady-officers in charge of the prisoners. Indeed, to this day the author has no happier memory than that of going the rounds with the compassionate little post-woman at the Brixton prison, and seeing what happiness she found in delivering her little packets of happiness to the wretched female convicts there, or than that of hearing the long prison corridors at the Wandsworth House of Correction (which is really a "model prison" as to its general management) echo with the kisses of the matrons as they caressed and hugged one of the pretty little prison babies, that was being bandied from one female warder to the other. The reader may account for this as he pleases, but the author believes the simple explanation is to be found in the very constitution of womankind itself. Male power always runs into routine, idle forms, and silly ceremonies; but women have so little of the powerful, and so little of the drill-master about their nature, while they have, on the other hand, so much of the opposite qualities of tenderness and gentleness, that feeling and common sense with them are sure not to be utterly overlaid and crushed by mere right-about-face tomfoolery. All that is wanted at our male prisons is a little less drill and a little more heart—a mild medium between your Martinet old-soldierism on the one hand, and your Maconochie maudlinry on the other. What the female jailers may have been in the olden time the au-

lady of very bulky proportions ; so bulky, indeed, that the chain which she wore as a girdle round her waist, and to which the heavy bunch of prison-keys was attached, sank into a deep crease of fat, and it was only by the glitter of an obtruding corner of a link here and there that one could tell she wore any such iron girdle around her waist. Her face was as round and pleasant-looking in its lining, its dimpling and puffy cheeks, as a hot-cross bun ; and whether the typical traits lay in the amplitude of bust, or the roly-poly character of the pudding-bags of flesh about the neck, or the obvious staylessness and wabbliness of her whole figure, it was difficult to tell ; but there was an unmistakable look of the "mother of a large family" stamped upon her whole appearance. Indeed, it was by the name 'mother'—mother, in its bare simplicity, without any cognominal affix—that she was spoken of throughout the entire prison.

The gate-keeper asked how much beer he was to take for "mother" to-day—the chief warder, when he met the lady, held out his finger and thumb, and threw up his nose as he exclaimed, "Pinch asnuff, mother!" The visiting justices shook their powdered wigs and smiled beneficent-

thor has not been able to discover. Whether they were as brutal and as base as the males (who should have changed places with the prisoners themselves, for most of them had been thieves in their younger days), it is impossible to say ; but the writer of this book has sufficient faith in womanly tenderness to believe *not*. There may have been, and doubtless was, many a gnarled old harridan among the female turnkeys of the "good old times;" but as human nature belongs to no one age, depend upon it that, even a century and a half back, the majority of the women jailers had the same women's hearts as now to temper the rigor of prison rule—the same women's weakness and women's pity for misery and helplessness—ay, and let me add, the same women's prison babies too.

ly as they passed her in the passages leading to the governor's room, saying the while, "Well, mother, how do we find ourselves to-day, mother—eh?" The impudent boy-thieves would shout out after her in the streets when they got their discharge, and saw her toddling along to or from the prison morning and evening, "I say, moth-airr! come an' give us a kiss, old gal;" while the woman who had just left the prison nursery, and stood, with her infant on her arms, at the entrance to some court in the town, would drop the good prison mother a silent courtesy as she went by and chucked the liberated little babe under the chin.

"Well, sir," said this most matronly matron as she led Uncle Ben and the boy along the narrow and dark passages of the prison, and proceeded to answer the question the elder Benjamin had just put to her, "if you askes my opinion as a mother, sir," she began, throwing all her wonted force upon 'mother,' "as I've been this sixteen year come next grotter day, as is the fourth of August, as my own Jimmy was borned upon, and he's as good and upright and downstraight a boy as ever could please a poor dear mother's heart, though it *is* his own poor dear mother as says so—if you askes *my* opinion in that compacity, sir, why I reely must say as I can't see as the women in our mothers' ward here is at all different, in no-wise, in their motherly feelings for their poor dear little ones, from them as is outside."

The lady paused for a minute, and then added: "*That there* is what I says to every body, sir—they're *mothers*, sir;" and here the lady stopped again, with the double view of enforcing her favorite point upon the gentleman's attention, as well as fetching a little breath after the heavy flight of stairs she had just mounted—"they're mothers, sir," she repeated, "which speaks wol-

lums for 'em, sir, I says; for a mother *will* be a mother, you know, sir, all the world over; least-wise if she ain't a monster in human form, as is what we don't allow in here, in nowise, sir. I'm a mother myself, sir," said she, proudly, pausing again and turning full round to stare at Uncle Ben as she said the words; "the mother of nine as fine strapping children as ever you see, sir, as is all straight and well made, sir, with never so much as a club-foot, nor a hare-lip, no, nor not even so much as a port-wine-stain neither among one on 'em to blemish their dear bodies, which is saying a great deal—ain't it, now, sir? So in coorse I knows what a mother's feelings is—which is only common humane natur', sir, as I tells my good man—he's one of the city watchmen as walks the docks; maybe he ain't onbeknown to you, sir," she threw in parenthetically as she turned suddenly round once more, "and hasn't never slept in his bed by nights, like a Christian man, for this twenty year and more, I give you my word, sir. I tells him he don't know what a mother's feelings is, as in coorse he do not; and them as *does* know what a mother's feelings is, and it's only common humane natur', I says again, why, they can't but let alone having *some* bowels of passion for them as is mothers in their turn, sir—let their sitywation be what it may, poor things. So long as they're mothers is all as I cares about."

By this time the trio had reached the part of the building which was set aside as the prison nursery. Uncle Ben was little inclined to be talkative himself, for what he had already seen, and what he felt he was about to see, had taken nearly all the words out of him, and made him moody with the grave reflections engendered within him. There was, however, little demand for speech from any other while "mother" was present, for even

the most pertinacious would have found it difficult to have insinuated so much as a parenthesis into the monologue on her part.

As the matron dragged back the heavy prison door of the "mother's ward," it disclosed a cleanly-looking whitewashed room, about the size of an ordinary barn, with barn-like rafters appearing overhead. A strong smell of babies and babies' food pervaded the place, and the entire shed resounded with the kissing and prattling of the felon mothers, and the gurgling and cooing, the crying and laughing of the imprisoned babes. On the hobs of the ample fireplace at the end of the ward were rows of saucepans and pannikins, to keep up a constant supply of warm pap, and the rails of the high guard-like fender were hung with an array of Liliputian linen—the *convict baby-clothes*, such as shirts hardly bigger than sheets of note-paper, socks but little larger than thumb-stalls, and colored blue and white frocks of about the same size as the squares of chintz in a patchwork counterpane. The room seemed positively crowded with cradles too, for they were ranged at the foot of the iron bedsteads in lines, like so many tiny boats drawn up on a beach.

"Them there's our own mothers, sir!" said the matron, in an exulting tone, as she stood within the doorway previous to entering, and pointing to the assembly of babes as if she was proud of the exhibition. "There's twenty-three mothers altogether in now, with five-and-twenty children—two twinses," she whispered in the old man's ear. "Poor things! I never looks at 'em, and thinks about 'em, I don't, but what I feels as if I were a-going to be took with a'tack of the spagms. You see," she continued, talking in an under tone to Uncle Ben, "they're a far betterer class of prisoners, the mothers is, than them brazen-faced

minxes on the t'other side of the women's side, as is enough to crud all a mother's milk of humane kindness, sir, that they is, I give you my word. Augh!" she burst out, with all a true matron's indignation, "I'd have such humane warmin as them there gals of ourn whipped at the cart's tail, I would; I can't abide sitch unwomanly things; and yet, do you know, I often drops a tear into my beer, sir, when I sits and thinks of the little bits of gals we has among 'em, and turns my eyes innards to their latter end.

"But these here poor dears, sir," the corpulent lady resumed, with a sigh that made the body of her dress heave up and down like a carpet in a draughty room, "is mothers, sir, as I said afore; and that there shows as there ain't no cuss upon them, and they ain't the shameless and 'fectionless hussies the other gals is, as I can't abide. Ah! sir, a mother's heart is a great thing, sir—a fine thing, sir," the old body went on, as she grew half solemn in her tone; "it makes a woman of a woman, it *do*, sir, let alone however bad she may ha' been afore; for d'reckly she has a bit of her own flesh and blood in her arms to cuddle and take care on, and d'reckly she feels the little thing a-drawing its life from out of her own buzzum, and a-looking up and a-smiling in her face the whiles, I tell you she can't but wish (for I've know'd it, and gone through it all myself) as she mayn't never do nothink in the world as will hinder her dear child from *always* a-looking up to her as it do then."

Then drawing Uncle Ben half aside, she proceeded with no little earnestness in her manner to say, "And do you mean to tell me, sir, as them there poor things, when they has these here mothers' thoughts come over 'em—as is only common humane natur', I say agin—when they sees the

little hinnocent kriter of their own a-kicking and a-cooing in their lap, and wishes in their 'arts as they could make it a hemperor or a parson, as every mother do, as is a reel mother to her babe, sir—do you mean to tell me, I askes you, as these here poor things, as is made of the same flesh and blood as ourselves is, sir, don't hate their-selves and cuss theirselves for the shame and hard lines they've put upon their little one's life in a-bringing it into the world with a hand-cuff, as a body may say, about its little hinnocent wrist? Well, *I* can tell you they *does*, sir—not as they says as much to me, but I sees 'em, when they leastwise thinks it, with the tears a-rolling down their cheeks like a boy's marbles does sometimes onbeknown to hissself down the hile at church-time—and that, too, as they sits a-dabbing their hands, quite unconscionably, over the little dear's mouth, so as to make it babble again like the bleating of a little lamb, you know, or maybe a-tickling it with their apron-strings in the folds of its dear little fat neck as it lays a-sprawling on the bed. You'd think they was a-playing with the little darling, I dessay, and a-taking part in the play too, as a mother loves to do; for I know it, sir—*I* know there ain't nothink in all the wide world so beautiful as a baby's laugh to a mother's 'art. But these here poor things can't hardly a-bear to hear their little hinnocents laugh; for it only 'minds them, you see, that the babe hasn't no sense of the place it's in, and it's like daggers in their 'arts consequently; 'cos they fears that when it grows up to know the start it got in life, it'll come to cuss 'em, as they cusses theirselves, for the millstone they've been and hung about their poor little poppet's neck. This here is only common humane natur', I says agin and agin. Why, there ain't no parson living as could put the

thoughts into these poor mothers' buzzums as them there little babes as can't talk can do. They're little hangels, I says, sent from heaven to turn their 'arts, sir. I knows it, I do. I've got a mother's 'art myself, sir, and I feels it often a-bleeding for 'em."

Uncle Ben was so little prepared for this simple burst of earnest kindness, after the stolid callousness of the male officers, that he stared for a minute in mute wonder at the good old dame, and then said, as he saw his little nephew looking up and smiling in her fat, good-natured face, "Kiss her—go and kiss her, Ben, for her motherly love of these poor creatures;" and then, as the boy flung his arms about her neck, he hugged the prison "mother," and the "mother" hugged the boy, as if they'd been parent and child, while the old uncle turned into the corridor and paced rapidly up and down the flag-stones, flinging his arms about as if he was preaching to the winds.

The paroxysm past, he returned to the dame's side, repeating her words, "Little angels sent from heaven to turn their mother's hearts." Then he paused, and looked her full in the face as he asked sharply, "And what will they grow up to be, think you, mother?"

"Young devils, sir—devils," was the emphatic and not particularly mealy-mouthed answer of the woman.

"I guessed so," said Uncle Ben; "I foresaw as much;" then he was silent for another minute, and ultimately jerked out, "But why *should* it be so, mother—why can't such as you prevent it?"

"Lor' love you, sir," "mother" replied, her face growing as creasy as an old kid glove with the smiles that played all over it, "why, how you talk! The world's agin it—every humane being's agin it—common humane natur'" (her favorite

reference) "is agin it. Do you think, I askes you, these here poor little babes can ever have the same chance of getting a honnest penny as that there boy of yourn, or any decent folk's child, let alone gentlefolks? It's one thing to be borned with a silver spoon, or even any spoon at all—no matter whether it's a hold hiron or a wooding one—in the mouth, and quite another pair of shoes to come into the world with a handcuff ready locked about your wrist; for there ain't hardly no gitting it off, I can tell you: it grows into the flesh like this here wedding-ring has, you see."

The woman put out her finger to show that the little gold hoop had become imbedded deeply into the skin.

"A boy as has come of a felon mother is sure to find it out sooner or later," she went on, "and often much sooner than need be; for people is only too quick to fling the 'stificut of his buth in any one's face, when it ain't worth paying a shilling to get it. And so the boy's the more ready to take to felon ways than a honnest person's child; for, fust and foremost, he ain't got no keracker to lose, you see, and 'cos he ain't got no keracter, why honnest people won't have nothink at all to do with him. Then I askes you, sir, as a gennelman as has seed some little of the world, how can sitch a boy ever find out as honnesty's the best pollercy, as the saying goes, if so be as he can't never get no chance of gitting so much as a crust of bread honnestly for hissself?"

"But there's another p'int as I should like you to see, sir, and that there is this here. Though the mother's heart of the woman as bore him may be, and is mostly, dreadful cut up to see her poor little hinnocent with the prison swaddling-clothes on his little new-born limbs, and this makes her

swear and swear over agin to the little unconscionable krittter hisself as she'll lead a new life for his sake d'reckly she gets her discharge, and though she means it all too at the time, more honestly than a honnest woman ever can, yet, sir, d'reckly as our gate-keeper opens the door to her, and her baby and she's got her libbity agin once more, why, back she goes, in coorse, to her old kimpanions, with her little one in her arms (for where elsewhere has she to go to, poor dear?), and then her good resolves is no better than fruit-blossoms in Feberrary; and arter that her mother's 'art won't hardly dare to open its lips to herself any more about the child. So the poor little thing is sent out to play with the young thieves and wagabones in the gutter, and there the boy larns gutter moralses and thieves' p'intns of right and wrong, in coorse; and then I leaves you to judge what his principles is like to be after a few quarters of that there schooling. 'Cording, when he's about five or six, maybe, he comes to us, either for 'cadging,' as they calls it, or for 'pickin' up' coals for his mother off the barges 'long shore, or else for stealing bits of hold metal to get slices of pudding for hisself, or p'r'aps for breaking winders for the 'musement of a whole lot of the young scarrymoudges. And then, sir, when he's been and made his fust plunge, and got over the fust shudder-like of going headlong into this here pool, why then, sir, he's ready for I don't know how many dips agin; so 'cording he keeps on going out and coming in here, like the folks at a show dooring fair time, for he finds there's always a table ready laid for him here, and a well-haired bed always kept made up for him too, and that without nothink at all to pay for it, which larns him a lesson, sir, as there ain't no unlearning as ever I seed in all my time. So in coorse he

keeps on a-coming backuds and foruds to us, six months out and four months in, until at last he gets more and more owdacious and devilmay-careyfyed, till the 'ulks or the gallus puts a final end at length ultimately to his k'reer.

"Ah! sir, it sets my mother's 'art a-bleeding," concluded the good-natured old dame, "when I looks at the hinnocent faces of these little things (as is liked to the kingdom of heaven, you know, sir, in the Church sarvice), and I knows—far betterer than here and there one—what fate's wrote down in the book agin their names, why then I sometimes thinks to myself, surelie it 'ud be bettermost if the whole litter of kittens was drownded outright. If they're to be hanged arter a while, I says, why, where's the good of keeping on 'em just to breed more kittens like theirselves in their turn, sir, and have more hangman's work to do in the final end, sir, after all? These is hard words, sir, for a mother to speak, as has got a mother's 'art in her buzzum, and a whole coopful of chicks of her own at home, bless 'em. But I can't help it, sir; it's my mother's 'art as puts the words into my mouth, sir—it is."

"Come! come, Ben! come along, boy! I've seen and heard enough, lad, and so have you," cried the uncle, as the dame came to an end; and then, turning round, he was about to thank the good old body and hurry off; but the matron seized him by the arm as she said, "You're never a-going in that there way, surelie, without never so much as a shake of the hand, or a chuck under the chin, or a 'God bless you' to my little ones here. I calls this here little lot my second famerly, sir; and I can tell you, when some of their times is up, I often has a good cry over the parting from some on 'em, the same as if they was a tearing my own flesh and blood from me."

As the dame and the two Benjamins walked slowly down the long room, between the double file of prison cradles, they found some of the little felon babes propped up in their beds, amusing themselves with the rude playthings that the mothers had invented to quiet them. One had a rag doll, with a couple of stitches in black thread for eyes; another was thumping one of the prison tin platters, and crowing at the sound it made; and another was rattling some pebbles in one of the prison pannikins.

A few of the mothers were walking hurriedly up and down the room with their infants in their arms, endeavoring to hush them to sleep by patting their backs, and hissing the while as a groom does to a horse he is rubbing down; and others were seated at the edge of the iron bedstead, joggling the little one on their knees to allay the fretfulness of teething.

But not one lullaby song was to be heard in the place.

As the visitors passed along, most of the women rose and courtesied in turn, and every face they saw was marked more or less by that dogged, sullen, and ill-used air which is so distinctive of the criminal character before it is utterly hardened and shameless.

“D’ye mind, sir,” whispered the matron, in Uncle Benjamin’s ear, as they moved on a few paces, and then came to a stand-still, “there ain’t a smile nowhere, ’cepting on that there one’s face—the woman on my right here—and she’s got six months on it for bigotry, sir?”

“For what?” inquired the old gentleman, in a suppressed voice, that still had a deep tone of astonishment about it.

The dame put her mouth close to Uncle Ben’s ear, and whispered, “Marrying two husbands, sir—bigotry we calls it here!”

Even Uncle Benjamin, sad and sick at heart as he was, had to blow his nose violently on hearing the explanation.

“Ah! she’s a brazen-faced bit of goods, and I can’t abide shamelessness, I can’t,” she ran on, with a significant toss of the head. “Yonder, you see, is a woman with two infants, sitting by the bed near the door—don’t turn your head just yet, please, sir, or she’ll fancy we’re a-talking about her,” added the kind old matron, speaking in the same under tone as one instinctively adopts in a sick person’s room. “She ain’t one of the twinsees; she’s minding another prisoner’s child. Oh yes, they’re very good and patient to one another’s children, and we most seldom has cases of hill-treatment to punish in ’em. She’s in for ’tempted ’fanticide, sir,” continued the loquacious guide, as she turned her head away from the young woman that Uncle Ben was now regarding with an air of pretended vacancy and indifference; “and yet there ain’t a better mother in the whole ward, nor a kinder-hearted kriter breathing neether.

“That there prisoner, two off from the one with the couple of babbies,” the matron babbled on, looking straight away to the opposite side of the ward from that which she was directing Uncle Ben’s attention to—“don’t you see, sir?—the woman with the saller complexion, and that there dreadful cast in her eye, so that you can only catch sight of half the happle on it, sir—she’s a very bad, dang’rous kerackter, she is: we had to take *her* child from her. Do you know, she treated the poor little dear so inhumanely, we really thought as how she’d a’ been the death on it. But she’s a rare ’zeption, she is; and, to tell you my mind, I don’t b’lieve she’s all there, sir,” the old gossip added, pointing to her forehead, which she affect-

ed to scratch the minute afterward. "Her husband was a ground-lab'rer, sir, and went out for an ollidy about six months back, and she never sot eyes on him since. She's here for 'legal pawn-ing, sir, and got two year on it."

At this point a clean, flaxen-haired little thing, with eyes so intensely blue that the very whites had a faint tint of azure in 'em, came toddling toward the matron with its plump short arms stretched out, and shrieking "Mamma! mamma!"

The matron, or "mother" as she was called, stooped down and caught the little human ball in her arms, crying, "What, Annie, my little ducks o' dimons!" and then raising it up, she fell to kissing it, and rubbing her mouth in its soft neck, making the same spluttering noise the while as though she was washing her own face with a handful of soap and water in her palms. "Bless it! bless its own little heart! she's mother's own poppet, she is—a little booty as ever was borned, and as clean and sweet as a new pink, that she is, every bit of her, sir. This is *my* Annie, sir, as I calls her; my dear little darling Annie," she ran on, as she tossed the child up and down, crying "ketchy, ketchy," right in front of Uncle Benjamin's face—"she's a sad romp, I can tell you. She's two year and three months come the—"

"21st of May, please," interposed the tidy prison mother timidly, with a courtesy, for the woman had followed her child to the spot.

"And was borned in this here prison, sir. The mother's got six year on it," the old matron added aside, as she kept dancing the little one in the air till it fairly laughed again, "for shoplifting, sir;" and then, putting her lips close to Uncle Ben's ear again, she whispered, "Not married."

The "mother" now passed up the ward, carrying and cuddling little Annie in her arms; and

as she journeyed from bed to bed, she put her finger in the dimples of the prison babes, and made all kinds of tender inquiries, first about the teeth of this one, and then the legs of that, as well as reminding the women whose terms were about to expire that their time would be up next so-and-so, and she hoped as how they'd take care and never bring that sweet little hinnocent of theirs into such a place again.

Presently, stopping suddenly short at one of the beds, she said, "*That there* is the most timbersome child I ever met with;" she alluded to a poor little white-faced thing who had thick irons down its legs, and who was evidently suffering from "soft bones." The prison mother was about to lead it toward Uncle Ben; but, though the old man held out his hand toward it, the little creature hung its head, and struggled and screamed to get back to the prison cat that lay curled up on the bed it had just left.

"The mother is married to a private in the Granadiers, sir," went on the matron, "and she ain't never heerd from him wunst since she was took for making away with the work of her 'ployer, sir. She's got four year on it, and fifteen month more to do, sir. You see the child is nat'ral timbersome, sir; besides, poor thing! it never sees no man's face here but the guv'nor's and the surjin's, so no wonder it's afeard at the sight of strangers' looks.

"Well, sir," she rattled on, in answer to a question from Uncle Ben, as they turned away, and, passing out of the ward, proceeded to descend the steps that led to the "mothers' airing-yard," "we don't keep no hinfant babe here to over four year, sir, though there *were* one little thing as we wunst had in the prison so long, that when its mother's libbity came, it used to call every horse

it seed in the streets a great big pussy. It did, I give you my word, sir."

Uncle Ben shuddered as a sense of the brute ignorance of the little baby-prisoner came over him, and the boy at his side stared up with wonder and terror in the old "mother's" face, for he remembered the tales he had read of the "wild boys" found in the woods, and how they had grown up as senseless as baboons.

"I won't ask you, sir," said the matron, while passing across the yard back to the passages leading to the entrance to the women's prison, "now that you've that there sweet boy of yourn with you, who's as like what my own dear Jemmy were a year or two agone as ever he can stare—only he ain't got my Jemmy's nose 'zackly—to come and see our women's ward over on the t'other side, for, to speak the candid straightforud truth, sir, it ain't 'zackly the place a mother, with a mother's 'art in her buzzum, would like to take a boy of tender year like hizen to. Ah! they're shocking brazen-faced, ondecient, foul-mouthed termygints, *that* they is, sir, and the little-est on 'em is as bad as the biggest-est. They'd only be grinning in the young gen'elman's hinnocent face, sir, and a-making all kinds of grimages at you, sir, behind your hinnocent back, as you went along; and as I'm a mother myself—the mother of nine living, sir, and have had as many as a baker's dozen on 'em, bless 'em! in my time—why, in coorse, I knows what a mother's dooty is, thank God, and so I won't demean myself to press you to stay and see the Jessybells, sir."

By this time they had reached the heavy and big-locked door by which they had entered, and as "mother" put the monster key into the key-hole, she paused for a minute before turning it as she said, stooping down to young Ben, "Kiss me,

my sweet child. I know he's a dear good boy to his poor dear mother as bore him, by the very looks on him. Your name's Benjamin, ain't it? for I heerd your dear father here call you by that. Well, I've got a Benjamin of my own, I have, but he's four year younger than you, if he's a day; and I'm sorry to say it, my dear, but he's the werry worrit of my life, he is, for he bustis his clothes out, till, Lor' love you! it's one person's time to look after him, and keep him any thing like tidy and 'spectable."

All the time she was delivering this little domestic episode she was smoothing young Benjamin's hair, or stroking his cheek, or hugging him close up to her side. "There, kiss me agin, dear child, for the last final time," she said, "and always mind and be a good boy to your poor dear mother, whatever you do; for you don't know what it is to have a mother's 'art, I can tell you."

The catch of the enormous prison lock then resounded with a loud capstan-pall-like click through the corridors, and the mother was dropping a courtesy to the old gentleman, and giving her last broad grin to the young one, as the couple went nodding to her through the doorway, when she suddenly espied the gate-keeper running, with a pewter pot in his hand, so as to get to the "women's-side entrance" before the door closed again. "Oh, there you are with my beer, at last, young man! Come along, Bennett, for goodness gracious sake *do*, there's a good soul! for, heaven knows, I'm come over quite swoundy-like for the want on it."

In a few minutes Uncle Ben and his nephew were retracing their steps across the boys' "side" of the prison, and as the couple strode along sorrowfully, the godfather said, "Ah! my boy, we

have only to imagine that years are flying past us now instead of minutes to recognize the little baby faces we have just left in the prison nursery in that file of boy-thieves that are exercising yonder in the airing-yard before us, and circling away one after another like the horses in the equestrian booth at a fair."

As the endless troop of little felons kept shuffling on (the heavy prison boots clattering on the flag-stones with a very different noise from what their bare feet were wont to make on the pavement outside the prison gates), the uncle told little Ben to notice the figures on the red cloth that was fastened round the left arm of the boys, saying he would see by them the number of times they had been in prison before. "Call the numbers out, Ben, as the lads go by, and let's hear the tale they tell of boys many of whom are not yet in their teens, and none out of them."

Little Benjamin did as he was bidden, and the story ran as follows:

10 (recommittals), 2, 4, 7, 7, 3, 6, 2, 14, 7, 12, 10, 2, 4.*

"That's enough, my boy—that will do, in heaven's name," exclaimed the uncle; "and hardly half a score years back these children were many of them in the prison nursery."

At this point the discipline-loving chief warden approached the couple, saying, "Like to see pris'n bur'al-groun', sir?" Uncle Ben shook his head. "Very curious—not a tomb-stun 'lowed in it—only a 'nitial letter to some—others without nothink at all to mark whose grave it is—place chuck full of bones, sir."

"No, no," cried Uncle Ben, half petulantly, as

* These figures are no fiction, but were taken down under similar circumstances.—See "Great World of London," Part VIII., p. 414.

if he thought this wretched finish to the story might have been spared him. "I want to go."

"Pris'nus own clothes store, very cur'ous too, sir," persisted the showman-warder. "Their own clothes is an oncommon strange sight—every one says so. All things been foomiguttet, so there's no fear, I 'sure ye, sir."

"No, no, man, I want to go, I say," was the answer; whereupon the warder proceeded to unlock door after door as before, and to conduct Uncle Ben and his nephew back to the gate.

"Who are these boys?" asked the old uncle; "a fresh batch of prisoners just come in, I suppose!"

"No, sir," was the sharp response, "they's the 'scharges."

Uncle Ben as well as the warder alluded to a group of some half dozen lads who had cast the prison garb, and now stood gathered about the little clerk's office beside the gate-room, habited in their own rags and tatters, ready to regain their liberty. Half an hour before they had been warmly and comfortably clad, but now many of them stood shivering in their scant and rent apparel.

One was without a jacket, while another had his coat pinned up so as to hide the want of a waistcoat, and perhaps a shirt.

Uncle Ben waited to see the story to its end.

"William Collins" was called out from within the clerk's office, and the warder outside the office door, echoing the name, told the boy who answered to it to step up to the office window.

Here he was placed in a small passage, immediately in front of the casement, within which stood one of the prison clerks, against a desk in the office on the other side.

"You ever been here before?" asked the clerk, in a tone of authority.

"No," was the simple answer.

"B'longs to the Docks," interposed the attendant warder; "and a friend's come for him."

"Ho! let 'm step here, then," rejoined the clerk; and the "friend," who was a boy hardly older than the young thief himself, no sooner appeared outside the window than the voice within went on, "Who a' you?"

"Collins's brother, sir," the boy responded.

"Well," the voice continued, "his majesty's justices of the peace 'uv oddered this boy a shilling, and they 'opes they'll never see 'm here again. So do you ta' care of him." And with this admonition and the money the couple passed on, to wait till the rest were ready to depart.

"We alwa's sen's letter to paren's or fren's of pris'nus, sirs, prevus to 'scharging on 'em," explained the chief warder, who stood aside with the two Benjamin Franklins while they watched the proceedings. "We does this so that the b'ys' fren's may be at gate at the time of thur going out, so's to take charge on 'em."

"James Billington" was next shouted out.

The minute afterward a mere urchin made his appearance outside the office window, his head scarcely reaching above the sill.

"You've been in for robbing yer mother, eh?" began the clerk, who had perceived that there were strangers present, and therefore commenced laying on the morality in full force. "What a horrible fellow of a son you must be to go and do that! Why *must* you go plundering her, poor woman, of all persons in the world? The next boy to you has been flogged, and that'll be your case if ever you come here again, I can tell you"—and, having delivered himself of this lecture, he put his head out of the window and inquired, "Any body for James Billington?"



“How came you to break sixty panes of glass, eh?”

“Nobody for Billington,” answered the gate-keeper.

“Where does your mother live?” demanded the clerk.

“In a cellar in Hold Street, please, sir,” was the reply of the boy, with a smile on his lip, and utterly unaffected, of course, by what had been said to him.

“B’y’s been here offen afore,” the chief warder said aside to Uncle Ben. “He’s bad boy ’deed, sir!”

“Henry Norris” was the next lad called for.

“How long ha’ you been here, Norris?” the clerk began with this one.

“Six weeks,” the boy said, doggedly.

“How offen afore?” the other went on.

“Three times here, and twice in jail up in the country,” was the cool and frank rejoinder.

“Ha! we’re getting it out of you a little,” added the clerk. “Nobody for Norris, I s’pose?” he said, again thrusting his head out of the window.

“No, sir,” exclaimed the gate-keeper.

“Thomas Wilson” was then called.

“What time ha’ *you* been here, Wilson?” interrogated the clerk, as a fresh boy came up to the window, but who was so short that the man in the office had to thrust his head out in order to see him.

“Ten days, please, sir,” answered the brat, in a whining tone.

“And how offen afore?” demanded the other.

“Six time, please, sir,” the boy went on, whining.

“Now that’s very pretty for a child of your age, ain’t it?” continued the moral man in office.

“How came you to break sixty panes of glass?—for that’s what you were charged with, you know—eh?”

"I did it all along with other boys, please, sir—'eaving stones," the child again whined out.

"A set of mischeevous young ragamuffins," the moralist persisted. "Was the house empty, eh?"

"No, please, sir, it wer'n't no house, sir; it were a hold factory, please, sir, and there was about a hundred panes broke afore we begunned; so us boys was a trying to smash the rest on 'em, sir, when I got took." Such was the childish explanation of the felonious offense.

"Any body for boy of the name of Thomas Wilson?" shouted out the clerk.

"No, sir, nobody for Wilson," the gate-keeper made answer once more.

"Well, then," continued the clerk, "that's all the 'scharges for to-day, so you can let 'em all go, Bennett."

"Come along, Ben," said the uncle, hurriedly, as he heard the last words; "I want to see the end of all this. Good-day, warder, good-day;" and the moment afterward the officer in charge of the gate opened the outer door, and the wretched young thieves and vagabonds were once more at large in the world.

Uncle Ben passed with his nephew through the prison portal at the same time, and stood close against the gate, watching the proceedings of the liberated boys.

The lad whose "brother" had come to take charge of him had two other youths of rather questionable appearance waiting to welcome him outside the prison gates.

The other little creatures looked round about to see if they could spy any friend of theirs loitering in the neighborhood.

None was to be seen.

Of all the young creatures discharged from the boys' prison that morning, not a father, nor a

*mother, nor even a grown and decent friend was there to receive them.**

Uncle Ben stood and watched the wretched little friendless outcasts turn the corner of the roadway, and saw the whole of them go off in a gang, in company with the suspicious-looking youths who had come to welcome the boy whose "brother" alone had thought him worth the fetching.

Then turning to his little nephew, he cried aloud, "If ever you forget this lesson, Ben, you've a heart of stone, lad—a heart of stone!"

CHAPTER XXII.

UNCLE BEN AT HOME.

It has been said that it is impossible to stand up under an archway during an April shower with a man of really great mind without being impressed that we have been conversing with some superior person.

But—no matter, let it pass.

Nevertheless, it is certain that we have but to enter the ordinary sitting-room (not the "show-room," mark!) of any person, great or small, in order to read in every little article of furniture or knick-knackery, or even in the odds and ends that we find scattered about, some slight illustration of the pursuits, the habits, the tastes, the affections, ay, and even the aspirations of the individual to whom the chamber belongs.

Uncle Ben's "own room" was not a "reception-room," but a "retiring-room;" a small chamber on "the two-pair front," that served him at once for study and dormitory too.

* The bare fact.

On one side of the apartment stood the high turn-up bedstead, with its blue and white checked curtains drawn closely round it, and bulging out from the wall like the hind part of a peep-show caravan. The furniture was of the straight-backed, rectangular, and knobby kind usually seen in curiosity shops nowadays, but which, in Uncle Benjamin's time, was hardly old-fashioned, and this consisted simply of a small old oaken table, knobbed over with heads of cherubim round the sides, with legs as bulky as a brewer's drayman's, and a kind of wooden "catch-cradle" to unite them at the base, as well as two or three chairs with backs as long and legs as short as weasels. In one corner was set a kind of small triangular cupboard, with a square of looking-glass in the lid, and a basin let into a circular hole beneath; but, though this was fitted with a small door below, the style of workmanship was so different from the rest of the furniture, that, had it not been for the box of tools in another part of the room, one might have wondered what country carpenter had wrought it.

Against the wall dangled a few book-shelves slung on a cord, and these also were obviously of home manufacture. Here the very backs of the volumes (without reference to the marginal notes, with which many of the pages were scribbled round) formed a small catalogue of the tastes, principles, and habits of thought peculiar to the man who had "picked them up cheap" at auctions and book-stalls—for many had the lot-mark, or second-hand price-label still partly sticking to their covers. Here one shelf was devoted to Shakspeare's "Plays and Sonnets," Bacon's "Novum Organum" and "Moral Essays;" Newton's "Principia," "Optics," and "Observations on the Prophecies of Holy Writ;" Milton's "Paradise

Lost," "Comus," "L'Allegro," and "Penseroso," as well as his "Character of the Long Parliament;" Butler's "Hudibras," Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits," and "The Port Royal Logic;" Erasmus' "Praise of Folly," Owen Feltham's "Resolves," and a translation of Seneca on "Old Age;" "A Brief Account of the Controversies between the Nominalists and Realists," John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Sir Thomas More's "Utopia, or the Happy Republic;" Longinus "On the Sublime and Beautiful," Bishop Butler's "Sermons on Human Nature," Evelyn's "Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest-trees," as well as Sir Thomas Brown's "Religio-Medici" and "Vulgar Errors."

On the shelf beneath this again were packed the "Life of Martin Luther," and his "Table-talk," the "Trial and Martyrdom of John Huss," and the works of Wicliff, with Baxter's "Plea for the Quakers;" the Sermons of Bishop Fuller and Jeremy Taylor, together with the "Holy Living and Dying" of the latter, besides Peter Folger's quaint poem entitled "A Looking-glass for the Times," Defoe's "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," and Dr. Mather's "Essay to do Good," not forgetting "The Whole Duty of Man."

Then the lower shelf of all was filled with Plutarch's "Lives" and Fuller's "Worthies," "The History of the Crusades," Josephus' "History of the Jews," "The History of England," and also that of "The Christian Church," besides Raleigh's "Travels Round the World," and "Some Account of the present State of Jerusalem."

Moreover, there were a few stray volumes equally characteristic of the occupier of the apartment, such as Nicholas Culpepper's "Herbal," and a "Treatise on Apparitions and Ghosts," together with a small "Manual of Short-hand," a

“History of Witchcraft,” a copy of the “Test and Corporation Acts,” a pocket “Latin Dictionary,” and a well-thumbed “Concordance;” while arranged along the top of the drawers beneath was a series of huge volumes labeled “Biblical Commentaries,” and secretly stowed away on one of the shelves of the cupboard in the wall, beside the fireplace, was a small regiment of octavos in the shape of Bayle’s “Philosophical Dictionary,” and the folio edition of Hobbes’ “Leviathan,” as well as his “Analysis of the Human Intellect and Affections.”

Again, the few prints about the room were each illustrative of the true character of little Ben’s godfather, and told the observer that Uncle Benjamin was something more than a strict Puritan in his tastes, for pinned against the wall was Holbein’s “Dance of Death,” as well as a few of Rembrandt’s etchings that he had picked up from his Dutch friends in the town; then, besides these, there was a grand steel engraving of Thomas Franklin, his elder brother, in his barrister’s wig and gown (this was dedicated to Squire Palmer, of Northampton), together with a small water-color painting of the old smithy at Ecton, in Northamptonshire, as it appeared after the heavy snow-storm of 1642, with “*Benjamin Franklin, Pinxit,*” scribbled in one corner. Farther, above the mantel-piece was pinned one of the pictorial conceits that were so popular at the period, consisting of a full-length portrait of Uncle Ben himself, drawn half “in his habit as he lived,” and half skeleton, and evidently painted by the same hand as sketched the family forge, while on the other side of this was a simple curl of flaxen hair, framed and glazed, with the signature of a letter in a female hand pasted below it, saying merely,
“Thine till death, Mary.”

The only evidence of the religious temperament of the man was the following Bible text, written out large, in Uncle Ben's own hand, and pasted up between the lock of hair and the deadly-lively portrait of Uncle Ben himself:

“When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily, I say unto you, They have their reward.

“But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.”—Matt., vi., 5, 6.

The underscoring of the words “*seen of men,*” and “*when thou hast shut thy door,*” was Uncle Ben's own.

On the table, however, stood the old family relic, the “joint-stool,” which Uncle Ben had begged as an heir-loom of his elder brother Thomas, the barrister, before leaving Ecton for New England, and by means of which the forefathers of the Franklin family used to read their Bible in secret (at a time when it was “*felony*” to do so), with the book fastened under the lid, so that the volume might be hidden the instant the approach of the dreaded “apparitor” was announced by the boy stationed at the door. The book was still kept conscientiously hidden as before; for, though the government apparitor was no longer feared, Uncle Ben dreaded the social spy (who will not allow us still to worship as we please) catching him at his devotions. Indeed, the honest-natured old fellow hated in his heart any thing that might even seem like the parade of what he knew to be,

when deeply felt, a purely secret emotion ; for he did not scruple to declare that as love is always mute in its profundity, and grief chatters only when dumb despair is passing into whining melancholy, so true religious reverence is silent and solemn as the woods which are ever congenial to it.

Within this joint-stool also was kept the printed list, that was regularly sent to Uncle Ben every year, of the subscriptions and donations to the principal hospital of the town during the past twelvemonth. The eye might have looked up and down the grand names and the rich array of figures till Doomsday, and never have found there even so much as a B. F. 21s., though in turning over the pages it might have detected written at the end of the long list, in the same clear hand as that which had penned the text over the mantle-piece, the following quotation :

“Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

“But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.”

These, with the addition of the ever-memorable two volumes of manuscript sermons that he had taken down himself from the most celebrated preachers of his time, and a dumpy ear-trumpet, that was not unlike a cow's crumpled horn, and which of late years he had used in church, so as not to lose a word of the discourse he wanted to transcribe—these, we say, with occasionally one flower in a tumbler of water, and a Dutch oven for the cooking of “Welsh rarebits”—for which the old man frankly confessed an overweening weakness of the flesh—made up our broker's inventory of Uncle Ben's worldly goods.





UNCLE BEN EXPLAINS THE DUTIES OF LIFE

The boy and his uncle sat at either end of the small oaken table, with the joint-stool between them, sipping their morning's porringer of bread and milk, in front of the little wood fire that crackled away on the hearth, for the autumn days had suddenly set in chilly.

"Now, Master Ben," began the godfather, "we have looked up our text, and are well primed for the discourse, so I hope you've got your sitting breeches on this morning, for I fancy we shall want some sticking-plaster, lad, to keep you to your chair before I have done with you. Yet stay! when we've got the porringers out of the way, you shall have my picture there of the old smithy at Ecton to copy; so you can sit and draw, while I walk about the room and talk, and that'll take the fidgets out of the pair of us."

It was not long before the breakfast things were cleared away, and room made at one corner of the table for the sheet of paper, as well as the painting that the boy was to work upon while he listened.

Then the old man, having cut a pencil for the youth with a knife that had no end of blades and a small set of tools besides in its handle, and lent him his box of colors for the occasion, said, "There, lad, now go to work; sketch the outline in lightly first, and then just fill in the little bits of color here—the red glare of the fire inside the forge, you see, and the dark, swarthy figure there of old Mat Wilcox; for that was meant for Mat. I wonder where he is now, poor fellow. I remember well his standing to me for the picture, just as you see him there, Ben, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and his big leathern apron on, in the act of hammering away at the glowing bit of metal he holds in the pincers. And after that, lad, you can put in the black clouds of smoke pouring out of the forge chimney, and the gray

leaden sky there, as well as the bright green little specks of houseleek that the snow has not quite covered over on the roof at one part, you see—and the robin, too, perched on the thatch where the snow's thawed there by the flue, and with the trident marks of his feet all along the roof. Then that done, lad, you can pass on to color in the under parts of the boughs here of the old beech-tree that grew beside the forge, and the two or three little children there peeping in at the door—let me see, whose children were they? Oh, I remember. “Ha—ah!” the old man sighed, “what would I give to see the old place again, and have all the fresh thoughts of one's youth rush back into one's brain! Ha—ah! but that can never be now. There,” he broke off suddenly, as he flung the recollections from him, “you needn't take any particular pains over it, boy, for it isn't the sort of thing to please my taste now. There's too much white and too much bright color about it to suit my eye at present. Still, it's a nice thing to look upon, Ben, bad as it is—a *very* nice thing; for when I did it I was but little more than your own age, boy, and I can hardly glance at it now without feeling young again. However, this'll never do,” he broke away suddenly again, “for we must go to work, the pair of us.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

A PEEP INTO THE HEART.

THE old man passed his hands behind his skirts, and began striding up and down the room as he said, “Well, lad, we understand something about the business and the amusements of life, and we now want to find out what are its duties.”

“Oh yes, uncle,” cried the boy, “I know now what you mean; what I saw at the poor-house and the jail taught me a great deal.”

“Not so fast, boy, not so fast! We’ll see what is the lesson they ought to teach you by-and-by,” rejoined the uncle. “All in good time, my little philosopher, all in good time. Now you remember I told you, Ben, that to experience a sensual pleasure it is essential that the object should be immediately present to us? The sugar, for instance, is *on* our tongue, the perfume *in* our nostrils, the musical note ringing *in* the ear, and then we feel immediately, without any thought intervening, that the sensation is more or less agreeable to us. With an intellectual pleasure, however, the enjoyment is never derived *directly* from the sensible impression itself, but rather from the peculiar nature of the thoughts, or intellectual perceptions engendered within the brain. For instance, in the pleasure we derive from wit: the sensible impression which causes the perception of the odd association may be neither agreeable nor disagreeable to us. We may not care about the tone in which it is uttered, nor the paper and print on which we read it; but the perception of the extravagance in the connection of the ideas is no sooner forced upon us by such means than we are immediately thrown into convulsions of delight. So, again, with the imagery and suggestions of poetry, and the contemplation of works of high art, as well as the sublimities of nature; the mere sensation has nothing to do with the intellectual enjoyment farther than being the cause of the peculiar condition of mental exercise, excitement, or satisfaction we are thrown into, and from which alone the enjoyment proceeds.”

“Yes, I think I can make out the difference

pretty well, uncle," interposed the boy, looking up from his drawing for a minute.

"Very well, Ben," went on the teacher; "and I must now point out to you another distinction, and that is the main distinction between the intellectual and the moral pleasures of our nature."

The boy paused to hear the explanation.

"In what are called moral pleasures," continued the other, "there is always associated a perception of some good or evil happening to ourselves or others, but with intellectual pleasures no such perception is connected."

"Really, uncle, I don't see *that*," argued the little fellow. "Isn't this picture now good to me? and wasn't what you said to me about books the other day just as good to me too, in its way, as what old 'mother' said about the poor little prison babies?"

"The confusion, my little man," replied Uncle Ben, "is merely the confusion of words loosely used rather than any want of distinctness in the ideas. We call sweetmeats good, and say that such a poem is good; and we speak of a good joke, a good idea, and even a good number, or a good deal, as well as good fortune and good men. But this is only our vague way of talking, and there is no necessity to be always 'speaking by the card,' as Shakspeare calls it, for this would make our conversation savor more of the crabbedness of scholastic logic than the grace of familiar intercourse. We need to be precise only where precision is needed, in order to prevent mistakes between the delicate shades of ideas and feelings. In common parlance, it is enough to say a thing is green for us to know roughly what is its peculiar color; but with artists, who are aware that there are infinite varieties of this particular color, we require to define, if possible, the precise hue or

species of green: is it light green, or 'green verditer,' or 'terre-verte,' or 'Brunswick green,' or is it a 'green gray,' and so on. Well, then, the word *good*, in its strict signification, is any thing which benefits or promotes the permanent well-being of ourselves or others, and not merely that which pleases us for the moment, no matter how purely or transcendently. In this sense, friendship is good, kindness good, the same as food is good, and even medicine itself is good, though it may be sensually disagreeable to us."

"Oh, I see what you mean now," said the boy; "good, then, I suppose, is what serves to do us good, as people say."

"Right, lad. It is what tends to promote our worldly welfare; therefore you will see readily enough, that however much a smart joke or fine poem may serve to delight us, it can not logically be said to be good, and that simply because it does not serve to advance our well-being."

"Yes, yes, uncle, I understand it now, perfectly," exclaimed the young artist.

"That point being settled then," proceeded the old man, "of course it follows that a moral pleasure is the enjoyment we derive from the perception of some worldly good or benefit accruing to ourselves or others; so now let us proceed to find out what this worldly good or benefit really means, and then we shall understand why things may be agreeable, and good too, as food and fruit are; health, as well as kindly counsel, and charity too."

"Well, uncle," asked the youth, who was anxious, after what he had seen, to have the riddle unriddled as quickly as possible, "and what does worldly good or benefit, as you say, really mean?"

"I must turn your thoughts back again, Ben, before answering that question," was the reply.

“Now what did I tell you was the great boon of sensual pleasure?” he inquired.

“Oh, I remember, uncle!” the little fellow cried, starting from his seat, “you called them ‘*after-graces*’; you said they were enjoyments that had been superadded — that was the word you used — to the operations of the senses themselves, and that there was no real necessity for the addition of them ever having been made. I recollect well how you told me that light was quite enough for the purpose of seeing, still the beauty of color and form had been added to it; sound sufficient, for hearing, still melody had been connected with it — I’m repeating it all as nearly as possible in your words, uncle — and that, though food alone was necessary to allay appetite and sustain life, yet it had been made delicious to us as well. And all these things you said too, uncle, were ‘signal evidences’ — I remember the term well — of the goodness and kindness of the Creator to his creatures.”

Uncle Ben took the little fellow and hugged him in his arms, for this was the religion he wanted his godson to get fast and deep into his heart, and the religion that the old man dearly loved to talk about too; for he knew how it made a temple of the whole world — a temple not only of the highest beauty, but of the highest and sweetest worship, filling the mind to overflowing with the fine composite emotion of admiration, love, gratitude, sublimity, and reverence. Again and again he hugged the boy, for he now knew that he had not been talking to the winds as they sat by the sea-shore at night, and he told the little fellow with his kisses how glad he was to see the fruit-buds bursting forth at last in the little sapling that he had long loved to tend and rear.

The boy knew the old man’s inarticulate lan-

guage by heart as well and naturally as the young bird comprehends the chirrup of its parent, and every fond embrace of Uncle Ben made his nerves quiver as harp-strings that are tuned in unison are said to vibrate responsively to each other.

Presently the uncle was pacing the chamber as before, and the boy once more sketching away at the table.

“Well, then, my little man, I now want to show you,” resumed the teacher, “that as our sensual and intellectual pleasures are bountiful, and wondrously benevolent additions to the mere perceiving and knowing faculties of the senses and the intellect itself, so the moral pleasures, or the sense of moral good, is the crowning goodness and kindness of all. Why should we have been made to feel gratified for any thing, Ben? why?”

He paused for a moment or two, and then added, “There was no necessity, lad, for such a feeling; the exigencies of continued existence did not require it—for flies live on for a term; they go after their food, and eat it, and yet no insect ever had an affection for the hand that fed it. Try and imagine fondness in a gnat, gratitude in a flea, love in a maggot, and you will comprehend that there was no *vital* necessity for the addition of any such emotions to man. The human maggot might have seen and thought, calculated and reasoned, just as acutely as he does now; he might have known as much science, have learned as many languages, have been as profound in the subtleties of logic and metaphysics as he is at present, without any heart at all—nay, he might perhaps have been even deeper skilled, and more subtle and clear-sighted, lacking human emotions than possessing them; for the heart often warps the judgment of the brain, as is seen in what is termed sentiment, even as the brain often checks

the promptings of the heart, as we ourselves, Ben, saw in the matter of prison discipline."

"Well, uncle, and why should we have been made to feel grateful for any thing?" asked young Ben; and he would have added, "grateful as I now feel to you;" but, boy as he was, he blushed at the idea of making empty professions.

"Simply, my son, because God, in his goodness, has willed it so," returned the pious old man, solemnly; and a quick observer might have noted the uplifting of the soul at the same time, in the slight elevation of the eye, as he uttered the words. "We might have eaten our bread, lad, yes, and have relished the dainty snack of the new loaf too, and yet not have felt the grateful and half-sacred pleasure we do in looking at a corn-field. We might have slaked our thirst in the crystal spring, ay, and have enjoyed all the deliciously pure delight of a draught of cool, clear, and fresh water, and yet never have positively loved the brook-side, nor have regarded certain wells as holy places. We might have quaffed our mother's milk, Ben (that wondrous elixir which the kindly providence of the great Father has made to gush forth, as the one indisputable human birth-right, on our very entry into the world—a fluid in which the subtlest chemistry can detect no germ of bone, muscle, or nerve, hair, nail, or blood, and yet which holds all the elements of the human body in the most perfect solution)—we might have quaffed this, I say, and we might still have found our first delight in the sweet fountain of our parent's bosom, and yet the babe need not have been made to turn up its little eyes and smile its gratitude in the face of her who nourishes it as it drinks in the liquid life. Neither was there any vital necessity why the very first emotions stirring the heart should have been the purest and

holiest of all worldly feelings—those of love and gratitude, almost to adoration, for the gentle and fond creature that nurses us.

“We might, lad,” the old man continued, after a pause, “rather have been sent into the world mentally mature, with our brain as fully developed as that of a new-born bee, and have been created wise and reasoning young imps, had it been so willed; and we might then have asked ourselves, as we lay in our cradle, *why* should we be grateful for all this maternal care? *why* should we love the mother that feeds and fosters us? Our judgment, too, might, under such conditions, have whispered in our ear, it was no *merit* on her part to do so; she was *made* to love and cherish, and can not choose but obey the impulse within her. And all this fine common sense might have frittered human gratitude down to mere brute folly, when looked at under the withering scrutiny of cold-blooded criticism. Yet, my little man, logically foolish as this same gratitude or love may appear, it is assuredly morally beautiful, ay, and the highest moral beauty too; and without it we should have begun life but as mere parasitical vermin, with no sense nor regard for the body which feeds us.

“Oh, uncle, uncle,” exclaimed the boy, throwing down his pencil, “I never knew there was so much goodness in the world.”

“It is a world full of goodness, Ben, as it is a world full of beauty, if we will but open our eyes to it,” responded the teacher, “for it is God’s own handiwork, ornate with all the wondrous goodness and beauty of the divine nature.”

The old man reflected for a moment, and then said, “Well, you see now, Ben, that we have our sense of moral good and moral beauty given to us over and beyond our reason and our sense of

intellectual delight, even as our capacity of enjoying the agreeableness of sensible impressions has been superadded to our mere sensations themselves, and we can only bow our head and lift up our soul in thankfulness for the profuse benevolence of the gifts."

The little fellow covered his face with his hands, and cried aloud with all a boy's fervor, "Thank you—thank you both."

"Now it is the instinctive gratitude we feel, lad, when any good is done to us," the uncle resumed, "or, indeed, when any pleasure is given to us, as well as the instinctive love which springs up within us for the *cause* of such pleasure or good, that makes the whole world not only a world of beauty, but a world of love too. It is the continued reverting of the mind to past enjoyment, and the gratefulness that the mere memory of a pleasurable feeling produces on the soul, that make up that sweet and tender affection of our nature which we call *regard*; and it is this continued regard, or the new delight we experience in contemplating the causes of our past delights, which makes objects that are beautiful to us become objects of *love* also. Hence we not only like the flowers, the birds, and the sunshine, the brooks and the fields, the woods, the country lanes, and the sea-shore, but we get to love them also. The entire world thus comes to be garlanded over with our affections, and every nook and corner of the earth hung with some bright lamp of our adoration, while even the light-threads of the stars themselves serve as golden cords to link our heart with the very firmament. The sweet aroma of the rose, for instance, Ben," he went on, "fills the nostrils with a luscious perfumed vapor—an ethereal incense of honey-dew, that steeps the sense in a balm of redolent delight, while the del-

icate tinting of the blossom, that is a pinky ball of beauty, together with the wondrous packing of its many petals, and the fine, smooth texture of the rose-leaves, that are soft as foam in the hand, as well as the charming symmetry and roundedness of the composite form, with the exquisitely varied undulating lines of the details, besides the pretty serrate edges and elegant oval shape of the richly contrasting green leaves below, jutting here and there from the reedy flower-stem, bespurred with many a little spine—all these points of prettiness serve in their turn to charm the palate of the eye with the daintiest visual luxury, so that the sense is doubly gratified. And then, in the very gratefulness of our nature, the mind turns instinctively to the *cause* of the delight, and gets to love, and look with thankfulness upon the little garden beauty for the pleasure it has given us. Nor does the expression of the soul's gratitude last only while the charm is on us; but, on the contrary, so enduring is our thankfulness, that even the very *idea* of the rose afterward is sufficient to revive the sense of all its associate winsomeness; and thus we never hear the name of the flower, nor think of the graceful, odorous blossom, without having a regard for the object itself—without turning the mind back to the enjoyment it gave us, and feeling a faint touch of the past pleasure thrilling the brain again. As it is with the rose, Ben, so is it with every other object of natural beauty, till the world itself becomes a galaxy of bright associations and glowing endearments; and every tiny bit of prettiness we can remember in the hedgerows, on the hill-side, by the river's brink, in the caves, on the rocks, upon the cliffs, and along the shore, seems to shine like a little star in the brain, and to twinkle in the dark dome of the memory with all the tender glory of the holiest love."

Young Ben's heart was too deeply touched for words; so, starting from his seat, he ran toward his teacher, and flinging his arms about the old man's neck, kissed him again and again, as if he was trying to give back a little of the love his uncle had bred in him; and then, as if half abashed, he hid his head upon the other's shoulder. The godfather knew what it all meant, and loved the boy the more for the very speechlessness of the emotion that was on him.

"Come, my lad," at last Uncle Ben said, "we have too much to do, and too little time to do it in, to waste the moments in fondness; so go back to your seat now, and listen." And then he went on again as follows: "But not only do we get to love every object of beauty in the world about us," said he, "as if it were really a friend and benefactor to us, and to hate to see it injured or destroyed, as well as to desire and long for the renewed possession of it, but we get to love also the varied and different aspects of nature in the same manner. We love, for example, the blushing beauty of the young virgin morn, as she steps from out her bed of night, and parts the crimson curtains of her oriel window to peep at the waking world once more; and we love the fiery glory of the sunset, too, when the great orb of day seems to die with all the peaceful grandeur of a martyr amid the lurid flames, or lies like some mighty hero welling his blood upon the earth, as he gives his last look of glory to the world. We love the golden fervor of the noon, and the silver serenity of the night. We love the maniac rage of the foaming and howling storm, and the fine, thoughtful calm of the forest. We love the bustle of the work-day world of enterprise, when the city seems to roar like the sea with the chafing tide of human passion; and, on the other hand, we love

the lull of the Sabbath, when the strife of human greed ceases for a while, and the earth is quiet as when the flocks are folded for the night. We love the pageantry of travel, and the long procession of new countries and strange people. We also love the cosy rest and welcome looks of the old familiar faces at home. We love the tenderness and freshness of the new green of the earth at spring-time, when the orchards are all silvered over with their fleecy clouds of fruit-blossoms, and the hedges are white as wedding-favors, and redolent as new-mown hay with the flowering hawthorn, even as we love the rich ripe glories of the summer, when the air is seen to tremble above the ground with the heat of the soil, and the rivers look cool as moonbeams in the blaze of day—when the crops undulate like a sea of gold upon the land—when the bean-flower and the clover make the fields as fragrant as gardens, and the birds are all merry as children to find that the earth's feast is spread. We love, too, in its turn, the mellower beauties of the autumn, when the world is gay as a painter's palette with the many colors of the woods, the orchards, and the plains—when the heads of the reapers are seen above each golden pool of corn—when the trees in the lanes have blades of wheat dangling from their topmost boughs, and the jangling bells of the harvest team sound cheerful as a marriage chime as the high-piled load of sheaves goes toppling along the road. We love the broad crystal pavement of the sea as it lies smooth as a mirror encupped in the vast silver chalice of the horizon, and hived in by the grand pellucid cupola of the skies, even as we love the childish petulance of the streamlet, with the broken shadow of its rustic bridge quivering into long zigzag lines as the tiny tide sweeps under it, dimpled over with many an

eddy, and crumpled as silver tissue into many a curved and sparkling line. We love the ruined castle, with the weeds and brambles growing in the old banqueting hall; and we love the neat cottage, with the roses dangling like balls of floral fruit over the doorway. We love the broad expanse of nature as seen from the mountain-top when the earth seems like a little toy world at our feet, and the far-stretching sight gives one a faint sense of Omnipresence in the vastness of its range; and we love the little picturesque bits of nature, like the gipsy camp with cave-like tent pitched in some sequestered lane, and the caldron swinging over the fire on its trivet of boughs, with the olive-faced crone in her tattered red cloak, filmed over with the white smoke, crouched beside it, and the old gray, shock-coated horse cropping the grass by the bank-side, and all arched in by the green vault of overhanging foliage, through which the sunlight leaks in many a big lustrous drop, till the brown pathway is dappled as a deer's back with the mixture of light and shade. Farther, we love the rosy innocence and toddling helplessness of childhood even as we love the silver beauty of hale old age. Then, again, we love the birds of the wood and the grove—the little lark at morning, that we can hardly see in the dazzling of the sunbeam, trilling forth a very rapture of song as it lies bellied on the air with the warm sun shining on its back, and the nightingale in the night waking the stillness with her notes, rich and resonant as an organ, and pleasant as the midnight music which reminds us of the Savior's birth. So again, too, we love the fine old ancestral air there is about the clamor of the rooks, the spectral-like whoop of the night-owl, the chime-like ding-dong of the cuckoo's ubiquitous cry, marking the first quarter of the

year, and the sharp twitter of the black-backed swallows as they flash to and fro in fine forked flight over the surface of the pool before the thunder-cloud bursts upon the earth. We love the young lambs, too, with their white curly backs and baby-like bleat, as they run to the ewe and butt their heads against her side, or as they capriole for very gladness in the air; the handsome square forms of the brown cattle, with their eyes as meek as slaves, and breath as sweet as violets; the patient old jackass, with his downcast head and black velvety snout, and the fine Stoic resignation with which he bears the jibes and cuffs of the world; and the faithful dog, whose tail is another tongue, and who can read his master's looks as we do books. Indeed and indeed, lad, there is not a source of pleasure in the wide range of animate and inanimate nature that is not a source of love also."

"But, uncle," asked the little pupil, "you say love comes of gratitude; are we then grateful to what you would call the stocks and stones about us, which *can't help* pleasing us whenever we find pleasure in them?"

"Yes, Ben," answered the teacher, "we are as grateful, in a certain degree, to them as we are to the mother who nurses us. Such is the abounding spirit of thankfulness implanted in the human breast, that there is not an object, however minute and however senseless, which delights us, that does not also inspire us with a sense of gratitude and ultimate love for it."

"Well, do you know I thought, uncle," continued the boy, "that we were only grateful to persons for favors?"

"Ay, lad, you thought so because the innate gratitude of our nature," the other made answer, "is then *intensified* by the consciousness that the

favor conferred upon us is in such cases a voluntary act. We know that the human being might have refrained from benefiting or pleasing us had he so willed, and therefore we feel *inordinately* thankful for the grace he has done us. But, Ben, you forget, my boy, that I have shown you that all our pleasures, whether sensual, intellectual, or moral ones, are really *favors* after all, since they were in no way necessary for the purpose of continued existence, nor yet for the purposes of intelligence and reasoning either; and these are favors conferred, too, remember, by a Being who might have willed *otherwise*. It would seem, therefore, as if it was an intuitive sense of this point that makes even the child and the savage love the flowers, and the brook-side, and the woods (and, therefore, feel the same instinctive gratitude for them) as naturally as the wisest and kindest philosopher."

"Oh, then, I see!" exclaimed the little fellow, thoughtfully; "the love of nature is but the love of God, after all."

"It is, my son, the love of the beauty and goodness of the Creator—the reverting of the mind to the one Great Cause of all our enjoyments, and the natural intuition we have that such enjoyments are pure favors or acts of grace to man; and it is the consequent expression of our thankfulness for the bounty of the gift which inspires, in its turn, a devout love of the All-bounteous Giver."

"I can only say thank you both once more," murmured the boy, as he pondered over the high and holy thoughts that the old man had excited in his soul.

"But the world within us, Ben—the world of human thought and action, has as many sources of love as even the world of animate and inanimate nature itself. We love play, for instance, and we

love work too, if we will but put our heart into the work—we love exercise, and we love rest—we love humor, and we love reason—we love science, and we love poetry—we love the flash of wit, and we love the solemnity of meditation—we love the ideal world of books, and we love the bright glimpses of that world which we get in works of art—we love the romance of adventure, and we love the matter-of-fact of history—we love the bright-colored imagination of fiction, and we love the diamond purity and hardness of truth. Farther, if we love the sweet infection of cheerfulness, we love also the sober gloom and pensiveness of melancholy—if we love honor, we love humbleness also—if we have an innate love of power, weakness can, on the other hand, win our love as well; and if we have a savage liking for pomp and splendor, we have, at the same time, an equally natural affection for the unadorned elegance of simplicity. Again, we love praise, and we love good counsel, even though it have a touch of kindly blame about it—we love the strict equity of justice, and we love the blessed indulgence of mercy—we love the lavish benevolence of charity, and we love, too, the wise thrift of frugality—we love wealth, and yet we can love the poor—we love chastity, and yet we have love enough to pity the frail—we love health, and we love the afflicted and the sick—we love the martyr, and the hero, and the great artist; the philanthropist, the just judge, and the wise governor. We love our parents and our children, our kindred and our playmates, our friends and benefactors, our neighbors and our countrymen; ay, and we have hearts large and human enough to love the whole human race as well. And over and above all, we love the source of all love: the one great Friend, and Benefactor, and Father to us—Him who gave us

the very power to comprehend his wisdom and his goodness, and the high faculty to love and adore Him for it."

The uncle sat mute for a while after the completion of the pæan, and he covered his eyes with his hand as he remained rapt in the beauty of his own theme.

"You now see, Ben," at length he resumed, "that if the brain of man can compass the entire universe, at least the heart has an equally comprehensive power, and that the well-spring of man's love is as inexhaustible as the objects upon which it may be shed are infinite."

"I see it is, uncle," answered the little man, thoughtfully, "and most wonderful it seems to me that it should be so."

"Now, lad, of this same love," went on the old man, "there are several delicate gradations and shades—so delicate, indeed, that they are as difficult to fix in words as it would be to give a name to each different hair's-breadth of the rainbow bands of interblending hues. However, mankind has invented a few such terms, and these may be said to indicate the *more marked* tones in what may be called the chromatic scale of love and affection. Starting, then, from utter indifference, which is the zero in the graduated scale, we have first the feeling of *Respect*, which is that faint admiration and liking that we have for a person who offends no natural or moral law, who breaks no tie of kindred, who does no one any wrong, refuses no just demand, is distinguished for no particular faculty, and marked by no particular vice. Such a person is what the world delights in so much, my lad; 'a *respectable* man;' an inoffensive creature, who, if he does no good, at least does no harm; for a human being, like a poem or a picture, or any other work of art which requires high

powers to make it excellent, is just *respectable* when violating no rule of good taste, propriety, or decency."

"And what comes after respect, uncle?" inquired the youth.

"Why, *Regard*, lad," answered the other; "and this, as I have before said, is merely that sweet and tender affection of our nature which leads us to look back with *ideal* delight upon some object that has *really* delighted us. It is simply pleasurable contemplation—the fond disposition we have to linger over and revert to any object which has interested us. This is the feeling we entertain for our neighbors and old schoolfellows, and even for the suffering, the miserable, and the afflicted, as well as for the helplessness of age, whether it be that of infancy or senility."

"Well, and after regard, uncle?" said little Ben.

"Comes *Esteem*, my boy—not as a necessary consequence, but in mere orderly succession," replied the elder one; "esteem, which is the affection we have for whatever is of service to us or others, and is difficult to obtain. It must be difficult to obtain, Ben, or we should set no store or value upon the object; and it must be of service, or we should have no regard or care for it. Hence you will see, my lad, that what is called esteem is simply a feeling of regard with a sense of value attached to it, and this, therefore, makes us loth to lose what is estimable. This is the affection which lies at the bottom of all friendship, since a true friend is one that never hesitates to serve us, and whose acquaintance we can never afford to lose. For a man to be really estimable there must be a certain amount of what is called '*worth*' about him; that is to say, of qualities that are more or less valued and prized, in the mental and

moral appraisement of the world, as being more or less serviceable to us, and which are not commonly met with in the ordinary run of humanity. Thus, if we have merely a *respect* for that mental and moral negation — the respectable man — we have a positive *esteem* for the man of talent, and even the man of skill, as well as for the man of honor and the man of generosity. If we respect the just judge, we have an esteem for the lenient one. If we have a respect for the born poor, we have an esteem for those who are the architects of their own fortune.”

“You’ve done esteem now, haven’t you, uncle?” asked the little fellow, growing pleased with the rapid succession; “and then what have we?”

“Why, *Admiration* is the next soft tone in the ascending scale of the tender passion,” was the reply, “and this is simply the intense regard which objects of wonder and beauty combined force upon the soul, so that we are constrained to linger over and dwell upon the contemplation of the extraordinary charms which have, as it were, transfixed us. Admiration is the highest pleasurable contemplation interblent with the most lovely marvelment. Hence, to excite this feeling, two essentials must cohere in the object; the one is, that it must be an object of loveliness, and the other, that the loveliness must be so inordinate as to amaze us, for without these twin qualities no object can be really *admirable*. It must seem *extraordinarily* beautiful, pleasing, or good to us, in order to set us marveling in the midst of our enjoyment at the very rarity or uncommonness of the charms; for it is this delicious marvelment, Ben—this lovely wandering, and yet lingering of the thoughts over an object of high beauty, which makes up the state of mind that is usually called ‘rapture,’ and which is, as it were, a delightful

swooning—the sweet waking trance of the heart and intellect. Hence we do not admire the commonplace qualities of mere respectability any more than we admire the simply estimable qualities of talent and worth; but we *do* admire genius, and heroism, and sacrifice, and high personal and artistic beauty, because they are the transcendent rarities, the supreme excellences of the world about us.”

“Go on, uncle,” the boy exclaimed, as the old man came to another pause. “What follows admiration?”

“*Love, Ben,*” the godfather made answer; “love, of which we have said so much, and of which there are volumes still to say, if there were but time for the saying of it. Love follows admiration not only in regular succession, but generally as a natural sequence too; for admiration is but the first transient gleam of love, and love only the steady and enduring flame of long-continued and permanent admiration. And it is this persistence of the emotion which develops the two other tender elements that go to make up the one composite passion. It develops first a disposition not only to guard and protect the object of our love against injury, but also to cherish and benefit it in every way we can; and, secondly, it develops a desire to possess it, to remain forever present with it—forever contemplating and forever admiring and enjoying it—forever guarding it, and forever cherishing, benefiting, and gladdening it. This is what is termed ‘true love,’ lad; the love of swains, as well as the love of children for their parents, and the love of parents for their children; the love of warm friendship, the love of high art, and the love of moral excellence, as well as the love of natural beauty and the love of God also. Next in the scale we have—”

“What, uncle?” interjected the boy, determined not to be balked of his question.

“*Honor*, lad,” proceeded Uncle Ben. “Now honor is the admiration that we feel for any superior quality or excellence which develops a slight feeling of awe rather than love on the contemplation of it, so that the emotion wants the tenderness of admiring regard to cordialize it, and partakes rather of the modesty of wondrous *respect*. We honor our superiors; we honor the great, the wise, the powerful, the brave, the noble, the illustrious, and even our parents too. Indeed, we honor whatsoever impresses us at once with a sense of its superiority and our own inferiority. Hence there is always a certain submissiveness and deference in the outward display of this feeling. It is the worldly worship that humility offers up to worldly pride and worldly dignity. The servant honors the master, the subject the sovereign, the world the conqueror, even as the little child honors its father, while it rather loves the mother that has tended, fostered, and fondled it.”

“Well, uncle,” said the boy, “what now?”

“Why now, Ben, we have but to touch the highest note in the scale—the highest within the pitch and compass of the human soul, and thus to stand upon the topmost rung of the Jacob’s ladder, and look down upon the earth almost from the altitude of the heavens themselves.”

“And what is this highest note, uncle?” the little fellow inquired, as he looked up in the old man’s face, and felt almost the self-same feeling stirring his heart.

“*Veneration*, Ben, veneration,”* said his god-

* It is worthy of note that the three words *wonder*, *veneration*, and *honor* are probably all etymologically identical, being mere dialectic varieties of the same biliteral radical, *wn*, *vn*, or *hn*; for that *w* and *v* are philologically the same, the

father; "that fine, lofty, and composite emotion which is made up of the profoundest regard, the highest admiration, the purest and yet warmest love, and the most intense honor; that reverent emotion which is usually associated not only with so strong a tendency to guard and protect the object of it from injury as to make us hold it absolutely *sacred*, and to look upon the desecration of it as the highest crime, but also with so fervent a desire to be forever contemplating and admiring it, and forever lingering over its excellences and its marvelous greatnesses and graces, as to lead the mind to find its highest delight in the hymning of its praises and the heralding of its glories, such as occurs in what is commonly called *worship*. Moreover, there is at the same time connected with the emotion so deep a feeling of that submissiveness which is the outward expression of honor, that an instinctive propensity comes upon the soul to humble ourselves before the ven-

Saxon *witan*, to show, and the Latin *videre*, to see—the Saxon *win*, and Latin *vinum*, and a host of similar instances, are indisputable proof; and that *w* or *v* is equivalent to the Greek ω , the Latin *vendere*, and Greek $\omega\nu\epsilon\omicron\mu\alpha\iota$, are sufficient to assure us; even as $\omega\pi\alpha$ and *hora*, $\omega\mu\omicron\varsigma$ and *humerus*, prove that the Greek ω and \omicron are equal to the Latin *ho*. *Wonder* comes to us directly from the Saxon *wondrian*; *veneration* from the Latin *veneror*; and *honor* (through the Latin) from the Greek $\omega\nu\omicron\varsigma$, value; and the fundamental signification is to be found in the Welsh *gwyn*, *i. e.*, what is white, fair; that which affords happiness, and which is well known now to be the root of the Latin *Venus* (Welsh *gwener*) and *venustas*. The etymological *trine*, therefore, would appear to have signified originally the emotion begotten by the perception of beauty, and to have had the idea of the worship which the highest beauty inspires afterward superadded by the Latins, and so to stand for *veneration*; and to have been restricted to the mere feeling of marvelment by the Saxons, and thus to mean *wonder*; while the Greeks appear to have limited it to the mere value or high esteem in which excellence is always held, as in *honor*.

erated object, and to bow the head and bend the knee in its presence, and that from a sense of the very overpoweringness of the grandeur of it. This sublime feeling, lad, which is the very ecstasy of the human spirit—the most intense, the most elevating, and yet the most humbling—the most purifying, and, withal, the most impassioned and fervent of the many delights of which human nature is susceptible, is generally supposed to be given only to the Most High. But, though his transcendent greatness and wondrous excellence exalt the mind to the very highest pitch in the compass of the soul's fervor, nevertheless supreme worldly greatness and excellence may still excite the same feeling, though in an infinitely smaller degree. True, there is a strong tendency among weak and zealot natures to make idols of men and images, to bow the head and crook the knee to some golden calf, some dressed-up doll, or even to the purple and fine linen potentates of the earth. But, though there is no necessity, lad," said the honest and independent old Puritan, "to go down on the belly to any man any more than to a trumpery toy, or to slaver over any bit of frail humanity like ourselves with 'your mightiness' or 'your excellency,' 'your reverence' or 'your grace,' any more than to offer up our worship to a block of ornate wood symbolical of a saint, nevertheless, to the true magnates of human kind—doing the highest good, creating the highest human beauty, and displaying the highest genius and power of soul—we should be wanting in decency and gratitude if we did not render to them the highest earthly homage of which the human heart is capable; so that, always remembering that even they are men like ourselves, let us have all the manliness of men rather than the sycophantic zeal of zealots in our worship, but still be ready to lift

the hat with the profoundest respect, and at the same time to love and honor, ay, and to revere the great artists, heroes, and martyrs, as well as the good samaritans of the world. And now that the rosary of love is complete," concluded the old man, "do you tell the beads, lad."

"First," said little Ben, as he placed the finger of one hand on the thumb of the other, so as to count the emotions off as he enumerated them, "there is respect, then comes regard, then esteem, then admiration, then love, and then—let me see, what comes next? oh, I know now; then honor, and lastly veneration. Seven altogether; the perfect number among the ancients, wasn't it, uncle?"

"Yes, boy, the number of the days of the week, and the number of the planets," the answer ran. "Now that is the ascending scale of love and affection, Ben, and there is a similar descending scale running through all the phases of hate, scorn, contempt, etc., but this I must leave you to spell out for yourself."

THE SELFISH EMOTIONS.

"Well, uncle, and what are you going to do now? I suppose we have done with the moral pleasures, haven't we?" asked the lad, quite innocently.

"Done, my little man!" cried the teacher, with all the emphasis of profound astonishment; "why, we've hardly begun. As yet we have taken only a broad general view of the whole class of feelings; we have merely mapped them out, in the same manner as from a mountain-top we see a whole tract of country at one sweep of the eye, and we must now come down from our height, and examine the several parts of the view rapidly in detail. There, you needn't be alarmed, lad," added the old man, as the little fellow resumed

his paint-brush and began painting away again ;
“ I shall not be *very* long over the business.”

“ I’m not alarmed, uncle,” exclaimed the boy.
“ I declare, I could sit and listen to you all the day long, alone with you here. Yes, uncle !” he added, by way of intimating to the old man that he was ready for his teacher to begin.

“ The best way, my little man,” proceeded the godfather, “ to open up the different sources of our moral pleasures to you, is to commence by telling you that some of our moral feelings are of a selfish and others of an unselfish character ; that is to say, we experience some of the emotions when any good or evil occurs or is likely to occur to ourselves, and some of them, on the other hand, when such good or evil occurs or is likely to occur to others. As, for instance, we are thrown into a lively emotion of joy when any sudden or unexpected piece of good fortune happens to ourselves, even as we have a strong feeling of sympathy or pity on witnessing the misery or afflictions of others.”

“ Oh, I see, some selfish and some unselfish,” said the youth, half to himself, as he proceeded to scribble the words down as a “ *mem.*” on the side of his drawing paper. “ I wonder why I couldn’t have found that out by myself, now ?”

“ Well, lad, I shall begin with a brief account of the selfish emotions,” went on the tutor.

“ Oh, don’t, uncle ; they’re beastly things, I know,” cried the youngster, “ all about greediness, and that sort of thing. Do you do the unselfish ones first, unky, dear, for they’re nice and pretty enough, I can tell, and leave the nasty selfish lot to the last.”

The old man couldn’t help laughing at the boy’s simplicity ; however, he was not to be moved from his purpose, so he proceeded as follows :

“The selfish emotions of our nature may be regarded from three different points of view, Ben, and hence they admit of being grouped into three distinct classes, according as they refer to the past, the present, or the future; that is to say, according as the good or evil which is the object of them has occurred to us, either at some remote period, or but recently, or as it seems likely to occur to us at no very distant date.”

“I see,” exclaimed the youth again, as he made another note on the margin of his sketch—“past, present, and future. Yes, uncle; and what are the feelings that you say refer to some past good or evil?”

“Why, lad, the very feelings of love and gratitude, and all the rest (with their opposites) that we have been but recently considering,” was the answer.

“Oh, ay, so they are, of course. How stupid of me not to know that, to be sure!” exclaimed young Ben, still talking more to himself than to his uncle. “I see, they include all the different kinds of love—love of parents, children, friends, benefactors, neighbors, schoolfellows, and so on. Of course they do; because the love one has for them must be on account of some good that they have done a chap some time before. I see! I see! Yes, uncle; and which are the feelings that arise—how did you say it?”

“That arise on the contemplation of some good or evil that is likely to accrue to us in the future,” prompted Uncle Ben. “Why, lad, they include not only the emotions of hope and despair, and the sentiments of confidence and diffidence, as well as all the various feelings that arise in the bosom when we calculate the chances of any object of our desires or our fears happening or not happening to us, but they include also all

those desires and fears themselves; and such desires of course may be as numerous and different as are the different objects of our love. Now this feeling of mental desire, Ben, is the yearning of the heart to possess some object which has either previously charmed it, or which it fancies is likely to do so, or else it is the heart's craving for something which it wants, not for its own sake perhaps, but as the means of compassing some desired end. It is the excitement of this state of desire, physical or mental, which is the main-spring of all human action, Ben, and which stirs men to move their limbs in quest of what they want, as the steam stirs that wonderful new engine of Savery's to fling its iron arms about. The mental desire differs only from the physical one in the fact that the precedent uneasiness, which is the immediate cause of the action, is in the physical state a purely physical result, as in the feeling of hunger, and the consequent desire for food; whereas, in the mental desire, the uneasiness is purely an uneasy state of the mind rather than of the body. The mind, under such conditions, is continually thinking of the object which has charmed it, and which is to charm it again, and every other state of mind therefore becomes intolerable to it. It can not rest, from the very dissatisfaction that is on it. A longing, a yearning, a craving is excited in the soul for the darling object—the same as in the stomach when wanting food—and the human being must go seeking what it wants; for we never desire, nor crave for, but merely *wish* for, those pleasurable objects which there is no probability of our ever possessing; nor do we go *in quest* of those objects of our desires, on the other hand, that there seems no likelihood of our ever attaining. When, however, it appears probable that they will come

to our hands without any exertion on our part, why, then we sit and wait, look and long, expect and hope for them, with more or less patience or impatience, according as we have more or less philosophy, or according as the result appears to grow more or less hopeful, or the contrary.”

“How nice, plain, and clear it all comes—doesn’t it, uncle?” said the youth.

“Hope,* lad,” the godfather continued, “is one

* The term *hope* comes to us directly from the Anglo-Saxon verb *Hopian* (Dutch *Hoopen*, German *Hoffen*), the affinities of which are not very clear. Webster suggests that it may be connected with the Latin *Capio*; but it may rather be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Hebban*, to heave, to lift up; for the Dutch *Hoopen* is not only to *hope*, but to *heap*. Hence *hope* would signify literally that *exaltation* or *lifting up* of the soul which comes of increased belief in the probability of our gaining some desired end; and it is consequently the very opposite from that state of *depression* or *dejection* of spirit which ensues when we lose faith in obtaining some wished-for object, and which is usually termed *Despondency*. The Welsh term for hope is as fine a word as there is in any language: *go-baith*, which signifies literally *seeing darkly*. It is a pity that this fine old tongue is not more studied by philologists instead of merely Saxon—as by Richardson (who has consequently wasted a life, and utterly spoiled a grand dictionary by its crude and trite etymologies)—and Latin and Greek only by others. The ancient British language, indeed, appears to underlie the whole of the European forms of speech; and Owen Pugh’s dictionary is really a noble work. There is no more curious and startling proof of the antiquity of the old British tongue than the fact that the word *Pythagoras*, which we have always been taught to regard as the name of the earliest Grecian philosopher, is a Welsh word signifying simply “explanation of the universe.” Hence it is plain that what was originally merely the title of a system of philosophy came to be mistaken for the name of the philosopher propounding it. Nor can we reject this notion by assuming that the Welsh title was derived from the Greek name, and so came to have its present signification, since the elements of the Welsh word exist in the Welsh language. Now it is evident that this could not have been the case had the term been derived from the name, since in our word *Mac-*

of the sweetest, the most sustaining and comforting feelings of the soul. What bread is to the body, hope is to the spirit—the very staff of life. What oil is to the wound, hope is to the bruised heart—the anodyne that heals, lulls, and soothes. It is the one tiny bright star that is forever raised a little above the earth, and that seems to beckon us onward with its light-tipped wand, as it guides us along our darksome way. What would the life of man be without this blessed feeling of hope, Ben? what but one long, lingering term in the condemned cell of the world, if we only knew that we came into existence with the sentence of death already drawn out and clutched in our baby-fist, and felt that there was really no hope of our life being spared beyond the allotted span?

“But sweet is the hope of the mother, as her little baby bud lies nestled in her lap, and she sits and spins her aspirations for her little one into the most lustrous threads of life, weaving her wishes into the brightest and prettiest golden web of a fate for the child. How fine, too, the hope of ardent, beardless manhood, when the iron mass of circumstances encompassing our lives seems as easy to be cut through as water! how grand the hope of old age; for, even though the force and weight of this same iron mass may have sorely

adamize, neither *Mac* nor *Adam* are to be found in the English language in an elementary form signifying each a component part of the complex idea which is expressed by the compound term. In Welsh, however, *pyth* signifies universe, life, and corresponds dialectically with the Greek *βίος*, and the Latin *vita*; while *agoras* is explanation, from *agori*, to explain, which again is the equivalent of the Greek *ἀγορεύω*, to speak, a term found partly in our word *all-egory*. So that *pyth*-(universe)-*agoras* (explanation) exactly makes up the complex idea, and hence the word *must* originally have been of Welsh extraction. It should be added that the writer of this brief encomium on the Welsh language is no Welshman.

bruised the spirit in the long wrestle with it, still the soul drinks in new life as it scents the morning air of the immortal dawn, and sees, in the gloaming of the coming day, a long bright crack in the dark clouds, that tells of the wondrous splendor of the time to come."

And as the devout old man said the words, he rose, almost unconsciously, from his seat, and stood with his head thrown back, looking far away into the skies.

"Every different form of life, lad," went on the old boy, "has a different phase of hope connected with it. There is the hope of the young knight to win his spurs—the knights of those chivalrous arts which are forever battling for beauty—as there is the hope of the young poet and the young artist. Then there is the hope of the merchant looking for his ship; the hope of the sailor watching for the land; the hope of the maiden awaiting her lover; the hope of the little child yearning for the promised treat; and the hope of the school-boy as he counts the days on to the holidays; the hope of the farmer, as he gazes up at the moon, and thinks of his thirsting crops; the hope of the prisoner, as he sees the jury leave the box to ponder over their verdict; the hope of the gambler who has staked his all, while he watches the ball spin round and round, and then sees it tremble and vacillate about the ventured number upon the board; and the hope of the young mother, as she looks into the doctor's eyes while he leans over the cradle of her little one, and feels its fluttering pulse; ay, and even the hope of the murderer himself, as he sees the sails unfurled, and the water begin to move past the hull of the vessel that is to bear him far away."

"Oh, isn't it nice? I think I like this even better than what you said about love, uncle," ex-

claimed the little fellow, tickled with the prettiness of the subject.

“Nor should we ever go in quest, lad, of such objects as seem to be within our own reach, or to be compassable by our own exertions,” the godfather proceeded, “had we not the same hope of success as when we stand still, and watch what the tide, in the great sea of circumstances about us, will throw up on the shore at our feet. Now it is this hope of success, or rather this faith in our own power to gain the end we desire, that is the mainspring and sustaining influence of all our energies while at work; for if there was no abiding belief in our soul that we had the ability either to avert or overcome the obstacles that lie between us and the fulfillment of our desires, we should either sit and wait, and long for fortune to waft them to us, or else we should merely utter a vague and vain wish that the object were in our possession, without having the heart to hope for it, or the energy to move either hand or foot in quest of it. Hope, faith, and work are the three great elements of all human action, lad, and in the social world they are as high virtues as even faith, hope, and charity are in the spiritual one. We couldn’t bestir ourselves even to pluck the ripe fruit that dangles from the branch, Ben, if we didn’t hope to succeed in our endeavors to tear it from the tree, or if we hadn’t faith that our muscles would answer to our will, and that we had power sufficient to climb the trunk and wrest it from the bough. Self-reliance, Ben—that fine manly spirit of honest independence which is the true mark of every great nature—is the necessary consequence of faith in our own powers; and whatsoever serves to foster this, and to overcome the natural doubt, diffidence, and despondency of our spirit—whatsoever tends to stimulate us with

hope rather than to deaden and cramp our energies with despair, as well as to strengthen us with faith in ourselves rather than to take all the strength out of us by doubt of our own abilities whatsoever does this, lad, goes far toward making an honest, upright, self-sustained man of us, and to knock every atom of the cringing beggar or the filching thief out of our constitution. So I say to you, lad, have faith in yourself, faith in your own faculties, faith in your own nature, faith in your own intelligence, faith in the dignity and goodness of your own heart: faith without assurance, mind! be full of hope, but lacking the presumption of sanguineness; and then rest assured this worldly faith of yours will lead to the same 'good works' as even Christian faith itself."

"Yes, I *will* have this faith," cried the boy, roused by the fervor of the old man, who had spoken with all the ardor of his own independent Puritan spirit. "I *will* have faith that I can be all that you tell me, and oh, may my after life—"

The uncle cut short the aspiration by adding, "May it be, lad, a bright instance to the world of a deep abiding trust in that fine manly magnanimity that God has planted, more or less, in the nature of every one of us."

The little fellow hung his head, and the words kept humming like the boom of a big cathedral bell in his brain. Not a word was spoken by either for many minutes. The uncle sat gazing at the lad of whom he had such high hopes, and watching the rain of the prayer sink deep into the hot and thirsting soil of his young heart; for he knew and felt he had touched the one fine chord of young Ben's nature, and made it ring again with a strain that he would never forget to his dying day.

The boy only kept his eye fixed vacantly on the

table, and sat gnawing the end of the pencil as his lips moved rapidly with the unuttered words of some inarticulate speech.

“Well, Ben, we must jog along, for we have still some distance to travel,” at length exclaimed the uncle, rousing the lad out of the trance that was on him.

“Yes, uncle,” answered the little fellow, shaking himself as if he had really been asleep.

“Well, lad, it would be idle to run over the several objects of our desires,” resumed the teacher, “since they are but the yearnings or outstretchings of the different forms of love, of which we have already spoken so fully. Suffice it to deal only with those objects that we desire, not *directly* for their sake, but *indirectly* as the means (as I said before) of compassing some desired end.”

“I don’t understand you, uncle,” was all the little fellow said in return.

“Why, boy, we desire *money*, not for money’s sake,” exclaimed the other—“unless, indeed, we have a miser’s silly greed upon us—but merely because it is one of the chief *means* in the world of procuring what we want. So, again, we delight in the exercise of our own *power*, not so much because we find a special pleasure in the use of it (for that, if carried to excess, is the tyrant’s depraved delight, and the ambitious fool’s fond mania), but because our own powers are what we have mainly to depend upon for our advancement in life, and because whatsoever serves to give us faith in them confers a high moral delight upon us. Then we desire *liberty*, so as to be free to exercise those powers as we will—within, of course, all due bounds of propriety and respect; and whatever acts as a shackle on our limbs or a cord upon our will not only galls the flesh, but chafes and sores

the very soul itself; it sets the whole nature wincing and smarting, till the continued irritation of the fetter makes it grow rebellious even to fury, and nerves us with an almost giant force and will to burst the fretting bondage. Farther, we desire *security*—the security of life and property against wrong and outrage; for without this all our labor and our care would be useless, since it would be idle to desire the possession of any object that we loved; idle to wish to guard and protect it against harm, or even to husband it; idle to stir hand or foot to obtain it, if, after all our pains to gain it, the prize could be wrested from us, and our industry be rendered fruitless at the very moment when the fruit was in our grasp. Even so, too, we desire to feel secure from bodily and mental injury as well as from moral wrong. Moreover, we desire *ease*—not only ease of mind, and worldly ease, or a sense of comparative freedom from worldly care, but *ease* in the work which we have to do, in order to make our way in life, and hence we have an inveterate hatred of whatever seems to obstruct our progress by increasing the difficulties in our way through the world. Thus we find a special moral charm even in our own dexterity and expertness, as well as a fine moral satisfaction when, at the end of a long life of toil, we have a sense that our own industry and thrift have enabled us to amass sufficient to procure for us all the little home-comforts we have been accustomed to for the rest of our days, and that we have no necessity to continue laboring when the bones are aching, and the force spent with the heavy load of years on the back, nor yet to accept the beggar's dole of the poor-house. And farther still, we desire the love and *good opinion* of our neighbors, not only for its own sake, and because it is morally pleasing to our natures, but because

it is another mode of enabling us to make way in the world ; for when we look round and see how many advance by favor, and how few by special merit of their own, we soon get to understand that almost every man's lot is due nearly as much to the exertions and interest of the friends he finds and makes in life, as it is due to his own energies, talents, and rectitude. Indeed, so much of human life and intercourse must depend upon trust, Ben, that not to be trustworthy is to sever our own individual link from the great chain, and so to put an end to our being dragged on by the rest. The love and good opinion of our neighbors, therefore, is desirable, boy, not only because it has been made naturally pleasant for us to receive, but because it is essential ere we can be trusted, and ere we can receive any favor or help in our work from those about us.

“ Now these, Ben, so far as I know,” concluded the old man, “ constitute the principal objects that we desire, not directly, for their own sakes, but, I repeat, *indirectly*, as means to an end : money, power, liberty, security, ease, and good name. But every one of these sources of moral pleasure, I should warn you, may be abused, and transformed into the ugliest moral vices. We may love money, for example, till our very soul is jaundiced with the yellow earth, and we grow prone to go down on our bellies in worship of each golden calf in the land ; we may love it till we love to see the very color of our money plastered over our walls and on our chairs, our tables and sideboards, our lackeys' backs, our coach-panels, and our own bodies ; till even, like long-eared Midas himself, we may find no beauty in the wide world but in the precious brazen stuff. Nevertheless, Ben, money is *not* the ‘ filthy lucre ’ that your sentimental fools delight to term it, but only

filthy when used for filthy purposes. Money itself, lad, is really neither a good nor an evil, but simply a *means*, and therefore capable of being made either good or evil as we please, according as we choose to apply it to either a noble or a base object. So with power, too — we may delight in the exercise of it till we get to feel the same proud pleasure in driving and curbing men, as a good horseman does in riding a fiery-natured steed, and in seeing, while he feels perfectly secure in his seat, the mettlesome bit of blood fret and foam at the mouth from the continued chafing of the bit, and in feeling him plunge and rear beneath him at each fresh thrust of the spur or switch of the whip. Or, if we have a zest for the luxury of tyranny, we may still find a morbid pleasure in the sense of mastery, from the very adulation and fawning that the possession of power begets among the sycophants and serfs about us. The hollow, heartless voices of the world's toadies are positive music in the ambitious man's ear; for the man of 'high ambition,' as it is called, finds little pleasure in the exercise of power itself, but the sweetest possible delight in the court and obeisance that the world pays to the powerful. To *his* mean soul, the noblest sight in life is not a man standing erect as his Maker made him, upright in body as in mind, and instinct with all the fine, unassuming courage of true dignity, but crouching on his knees in the born beggar's attitude of abasement and supplication. Your 'lord paramount' delights in this, because the moral hop-o'-my-thumb feels himself sixpenny-worth of halfpence higher from the contrast.

"So, too, the love of liberty may pass into the love of unrestricted license; the love of security of possession into the desire for absolute monopoly; the love of ease into the love of indolence;

and even the love of a good name into the most hateful of all vices — that wretched social hypocrisy where people seek to get credit for virtue when they are really moral men of straw, making the moral world a world of mere trust — of high characters got upon tick — a world of tick godliness, tick kindness, where there is no real bullion worth, but all flimsy paper-virtue; where men understand merely ‘the representative value’ of religion, philanthropy, honor, and probity, without having any of the sterling metal in their coffers; where all is lacker and varnish, French polish and veneer, rouge, cosmetic, and dyes, artificial flowers and wax fruit, pinchbeck and paste, masquerading and costuming, peacocks’ feathers, sheep’s clothing, and lions’ skins. Indeed, Ben, it is the easiest possible thing to ‘affect heart;’ we can do this with even a paving-stone in our bosoms; but we can’t affect brains, lad, without having some *little* capital of intellect to trade upon. So the social hypocrites and Pharisees of our day are always overflowing with love and charity, as if it were the very milk and honey of their hearts. Ah! Ben, Ben, it only wants a halfpenny-worth of oil in the palm to be able to *play* the Good Samaritan any day.”

As the old man sat down to rest for a while, young Ben said, “Now you have finished the pleasures that refer to the past and the future, and are going, I suppose, to do those which refer to the present?”

“Ay, lad, we have reviewed the retrospective and the prospective moral emotions of our nature,” was the reply, “and so, of course, are ready to pass on to what are called the immediate feelings; and they are so called because they arise, not from the contemplation of some retrospective or prospective good or evil, but simply from the sense of

some present benefit or injury happening *immediately* to us."

"Yes, uncle," chimed in the little fellow; "and what are the names of some of these; for, do you know, I never can think of one of them before you mention them to me. Isn't it strange?"

"Why, there are the emotions of *Joy* and *Sorrow*, Ben," the uncle continued, "with the consequent tempers or continuous moods of mind that they often leave behind them, and which are called *Cheerfulness* and *Melancholy*, even as there is the delight or sense of *Complacency* that we feel upon success, together with the emotion of what is called *Exultation* at our triumph over the difficulties which beset us, as well as the opposite emotion of *Dejection*, or sense of *Discomfiture*, that we experience upon *Failure*."

Little Ben wriggled away at the roots of his hair with the tip of the pencil in his hand, as much as to say, "Now why couldn't *I* have thought of that?"

"Well, my little fellow," went on the mentor, "of the high pleasure of *Joy* and the intense pain of *Sorrow* it would be almost idle to speak; since they are obviously pleasurable and painful states of mind. Suffice it to say, that when these intensely vivid feelings are rendered even more intensely vivid than usual by the inordinate excitement of some surprise or shock in connection with them, they have often been known not only to craze the mind, but even to deprive the person of life then and there. However, the emotion, or rather the *temper*—that is to say, the prolonged and gentle excitement—of *cheerfulness* (as well as the opposite state of continuous and mild depression called *melancholy*), is sufficiently remarkable to warrant a few words. It is the characteristic of many of those peculiarly vivid states of mind

which are called emotions or passions, that, when the first wild excitement has passed away, they leave behind them a permanent and kindred state of mind of so subdued a form that it is neither a transient passion nor emotion, but merely a prolonged *temper* or *mood*. It is, as it were, the trail of light which follows the meteor—the faint hum of the bell after the bewildering clang of the stroke has passed away. Thus Wonder is the temper or mood of mind that Astonishment or Surprise often subsides into; so Tetchiness or Peevishness is the disposition that is prone to follow Anger, and general Tenderness the consequence of Love, or rather it is the mark of a loving nature, even as Cheerfulness is the temper begotten by Joy, and Melancholy that which sets in after Sorrow. Such tempers, however, I should tell you, are often the effects of a peculiar state of body or organization, and hence the persons so constituted are habitually cheerful, tetchy, or tender-hearted, and so on; but in such conditions the mental moods are the *forerunners* rather than the *after-states* of the emotions to which they belong, and thus tetchiness becomes a sign of a predisposition to anger, tenderness to love, and cheerfulness to joy, even as a melancholy *temperament* (as the bodily state is termed) is a mark of proneness to grief.”

“Oh, then, that’s what we mean when we say ‘Father’s in a bad temper to-day,’ or he’s in a good one, as it may happen,” cried the little man, delighted with the burst of light. “I see now, it means merely that he’s ready to be pleased or vexed with whatever occurs at home. Of course it does. But go on, uncle, please.”

“Now, my boy,” he proceeded, in obedience to the request, “I have spoken of these tempers in order, to point out to you how much of human

happiness depends upon them, and how necessary it is, even for our pleasure, to cultivate the good tempers and to check the bad ones; for as they are *permanent* states of more or less vividness of feeling, and our emotions themselves are only the temporary flash of human passion, they of course are the ugly, rankling festers, and the others only the momentary sharp stings; the one the long disease, and the other the instantaneous wound; so that he who wishes to live a happy life must train himself to be of a happy and cheerful temper."

"Yes, uncle, it's all very well to say 'train himself to be of a cheerful temper,'" argued the young monkey; "but if, as you say, cheerfulness comes either from joy, or from what you call a certain state of the body, how *is* a person to train himself to be continually in a state of joy, I should like to know, or to be in the precise state of body wanted for the temper? I've always heard mother say such and such a child is naturally of a good temper, so that I should think our tempers are born with us."

The old man smiled at the boy's argument, for he was so stanch an advocate for liberty of conscience that he delighted to hear, and, indeed, had always let the lad speak his thoughts freely to him. "True, lad," he said, in answer, "we are all born with what the doctors call a certain bodily temperament,* and this naturally begets in the mind

* Physicians enumerate four distinct kinds of temperament: 1. The *sanguine* (or hopeful). 2. The *choleric* (or passionate). 3. The *melancholy* (or sorrowful). 4. The *phlegmatic* (or sluggish). The sanguine temperament is generally marked by a ruddy complexion; the choleric and melancholic temperaments, on the other hand, are mostly of a darker hue; while the phlegmatic is more or less white or pale. The sanguine appears to have a large quantity of the red coloring matter of the blood in the system; the choleric and melancholic an excess of bile; and the phlegmatic an excess

a particular mood or temper corresponding with it—that is to say, a proneness or predisposition for particular emotions and fancies. And it is also true, lad, that the emotion of joy is not a voluntary state of mind, but one that we are suddenly thrown into by certain occurrences in the world about us. Nevertheless, we *can* train our mind, Ben, to certain habits of thought; for we can educate it to see the beauties rather than the ugly blemishes of things; we can render it quick to detect the goodness, and slow to discover the evil in life; we can bring it, by long schooling and watching, to find some virtue in the meanest thing, and to prefer the contemplation of the one little bit of merit to the crowd of vicious defects in even the basest of our fellow-creatures. This is what is termed looking at the bright side of things; and depend upon it, Ben, even though the new moon appears but a dark ball to us, if we could but regard it from a different point of view, we should find it still the same brilliant bit of chastity as we see it when the bright side is turned toward our eyes. This better view of things is what is styled charity in religion; it is poetry in art, chivalry in the code of honor, elegance in matters of taste, and politeness in mere manners. Train your mind, then, lad, to see only the beauties, the nobilities, the virtues, and the graces of the world, and to turn the eye from the uglinesses, meannesses, and clumsinesses of human nature, and rest assured, Ben, your life will be one continued state of joy and cheerfulness.

of lymph, or water in the system. Or, in the language of Liebig's theory of respiration, we may say that the iron in the blood of temperament No. 1 is highly oxydized, whereas in that of temperaments No. 2 and 3 it is insufficiently oxydized, while in temperament No. 4 the blood has but little iron in it to oxydize.

Close your ear, too, lad, to that wretched huckster and attorney creed which would have us believe all men rogues till we find them honest people, and be you at least gentleman enough, my little man, to regard all men as gentlemen till you find them blackguards. Do this, boy, and you will be sure to gather a goodly company of gentlemen and friends about you. This is the honest, cheerful view of the world, lad, and we have Christ's own word for it that the hypocrites are the men of 'sad countenances.' "

"Yes, I remember, uncle," the little fellow chimed in, "He says so in the Sermon on the Mount: 'Be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance.' "

The uncle merely nodded and said, "Ay, lad, your solemn-faced Pharisee is as different from the heavenly bringers of the 'glad-tidings' of the new light as is the morose old screech-owl from the sweet-voiced little lark. But, Ben, I spoke to you before of the *sweet infection* of cheerfulness, and I now wish to impress upon you that another special reason why we should cultivate a good and cheerful temper is because of the very *infectiousness* of happiness itself. Laughter is as catching as the measles, lad; and rely on it, as the sight of one person yawning will set the jaws of a whole company on the stretch, so one pleasant smiling face will breed a hundred other smiles. One cheerful countenance in a roomful of lugubrious ascetics is really as genial as a bit of God's own sunshine falling upon a sick man's bed; it is light and life too; and it is impossible to continue morbid with that in the room. What a power of diffusing happiness, then, has every one in his own heart, if he will but train himself to the use of it! Why, if we had the wealth of Cræsus, Ben, and the charity of the early Christians to boot, no

alms that we could dispense would shed half so much comfort upon those about us as we have it in our power to bestow, if we will but look at the brightness of creation, and feel and enjoy this brightness in our heart till it beams again in our own face, and thus make others feel and enjoy it in *their* hearts, and wear it in *their* faces too.

“But if we have the power to make so many happy at so little cost by the mere charm of cheerfulness,” he went on, “think, on the other hand, my good lad, what a vast amount of human misery we can cause by giving way to bad temper. Indeed, there is no home curse like this; nothing that scares the household gods from so many hearths; for there is no tyranny of kings or emperors so hateful or so cruel, and none so cowardly either, as that of the home despot; for bad temper wreaks its rage only on the helpless; ay, and though the ‘brief madness’ is supposed to be ungovernable, it can—even in the very ‘tempest and whirlwind,’ as Shakspeare calls it, of its passion—check the fury that is on it in an instant so as to be civil and soft-spoken enough to any whose favor it dreads to lose. So, if it be only to avoid the terrible devilry of a bad temper, I say again to you, Ben, cultivate the fine homely Christianity of a good one.”

“I shall remember it, you may depend,” cried the boy, as he again scribbled something down on the paper before him, and then said, “That’s all you’re going to say about cheerfulness, I suppose, Uncle Ben?”

“It *is*, my child,” the reply ran; “and now only a few words about the pleasures of success, and the emotion of Exultation, and then we have finished with the selfish emotions of our nature.”

“But don’t you remember, uncle, you told me a lot about success before?” the boy reminded his

godfather. "You said, when you were speaking of art, that we found a pleasure in succeeding even in the smallest things, such as balancing a straw on the nose, or in walking along the cracks in the pavement, or indeed, you said, in hitting any mark we aim at. I recollect it well."

"I recollect it too, now, boy," the other returned, "and I think I said at the time that the pleasure we felt was always in proportion to the difficulties overcome, and that it was simply the delight that all people experience in overcoming great difficulties which led some men to practice the difficult feats of dancing on the back of horses at full gallop, swallowing swords, and drinking glasses of wine while balancing themselves on their head a-top of a long pole."

"Oh yes, so you did, uncle," the youth chimed in, "for I remember thinking how true it all was when you said so."

"Well, Ben," the old man added, "this delight in overcoming difficulties is simply the emotion of *Exultation*; and though it may be applied to small things, it is, when rightly directed, one of the finest emotions of the human soul. I spoke to you of the grand peaceful conquests of Art when I was discoursing of the artist power, and the love we had for it. But Science has its peaceful conquests as well as Art, and they are no whit less grand. I never see that wonderful steam-engine at work down at our docks but I think what must have been the inventor's feeling when he first beheld the iron giant move in obedience to his will; when he found that he had really breathed the breath of life into the metallic monster, and given it all the action, and made it instinct with all the power of the Titan race of old. Surely there must have been a smack of divinity in the emotion that then stirred his spirit. Or did he tremble at the

sight of his own handiwork as he beheld it pulsing like an iron heart, and snorting forth its steamy breath, and did he think it as impious as Prometheus' daring when he stole the fire from heaven? Or did he feel, as a really wise man would, that it was God's will, and not his, that was really stirring the mighty engine after all, and that he had merely learned to spell out another passage in the great poem of the fitness of things? I can't say how your old uncle would have felt under such circumstances, Ben, though I am afraid he would have been weak enough to have burst into a hymn of self-glorification, and have indulged in a little bit of trumpery self-worship. But I hope the fine fellow who made the first steam-engine didn't do this. I hope *he* merely felt the supreme delight of conscious power. I hope *he* felt, as he sat down before the mechanic offspring of his genius, and watched it puff and gasp, labor and heave, as it became quick with the force within it, that he had the power of a giant in his brain, and that he had used it like a sage; that he could make the mightiest forces in the world as docile as turnspit-dogs at his will; that he could tame even the fire and the flood to do his bidding; and that he had learned how to make arms of brass and sinews of iron do the mere brute labor of the world for the poor weary laborers among mankind. I say I *hope* he felt merely the fine glory of peaceful triumph—the high honor of his trumpetless victory over the elements of nature; and I hope, for the sake of humanity, he didn't mentally fall to clapping his own hands at his own conceited self, or blowing an ideal trumpet into his own ear, and proving how small a man he really was by fancying himself a really great one; for this, Ben, is the weakness of exultation, and not the grandeur of it. The exultation of high genius is not the ex-

ultation of the hero, not the triumph of man over man, but the triumph of mind over matter. It is the conquest of circumstances that stirs the intellectual hero's heart, the mastery of difficulties that sends a thrill of glory through his nerves; and as there is no power on the earth so great as that of genius, so is there no exultation so pure and so noble as that which true genius feels when it has done its work, and wants no other reward but the mere satisfaction of the work itself—the high sense of mastery unalloyed with the degradation of slavery.”

THE UNSELFISH EMOTIONS.

“What are you going to do now, uncle?” asked the little fellow, directly he saw that the old man had finished another portion of his theme.

“Why, now we come to the *unselfish* emotions of human nature,” was the rejoinder.

“I think you said sympathy or pity was one of these—eh, unele?” little Ben inquired.

The old man answered merely, “I did, Ben;” and then fell to pondering what was the best way of making out his subject. Presently he went on, saying, “Some persons, I should tell you, lad, have denied the very existence of this class of emotions in man. They assert that the conduct which appears *unselfish* is merely the most prudent and enlightened of all selfishness. They say that we sympathize with, and delight to relieve the suffering merely because we derive the highest pleasure from the act.”

“Do they, though!” exclaimed the boy, who was evidently taken aback with the force of the argument; “and isn't it so, uncle? I really don't see how it's possible to get over *that*.”

The godfather laughed at the little man's simplicity as he cried, “Why, you little goose, can't

you see that though it may be mere selfishness that makes us relieve those with whose sufferings we sympathize (because in sympathy we suffer all the miseries of the objects of our pity), nevertheless, it can't be selfishness that makes us sympathize with them? Is it selfishness to suffer with them, and to suffer like them?"

"No, of course it isn't," the little fellow said; "I *was* a goose not to be able to see that, certainly!"

"*When* we sympathize," the other continued, "of course the mere love of promoting our own happiness makes us desire to relieve our own fellow-sufferings; and as that can only be done by relieving the original sufferings which caused them, of course we can not choose but act as our pity dictates. But still it was no love of our own happiness, Ben, that engendered in us the feeling of commiseration itself; for, riddle it out as skeptics may, the emotion which causes us to suffer others' sufferings—to share in their misery—to take part in their afflictions, is, and must be, in the very nature of things, utterly *unselfish*, and therefore there *are* such things as unselfish emotions. Q.E.D.,"* added Uncle Ben, with a small chuckle, as if he had vanquished some imaginary assailant.

"What's Q. E. B., uncle?" demanded the youngster.

"Q. E. D., Ben," the old man corrected him; "oh, nothing, lad—merely a bit of scholastic pedantry, that's all. Now, first, Ben, I must tell you that we find certain kinds of pleasure in affecting our fellow-creatures *ourselves* in a particular manner, and certain other kinds of pleasure when they are so affected, but *not by ourselves*. In

* Q. E. D. = *quod erat demonstrandum*: *Angl.*, which was to be proved.

some cases we find delight in doing them some good, or even some evil turn ourselves, and in others the emotion springs merely from our contemplation of the good or evil which has befallen them, and in our participation of the consequent joys or sorrows. I shall begin with describing to you the pleasures that we experience when we ourselves confer any good or inflict any evil upon our fellow-creatures. First of all, then, we find a curious pleasure even in *producing a simple impression* upon people, without regard to the impression being agreeable or disagreeable. This is what is termed the delight of causing a 'sensation,' of producing an 'impression,' or creating a 'noise in the world.' True, most people prefer to make a favorable or agreeable impression; still, it is an acknowledged fact that there *are* certain morbid natures that even destroy themselves in some wild and extravagant manner merely with the view of drawing public attention to them; others, again, indulge in some strange eccentricity of dress or manner; and others live strange lives, or in strange places, merely to make themselves '*outré*,' as the saying goes, or, in plain English, to render themselves remarkable; while some prefer even the notoriety of the felon's dock, and the unenviable conspicuousness of a death upon the gallows, rather than suffer the utter insignificance of public disregard; even as there are other morbid natures that feel delight, not in producing a mere impression upon others, but in having this mere impression made upon themselves, such as the collectors of those morbid curiosities which are usually made up of hangmen's ropes, murderers' clothes and knives, or of some horrible 'identical axe,' and the like, though perhaps one great incentive to the formation of such ghastly museums consists as much in the desire to produce a mere

impression upon others as to have such an impression produced upon themselves.”

“I never knew that people had such feelings before,” remarked the boy.

“Then, Ben, there is the pleasure we feel in *communicating our own feelings to others*,” continued the teacher. “I have before spoken to you of the unselfish character of intellectual delight, and pointed out to you how, when we are charmed with the beauty of some new truth, or fine figure of speech, or the wit of some startlingly good joke, we positively long for another bosom to share the pleasure with us; and now I should tell you that it is nearly the same instinctive propensity that makes certain people spend large sums of money in printing—without any regard to profit—the works of some favorite author, and others devote months, and even years, to writing certain books from which they can never hope to receive the least emolument. But there is no more marked instance of the general desire among mankind to communicate their own feelings to others than is to be found among zealots, who are mostly so eager and rabid to make all the world think and feel as they do, that they are ready even to put to torture those who refuse to be of their way of thinking. The desire to convert and proselytize—indeed, the propensity for tract-printing, for Gospel-propagating, and mission-instituting, springs merely from the innate wish of the more earnest portion of mankind that the entire human race should feel the blessed delight, as well as share the grace of that creed which they themselves feel to be the greatest blessing and grace ever vouchsafed to man.

“Again, it is this disposition to make others feel the same joy that we feel which gives rise to the custom there is among nobles and squires to

feast the villagers and peasants upon the occasion of their marriage, or the birth of an heir; or the coming of age of their eldest son, and so forth. Farther, it is the same desire to rejoice in common that is the cause of public jubilees in celebration of some great national good; and the same principle holds good even down to the harvest-homes, and Christmas festivals, and May-day games of the people."

"Isn't it curious!" murmured the youth.

"Next, lad, there is an instinctive propensity in our nature," Uncle Ben proceeded, "not only to share our own happiness with our fellows, but also to share our advantages with them at the expense of our own gains; in other words, there is a natural *desire to benefit* others. There can be no doubt that we would rather have the whole world happy than miserable, Ben, provided it cost us nothing to make it so, and the mind be in a sane condition. Assuredly, in a natural state of things, every one in his heart wishes every one well, and it is only the petty greeds, rivalries, jealousies, and heartburnings of our nature that interfere with the operation of this aspiration, which is merely the utterance of the native benevolence of our souls. If we admit that there is an innate tendency to feast those about us when we ourselves experience any unexpected or unusual happiness, or, in other words, to make those about us rejoice merely because we ourselves are full of joy, surely we must allow that the innate propensity of the human heart is not alone to compass our own happiness, but also to share that happiness with others, more particularly if we can do so without any sacrifice being required on our part. Moreover, misery, squalor, and bodily suffering are such naturally ugly things to us, that even our instinctive love of the beautiful and the

agreeable is sufficient to make us prefer universal well-being to universal pain and gnashing of teeth; so that it is manifest that the benevolent principle, when uncontrolled by any petty private interest, or any savage revengeful passion, is a marked attribute of our nature, and lies at the very bottom of the human heart. But if we are naturally benevolent to those who have never wronged or injured us (as we are and can be malevolent to those who *have*), surely we can advance a step farther, and say we have an instinctive propensity to *benefit* those fellow-creatures who are neither friends nor foes to us. I do not mean," proceeded the old man, "that we have an innate desire to relieve suffering, for that proceeds, as we have seen, from our instinctive disposition to commiserate, or, in other words, to share the misery of others; but I *do* mean that we are disposed to benefit and promote the good of our fellow-beings merely for the sake of benefiting them, and because we find a greater pleasure in the contemplation of human misery than in witnessing human misery. Of course this desire to benefit is continually restrained by a number of conflicting emotions," the uncle added, "and more particularly by our desire to promote our own happiness, as well as by our natural disposition to guard and husband our own possessions, and to treasure up what we love and esteem. But that there is such a benevolent and benefactive impulse in human nature is demonstrable from the very moral beauty of goodness, and the moral ugliness of evil; for that which is morally beautiful to us we can not but prefer to see prevail rather than that which is morally ugly, even as we instinctively prefer sunshine to darkness, and harmony to discord. Indeed, if there were no innate disposition to benefit, there could never have been a pure benefit

rendered in the world—that is to say, a good act done to a fellow-creature for the mere sake of the goodness; for in that case it would either be a voluntary act done without any cause to determine the volition, or else the act itself must be referred to some purely selfish motive, which is absurd, since to promote the good of another at the sacrifice of our own personal good is to be unselfish; and if, on the other hand, it be urged that we do so because the good of others delights us, or, in other words, that it is merely selfishness on our part, after all, that causes us to confer the good on them, then the answer is, How, if we are purely selfish, *can* the good of others delight us, since to find delight in good that is not our own good is to love goodness for its own sake, and hence it is to have a pure *unselfish* love of it.”

This was said with all the air of an old controversial divine; indeed, in his youth, Uncle Ben had delighted in disputation, and still nothing pleased him more than to break a friendly lance with any one on the pet subjects of his heart; and often he and his brother Josiah would sit by their hearth, and play a game of logical chess, as it were, while they discussed some of the old subtleties of the schoolmen, as to whether the angels could pass from one point of space to another without going through the intermediate places, and whether space itself was an entity or a quiddity, as well as trying to unravel the nice knotty tangle of “Liberty and Necessity,” when Josiah would stand out hard for “Predestination,” while the more liberal brother would take up the cudgels in favor of free agency, and try to split the fine metaphysical hair as to whether foreknowledge necessarily implied foreordination.

“I can hardly follow all you say, uncle,” observed little Ben, as he chewed the cud of the old

man's syllogism; "but it seems to me that we must love goodness for goodness' sake, as you call it, just as we love truth for truth's sake, and beauty for beauty's sake."

"Of course we do, lad," cried the other; "and if we have a pure unselfish love of goodness and truth, then, I say again, we have a pure love of promoting the good of others, or, what is quite the same thing, an utterly disinterested desire to benefit them. However, perhaps the most convincing proof of the existence of this innate benevolence of our nature is to be found in the fact which nobody doubts, and none have ever attempted to gainsay, viz., that there is an instinctive spirit of malevolence in the human heart, and that we desire to injure, and love to inflict evil upon those whom we believe to have wronged us, or even interfered with the attainment of our wishes."

"Oh, uncle, don't tell me, after all the fine things you've been saying about human nature, that we have such feelings at all," little Ben exclaimed, for he had begun to look upon the heart of man with the same fond eyes as a mother gazes at the babe in her lap, and he couldn't bear to think it had got even one little blemish about it.

"Don't tell you!" shouted Uncle Benjamin; "of course I *will* tell you, boy. Do you think I wish to build up a barley-sugar palace of a world for you? Do you think I wish to fasten a pair of goose-wings on your back, youngster, and lead you to believe that you—little devil as you can be—are a perfect angel? No, lad!" and he thumped the table as he said the words; "you are *not* an angel, only an angel in the bud; a creeping, crawling human grub, that may one day be a winged butterfly. The human heart, Ben, is picked out all black and white, like a chess-board, with the

strong contrast of opposing passions — passions for good, and passions for evil as well ; and *I say* again, the very fact of their being a malevolent principle in our soul is proof conclusive of there being a benevolent one also to counterbalance it. Hence, lad, the next moral pleasure we have to deal with is the *pleasure we find in injuring others*. Some believe that there are people of an inately cruel nature, who delight in torturing for the mere sake of the pleasure they derive from the contemplation of the torments—that is to say, in torturing those who have never offended them—not because the torturers have any savage desire for revenge upon their soul, but simply because the evil, the pain, and the anguish are agreeable to their nature. Now *I* don't believe that such 'depraved' nature, as this is termed, is possible in the very nature of things. It is impossible that ugliness can be beautiful, Ben. Some, indeed, may think *that* beautiful which we hold to be ugly ; still, it is not ugliness to *them*, but beauty instead. So, lad, pain, even in another, never can be pleasure to us ; for it is part of God's ordination that the sight of pain in any feeling thing, directly it impresses us with a *sense* of the pain, should give rise to a feeling of sympathy or pity in the beholder, and this has been rendered so naturally painful and distressing to us as to induce us to seek to put an end to the sufferings which originally excited it."

"Well, but, uncle, I remember some boys at old Brownwell's school," urged young Ben, "who always seemed to me to be *naturally* cruel, and used to ill-treat—oh, so dreadfully, you don't know!—the poor dumb animals that mother always taught us to be kind to."

"Yes, lad, I know," the uncle continued ; "boys will tear off flies' legs and wings, tie kettles to

dogs' tails, put cats' feet in walnut-shells, and commit a host of other atrocities, even as grown people will go to executions, and find delight in gazing at some poor wretch in his death-struggles."

"Then isn't that a proof that some persons *do* find pleasure in other people's pain?" modestly inquired the little fellow.

"No, lad," cried the uncle; "it is not, and can not *possibly* be a proof of what, in the very nature of things, I repeat, is a moral impossibility; for I say again, the contemplation of pain in another—when we have a *sense* of the pain—has been made to produce an emotion of pity, which is merely reflected suffering, and therefore can not be pleasure. But it *is* a proof that humankind may see pain *without feeling it*; and it is simply because the wantonly cruel do not feel, and have no sense of the sufferings they inflict, that they find delight in witnessing the writhings of the death-throes of their fellows. Besides, such people are barbarously curious, Ben, to see how the sentient creature will behave under the trying circumstances; and hence, as with the boys in the fable, even the death of another being becomes sport to them, owing to the novelty and extravagance of the contortions induced by the bodily agony."

"Oh, I see," the boy exclaimed; "it is merely unfeeling curiosity, then, that makes boys and others so cruel as they are."

"Yes, Ben, it is the prurience—the itch of morbid, unfeeling curiosity, as you say," added the tutor; "and directly we begin to think and feel at the foot of the gallows, why, we get sick, and swoon with a sense of the agony we are contemplating."

"I see! I see!" said the lad, thoughtfully, for he was only too glad to be beaten on such a subject.

"Well, but, though we do not like pain for

pain's sake," Uncle Ben went on, "nor love it with the same disinterested love as we do goodness, nevertheless there are certainly times when the infliction of pain upon a human being, or even an animal, becomes an intense delight to our soul. 'Revenge is sweet,' says the proverb; but, though it assuredly *is* sweet at the moment of gratification—*most* sweet to the savage, unthinking nature to give wound for wound, and even a hundred heavy wounds for one little one, nevertheless *ungratified* revenge is by no means sweet, but simply the bitterest and most galling passion—the ugliest and sharpest stinging of all the appetites that can stir our nature. The hunger for blood and human agony is the acutest form of all hunger that man can possibly suffer; and the wretch who suffers it feels all the torments of the starving man upon a raft at sea, racked with a million fold the agonies of starvation. Hence, lad, beware how you hug the viper to your bosom; for, rely upon it, in seeking to compass the misery of another, you compass your own to a far greater degree than you can ever hope to wreak it upon your enemy, since the revengeful man suffers all the protracted agony of an *enduring* devilish temper, that is forever rankling (as if he had a thorn in his heart) with all the long-continued gnawing of an ugly fester, whereas the object of the passion can only be made to feel the mere spasm of the *temporary* wound the other hopes and longs to inflict upon him."

"Well, then, uncle, revenge," the pupil chimed in, "revenge is not sweet; it is silly."

"Silly as madness, child," was the answer; "so cut it out of your heart, Ben, while your heart is young and generous, and keep your eyes forever fixed upon the true nobility of the New Commandment, which enjoins us to 'love our enemies.'"

Love them, I say to you, for your own sake—for the very happiness there is in loving any one. It may be hard work for poor human nature to compass, and require the highest human heroism to be able, even in our mortal agony, to cry, ‘Father, forgive them, they know not what they do;’ but it *is* possible to grow such a spirit of wise kindness in our heart, that if we can not forget a wrong, we shall, at least, have common worldly prudence enough to *forgive* it. Nor can I leave this part of my subject, boy, without here enforcing upon you what has always appeared to me one of the strongest proofs of the divine origin of this same New Commandment itself. It is merely human to desire blood for blood; this is only the bright-red glaring justice of man in the rough, and therefore to *love* the blood-shedder is not human; it is *more than* human, and is so utterly out of the natural course and current of our feelings and thoughts, that no mere man could ever have conceived the wondrous wisdom and godliness there is in the precept; and certainly no mere man could have given us in his life so lucid an example of the beauty and magnanimity of the creed; no ordinary bit of humanity could have done this any more than he could have conceived and compassed creation. I say, the very thought itself is beyond the bounds of human imagination and human aspiration to come at; for if it be *impossible*, as all allow, for the fancy of man to conceive a new sense—another sense superadded to our faculties that is not a compound of two or more of our existing senses, then as assuredly no mere man’s brain and heart could ever have had an inkling of this supremely new sense—this most unnatural impulse to turn the other cheek when one has been smitten, and to bless them that persecute you.”

"I understand you, uncle," answered the lad, "and thank you kindly for the thought."

"Well, Ben, I hate chattering religion even to you, boy," the godfather proceeded. "It is a thing for the heart to feel, and not for the brain to talk about; indeed, it is the natural communication between man and God, and not between man and man, who can have no possible *right* to interfere in such matters," said the old Puritan, with no little emphasis on the word. "But this is not religion, lad; it is philosophy—philosophy counseling the heart, and not bigotry striving to proselytize it."

"But, uncle, do you know, I've been thinking all this while," confided the simple little pupil, "why, if revenge is so wrong and so natural, that it wanted Christ himself to come and teach us the New Commandment, why such a feeling should have been given to us at all?"

"Ah! lad, that *why* is always a puzzler; your final causes, as they are called, are difficult things for poor finite reason to come at," sighed Uncle Benjamin. "A mere solitary brick can never give us an idea of the architecture of the entire palace. Nevertheless, Ben, we can get just a twinkle of light sometimes, and so it is with our malevolent feelings, which are far from being so utterly bad as you imagine. Indeed, if man had not been made to grow angry and savage at any interference with the objects of his desires, he would have been but a poor sluggish brute, and certainly would never have wrought a tithe of the grand achievements he has in the world. We are angry even with the stocks and stones in nature, Ben, when they offend us, either by injuring or impeding us. A baby delights to beat the chair or table that has hurt it, and even a great man glories in crushing the obstacles that cumber

the road to some grand end. This conquest of difficulties is, as I before said, one of man's finest triumphs, and if we were not angry with the mountains that oppose our progress, we should never cut through them; if the fetters did not gall our flesh, we should remain willing slaves all our lives. Hannibal's proudest feat was to force his way across the Alps rather than to slink round the base of them, and he must have felt a finer triumph in vanquishing the very mountains than he ever did in battling with any human host. So our old friend Columbus, too, when he beheld the morning sun crimsoning the shores he had been so long in quest of, must have gloried more in having conquered the sea itself than in having mastered his mutinous crew, and humbled the pride of the kings who had treated his scheme with scorn. We like to crush under our heel the stones that are the stumbling-blocks in our way; and it is only when we have so little sense of human error and human misery that we treat men as stones, and consequently wish to destroy or bruise the hearts of our fellow-creatures, that the malevolent spirit runs riot, and converts a principle that was meant to stir us to do the grandest work into a bit of devilry compassing the bloodiest ends."

"Isn't it strange," little Ben exclaimed, "that the same feeling should be both good and bad! for, if I understand you, uncle, it is only wrong to feel angry toward men; but when we are roused with a desire to beat down some great difficulty, there is no harm in the feeling."

"Ay, my boy, it is the difference between use and abuse. The destructive propensity of our nature may lead to murder; it should lead to the grandest engineering in life—the cutting through the mountains of circumstances that appear to

wall in our existence. Nor is the malevolent or angry feeling always bad, even when exercised against our fellow-creatures, Ben. Maudlin benevolence is the very dotage of weak and fatuous humanity. Some people have such mere milksop hearts that they can not bear to punish. But punishment, Ben, is simply moral surgery, and the rod is as necessary as the knife—not the knife of the butcher nor the rod of the tyrant, but each used with all the tenderness of a kind and loving hand. To cuddle and caress the criminal, lad, is to behave as if we were in love with criminality; but to treat a criminal as he should be treated is to inflict upon him some bodily penance that will have the effect of developing the natural remorse and contrition of his heart—to do this with no revengeful spirit, but with the merciful regard of chastening rather than chastising him; but still, never to forget that penance is necessary for penitence, and that penitence alone can turn and soften the heart. Hence, I say, as little punishment as possible, but still penance sufficient to awaken penitence, and, depend upon it, we are the criminal's best friend after all."

The subject was exhausted, and the uncle came and stood by the boy at the table, watching the progress of his sketch; and when he had put in a few touches for the lad, and shown him how to whisk out the high lights with the corner of his handkerchief, he began striding the room again as he resumed the thread of his theme.

"The next unselfish emotion that we have to treat of, lad," he went on talking and walking, "is that of emulation, or the *pleasure we derive from excelling or surpassing others*. Ambition, I have before told you, is the love of power, or rather the love of the deference and court that is paid to power—tyranny being the mere love of the pow-

er itself. But emulation or rivalry is simply the love of racing upon the great human race-course of life; and there are social jockeys who find intense delight in being 'up in the stirrup,' as it is called, and in whipping and spurring the beast they are mounted upon, in the hot struggle to win some paltry prize by a neck. Now jockeys, lad, are proverbial for their love of jockeying, and a fierce spirit of rivalry is not the temper that prompts the soul to acts of the purest honesty or the brightest generosity. Moreover, there is always this bitter drawback, even to the greatest good luck, when one man gambles against another—that the winner makes a beggar of his antagonist; and even so the delight of distancing others is but sorry child's play, and leads to a whole host of heartburnings and feuds among those who are left behind, and *that* only for the glory of the one greedy and overreaching nature that wins. It is this petty racing spirit that sets every one struggling nowadays to get out of their own sphere and class. The servant longs to leave off her caps, and go up and sit in the parlor like her mistress; and the mistress longs, in her turn, to be out riding in her carriage like 'my lady.' There is no such thing as contentment; all is scramble, struggle, greed, and rivalry. And yet, exalt the servant into the mistress, and the mistress into 'my lady,' and see how the *parvenue* is laughed at and despised; for the bird which has escaped from its cage is almost sure to be pecked to death by the old wild ones. However, lad, when the love of excelling is limited to the love of excellence, it is one of the grandest pleasures of which our nature is susceptible; and this, when combined with the power to excel, is simply human genius; for this love of excellence is not the desire to distance men, but merely to

surpass certain works—to transcend certain beauties. There is none of the chafing of vulgar, worldly competition in it, but it is merely a craving to approximate perfection. Indeed, in its highest and purest form, it has no sense of mankind—no sense of opposing interest, nor desire to trip others up by the heels, but only a sense of the work itself, and to make it better than what has been done before. It is this feeling which is the cause of all human improvement, as well as of all human excellence itself.

“There is now but one other feeling to be described,” added the old man, “and then we shall have exhausted this division of the unselfish emotions of man.”

“What is that, uncle?” the boy inquired.

“*The love of conquering others*,” was the answer; “though I have before spoken of this so fully, while treating of the love of success and the love of power, that only a few words need be said farther upon the matter. The love of conquering is really the love of humbling the proud, for there is little pleasure in depressing those who are already depressed. The higher the enemy we vanquish, the greater the delight of the victory. Now it was this love of humbling that made the warriors of old find such pleasure in enslaving the conquered; and ready as the world always has been to worship the conqueror, still the worship has been that of awe rather than veneration—the sacrifice paid to the bloodstained pagan idol in the hope of appeasing his love of slaughter. Hence you see, lad, the delight of triumphing over our fellows consists of the composite charm of enslaving others and elevating ourselves—of putting our heel on the neck of one who was once as proud as we, and feeling ourselves a few inches higher because we are lifted up on the poor ped-

estal of another's carcass. This is but petty posture-master work at best, Ben, and there is too little real elevation and too much human debasement about it, too many victims and only one victor, to please me. Nevertheless, when the same passion is applied to the conquest of the great host of circumstances with which we have always to battle—to the beating down of difficulties, and to the enslaving of the giant forces of the world in which we live, and making them work for the benefit of mankind, I know no ovation that can be too grand for such a bloodless and yet glorious victory."

THE UNSELFISH EMOTIONS

Which arise when others are affected in a particular manner, but not by ourselves.

"Let me see," said little Ben, "what have you got to do now? We have done the unselfish emotions which—are—which—how did you express it, uncle?"

"The unselfish emotions that spring up in the bosom when we ourselves affect others in a particular manner," the old man prompted the boy, "and now we have to do those which arise when others are affected in a particular manner, but not by ourselves."

"Oh yes," repeated Ben, "when others are affected by ourselves, and when others are affected, but *not* by ourselves. I think, uncle, you said sympathy belonged to the latter class."

The elder Benjamin returned no direct answer to the question, but merely said, "Why do we turn sick at the sight of blood, Ben?"

The boy stared as if he wondered what that could have to do with the subject, and replied, "I'm sure I can't say, uncle."

"Well, lad, in itself," went on the old man,

“there is nothing particularly repulsive about the vital fluid; indeed, the color is so intense, the crimson so fine, that naturally it should be a pleasing object to look upon. An infant would dabble in it with delight; and yet the sight of it often makes stout-hearted men swoon.”

The boy still stared with wonder at what it all meant.

“Why, Ben, as the blaze of that old smith’s forge is winsome, with the snow lying thick upon the ground, because of the imaginary sense of warmth it gives us amid all the cold, so blood is sickening to us because the imagination has a sense of the wound which caused it to flow, and of the suffering and danger connected with the spilling of it. It is this working of the imagination that lies at the very bottom of our feeling of sympathy.”

“Oh, I see,” young Benjamin murmured out.

“Had we been made as unsympathetic and unimaginative as leeches, the sight of the vital fluid would have delighted us as much as them,” the teacher proceeded; “and it is because some people have more or less imagination than others that they have more or less pity for the afflicted. This is the reason why spectacles of human agony, that stir some to their heart’s core, can be witnessed by others without even a qualm, and why surgeons cease after a time to be unmanned, as it is called, during their operations, because, after considerable practice, the surgical mind becomes too intent upon the cure to think any longer of the suffering; so that, you see, the feeling of sympathy has no more selfishness about it than there is in being pleased with the sight of a clean white garment in summer, and which is pleasing to us simply because it revives in our mind a sense of the coolness of snow.”

“Of course there isn’t!” cried the little fellow. “I can see it now quite plainly.”

“Now, Ben, this feeling of sympathy springs out of the very constitution of the human mind, having its source in what is called the association of ideas, and thus it becomes a thorough fundamental element of our nature, so that we can not but regard it as part of the wise and merciful ordinations of creation that we should suffer with the suffering, and rejoice with the joyful. This sympathy of ours is the nerve-string that unites all the different members of the human family into one consentaneous body, with but one common heart among all. This is the little cobweb fibre that weaves and knits the gossamer threads of life into the one perfect social web; this the wondrous cause of the widening circles in the pool, making the whole mass pulse and vibrate directly one little particle of it is stirred; for if the whole human fraternity were bound together, each to each, with a band of living flesh stretching from bosom to bosom, and quickened with the same blood and reticulated with the same nerves, so that, though there were many bodies, there was but one common sensorium, one common life among the whole, man could not be more surely bound to man than he is by the ligaments and tissues, as it were, of his sympathetic emotions. True, we do not see the spiritual band, we only feel it; but assuredly it exists as much as if we could press the warm life-bond in our hands. All that is wanted is that we should *think* when misery is presented to us, and then we *must feel*; the thoughtless alone can be indifferent. It is impossible that even the meanest and the vilest should suffer, and we not feel a pity for their sufferings, if we will but let the common course of our intellectual nature work as it was meant to do; and

it is only the fool that suffers misery to endure without feeling it, or without a wish, if not an endeavor, to relieve it."

"How beautifully it is all arranged, to be sure, uncle," was all the little fellow had to say.

"Beautiful!" echoed Uncle Ben; "why, the heavens themselves are not more beautiful than is the heart of man, if we will but look into it, as closely as star-gazers love to scan the glories of the firmament. And see here, lad," he went on: "there is the same mighty principle of harmony running through the human heart as there is in the great womb of space itself. What is it that keeps the planets forever circling in their course? Newton has given us the golden key to the mystery. There are two forces ever at work, he shows us, throughout all nature; the one a mere impetus, driving the orbs in the direction of the force that has been originally impressed upon them, and limited to the mere moving body itself, and the other a mighty spirit of attraction, extending throughout the entire universe, and tending to draw every body each toward the other; hence one power tends to drive the moving body in a straight line, and the other to draw it down toward the centre of the entire world-system itself, so that by the two acting at right angles to one another, a balance is produced, and a series of movements in diagonals is the result, ending in the describing of one continuous and perfect circle. Fling a stone straight along in the air, and you will find it describe a curve, Ben—a curve that is brought to an abrupt termination only by the ground on which it fell. It flies in a straight line from your hand, lad; the earth draws it down and down to the ground; and so it goes sweeping on, falling and falling as it rushes through the air, and describing the same ever-bending line as even a planet itself in its course."

“But what has this to do with sympathy?” said the boy.

“Listen, Ben,” the old man added; “there are the same rectangular forces forever at work in the moral world as in the stellar one. The selfish force drives man away from home in quest of the objects of his wants and desires: his appetites and his impulses are the impetus which stirs him in this direction, and which keeps him forever moving in his own individual path. But the unselfish force of sympathy, the mighty and invisible power of human attraction, which causes every human heart to tend and gravitate, as it were, to every other human heart, and which reaches to the farthest corners of the earth, makes him revert to the centre of the social circle in which he dwells; and thus the two moral powers, working in unison, cause him to move harmoniously in the orbit that has been marked out for him, so that, while seeking his own good, he is forever fulfilling his loving offices as well as the duties of kinship, friendship, or citizenship to those about him.”

“Oh, wonderful! most wonderful!” exclaimed the youth, who was now able to see and comprehend what was meant by the emotion of sympathy.

“And now, Ben, let me beg of you, lad, ever to bear in mind,” the earnest old man concluded, “that you have been so constituted that a fellow-creature’s misery not only *should* never be a matter of indifference to you, but (if you will only think as a man—if you will but attend to the misery, and not avert your eyes and heart from it) you have been made so that it *can not* possibly be indifferent to you; for as it has been arranged that the infection of one happy, smiling face should make others feel disposed to smile too, so, lad, the

sight of a sorrowing countenance is like the sight of blood to unhardened natures: it makes the heart sick with the fellow-sorrow it breeds within it. Still this sickness, boy, is no morbid disease, but merely the sickness of the yearning appetite of our common humanity to heal the ugly mental sore—to pour oil into the wound that it pains us to look upon. It only wants a halfpennyworth of oil in the palm, I told you before, Ben, for a man to be able to play the good Samaritan any day; and, depend upon it, charity lies not in munificence of gifts (which are often only the mere lacker of brazen ostentation), but in tenderness of heart, in mercifulness of thought, in kindness of construction, and in willingness to serve and tend rather than in readiness to give and depart. To the suffering, sympathy alone is all-sufficient; one tear-drop is of more value to the honest aching heart than a guinea at any time. It is only the born beggars and canting impostors that put a market-price upon human commiseration. A few minutes by the sick-bed, a single upward glance of the eyes, one tender tone, a gentle pressure of the palm, are worth more to the suffering poor than a whole volume of stock sentiment, a purseful of gold, or a prayer-book full of mere magpie religion. The kindly look and the comforting word we can always give; and these, depend upon it, are the true oil of good Samaritanship—the oil that is a very balm to the heart-sore; these the widow's mites that all can drop into the poor-box, and which are greater in value than all other gifts that can be cast into the human treasury. If it were not thus, what significance could there be in the proverb which says, 'What would the poor do without the poor?' for the poor have only the comfort of commiseration to give to the poor, and this, which trans-

cends all, they certainly give beyond all. The easy goodness of a 'subscription' sums up the charity of the rich; nights of long watching, days of tender nursing, neglect of work, loan of bedding and clothing, and a hundred other precious little bounties, make up, on the other hand, the untrumpeted munificence of those who have nothing to give."

"What would the poor do without the poor?" repeated young Ben, half sorrowfully, to himself.

"And now, lad, remember, I say again," Uncle Ben added, "poverty and suffering 'ye shall ever have with you;' so do you have always a sense that three fourths of the human race are born to want and hardship; do you have a sense, in the midst of the misery that encompasses you like the very air you breathe, that the poor are God's own poor—that the bitter heritage is theirs for some inscrutable purpose; and do you have still a sense that, if you can give no worldly gift, at least you have it ever in your power to give the infinitely higher one of the sweet comfort of commiseration, and that you are a better and more hopeful man if you cast but a *wish* that it were otherwise into the treasury."

"I will have this sense, uncle," the earnest-natured boy cried out; "for, now that you have given it me, it shall never die in me, depend upon it."

"That's hard and hazardous to promise, Ben," added the other; "the cold shade of worldly pride can soon numb it, and make the fine nerve as callous as the veins in marble. Beware of worldly success, lad, for this, in most cases, is moral failure. It wants but little dignity of soul to fail well, for sorrow and trouble generally chasten the heart, so as to enable even a small man to play the martyr in a small way; but to succeed grandly is

the most trying thing even to a hero's nature. The little ant-hill on which we have raised ourselves looks so like a mountain under the microscope of our own vanity, and we are so prone to believe that the vantage-ground has been built up by our own spade and shovel rather than by the million little busy things forever laboring around us—so ready to look at these little laborers through the wrong end of the telescope, and see them infinitely smaller than they are—so quick to believe that the old friends whom we have out-jockeyed in the world's race have but sorry hacks to carry them—so proud to stick the trumpety 'plate' we have won in the 'heat' upon our own sideboard, and flash it in the eyes of the vulgar—and so credulous to believe, with the mythologists of old, that it's only the really great men that are raised to the glory of the 'stars,' and to find our gods merely in the stellar world of humanity—we are so disposed to do all this, I say, that it is difficult to find the successful man who advances through life, like the rower who understands the right use of a scull, with his eyes continually fixed upon the scenes he has left behind, and his back turned, even while he is ever respectful, to all that lies ahead of him."

Uncle Ben's stanch Puritan spirit rang out in every word of the speech as he uttered it, and it was manifest in the tone and temper with which he spoke that the hatred of servility, and the love of hearty, but not arrogant independence, was the marked characteristic of his nature.

Presently he wound up with, "There, Ben, we have pretty well cropped out our subject, for it would be idle, after what I have said to you about the feeling of sympathy, underlying as it does almost the whole of our unselfish emotions, to do other than enumerate to you the feelings which

I have grouped under this second division of the class. Let me just run over the heads of them, and then an end. Thus we find not only a pleasure in sympathizing with the sufferings of others, or rather in relieving or comforting the sufferers, but also a pleasure in rejoicing at the happiness of our fellow-creatures, and this proceeds from what is termed the emotion of congratulation; that is to say, of feeling the same gratefulness at any good which occurs to others as they themselves do. Then, again, we are capable of finding a savage delight in exulting and triumphing over the downfall of those we detest, even as we can derive pleasure from the worldly success of those in whom we feel an interest; so, too, we can be even base enough to feel a charm in gloating over the miseries and afflictions of such as we believe to be our enemies, and which is, as it were, the savage sympathy of malevolence rather than the tender pity of the benevolent feelings. These, Ben, with the exception of the emotion of *envy*, or covetous longing, which we feel for those possessions of others to which we fancy we have *no* claim, and that of *jealousy*, or savage greed of those possessions to which we fancy we *have* a claim, or to which we aspire—these, I believe, make up the whole of the feelings under consideration, and, so far as I know, exhaust the matter of the entire moral emotions—selfish as well as unselfish—themselves.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

“I SUPPOSE you’re going to tell me now, uncle, about the prison and the poor-house, and to show

me what are the duties of life, just as you did with the amusements, you know?" observed young Benjamin, as he shook the crumbs from the dinner-cloth into the fender, and proceeded to fold it.

"No, I'm not, lad," the elder Benjamin answered, stretching his legs, and leaning well back in his chair, as if he was settling down for a doze rather than a chat. "We're not ready for the lesson yet, boy. Before we try to read Greek, we must learn the Greek alphabet, and as yet we're only half way through the A B C of morality."

"What! is there more to do about the moral pleasures, then, uncle?" cried the little fellow, somewhat disappointed.

"Yes, more," rejoined the teacher; "a little more schooling of the heart, Ben, and then you will be ready to appreciate the moral of the long story. Up to this time, lad, we have been dealing with the pleasures that arise from the perception of some *good or evil* accruing to ourselves or others. But there is something more than good and evil in the moral world: there is the little matter of *right and wrong*, boy, and that is a nut that needs good sound teeth to crack, I can tell you. Now if I were to ask you, Ben, what is right and what is wrong, you'd begin by saying—"

"Now just let me speak for myself, sir," interrupted the boy, playfully, as he began to spread his sketch and colors before him again; "let me see. Well, I should say it was right to speak the truth, and wrong to tell a lie; that it was wrong to steal, and right to give every man his due, as father says—and so on, you know."

"Ay, I knew you would," returned the uncle; "and yet you've told me nothing, you little gosling, about what is either right or wrong in itself. You've only informed me that John is a man, when I didn't want to be made acquainted with

what kind of an animal John was, but merely with what class of creatures a man belonged to. What, I say again, is right *per se*—right in itself—right in the abstract, as the schoolmen say?”

“Well, I should say that’s right which isn’t wrong, then!” cried the eager lad, endeavoring to make something like a guess at the riddle.

“Yes, but what’s wrong? that which isn’t right, I suppose you’d say; and so there we should keep shuffling our feet backward and forward, like soldiers halting on a march, and yet never advancing a step;” and as the old man said the words, he shook his head and smiled at the innocence of the puzzled youngster. “Well, lad, let’s give you a helping hand up the ship’s side before we weigh anchor, and tell you that right is literally what is *ruled*; what is ordained; what is straightforward, or done *directly*, in obedience to some command.”

“Well, but, uncle,” argued the plain-spoken little fellow, “if you were to tell me to go and steal, as I have heard you say the gipsy mother does to her child, immediately after it has said its prayers, that wouldn’t be right for me to do; and yet, if I did so, I should only be acting in obedience to a command, as you say.”

“It *would* be right, lad—”

“O—oh, uncle!” cried the boy, breaking into the middle of the sentence.

“Right in an unthinking child, Ben,” concluded the godfather; “but *you* know that the command would be at variance with a superior command that we are bound to listen to, above all others. The subject, therefore, becomes narrowed into, what commands are we, like dutiful children, to attend to.”

“I know what you mean uncle,” said the youngster, a little discomfited.

“No you don’t, Ben,” was the rejoinder, “for, remember, I’m not talking religion to you. I am merely endeavoring to help you to spell out the laws of the heart, lad—the commands of what is called the conscience; and I want to let you see there are natural commandments as well as spiritual ones, and that the ordinations of nature are and should be the same law to us as even the law of the Bible itself; for *law* is simply that which is *laid down*, or enjoined for our obedience. The laws of what is called nature are but the laws of the one great Lawgiver after all, and therefore must be one and the same law. The three great breaches of the various forms of law in the world make the three great human errors. Thus *Sin* is what is contrary to divine law, or the breach of some religious commandment or ordination of the great Ruler of all; *Vice* what is contrary to some moral law, or the breach of some righteous commandment or ordination of nature; and *Crime*, that which is contrary to some social law, or the breach of some politic commandment or ordination of the rulers of the land.”

“I see! I see!” again murmured the youth.

“Now some, I should tell you, in all honesty, my little man,” the elder Benjamin continued, “have gainsaid this doctrine I am propounding to you, and have urged that, if right be mere obedience to orders, God, if he had so pleased, *might* have ordained a code of laws the very opposite to that of the Ten Commandments, and would it then be *right*, they ask, to plunder and slay? But the simple answer, lad, is ‘yes;’ for then we should have been so constituted that slaughter and pillage would have been the one great good to us, even as they are to some warring nations in Christendom to this day. Nevertheless, the All-wise and All-merciful *never could*

have willed and ordained wrong right, any more than he could have willed two and two to be five. As it is, however, it has assuredly been made part of the wise and merciful ordinations of nature not only that we should love the man who does a benefit, and does it for the pure sake of benefiting, but that we should believe that the benefactor acts rightly in so doing, even as we have been made to feel satisfied that the malefactor does what is *wrong*."

"Yes, uncle, and you are right too," added little Ben; "right in what you say, and acting rightly in saying it, because I can feel how much it benefits me."

"Well, then, Ben," the other went on, "we now see what is right and wrong; we see that right, morally speaking, is merely what is conformable to the commands of the conscience, and conscience is simply moral consciousness—an intuition which springs up within us that certain human conduct is contrary to the ordinations of nature immediately such conduct comes to be judged by the natural instincts of the heart. Moral right, then, lad, is that which is agreeable to the decisions of the moral judgment, and these decisions of the moral judgment are simply what are called *sentiments*."

"Why, I thought, uncle, a sentiment was merely an opinion," interposed young Ben.

"So it is, boy, an opinion begotten by a feeling," ran the reply, "but it is *not* a mere judicial opinion. I have, for instance, an opinion that it will rain to-morrow, and that is simply a purely intellectual opinion, because my intellect alone is concerned in coming to the decision; but I have an opinion also that vice is hateful, and that is a sentiment, because both the intellect and the emotions are engaged in forming the judgment."

“So,” said little Ben, “a sentiment is an opinion begotten by a feeling.”

“Yes, Ben; we speak of sentimental novels, and a mother’s sentiments about her child, and so forth, meaning thereby neither passion, emotion, nor temper, but merely the opinions engendered by such emotions and tempers,” explained the tutor. “And now, having pointed out to you the pleasures of the emotions themselves, I shall proceed at once to show you what are the delights of the sentiments, though even before doing this I should say a few words to you on the world of opinion in which we live; for the moral sentiments are divisible into three classes, like the emotions from which they spring, and may be described as, (1.) Sentiments engendered in us by our opinion of ourselves; (2.) Sentiments engendered in us by our opinion of others; and, (3.) Sentiments engendered in us by others’ opinion of us. Hence you perceive how much of human happiness depends upon mere opinion, and that we live in a world not only of sensation, thought, and emotion, but of *opinion* also.”

“So we do,” chimed in the boy; “and yet I’ve heard people say they don’t care about mere opinions, and father, I know, objects to sentiment.”

“Your father objects, Ben, as wise men do,” urged the elder Benjamin, “to that affectation of feeling which merely chatters sentiment—that is to say, which delivers the opinions of the emotions, without having any corresponding emotions to justify them.”

THE WORLD OF OPINION.

“Now this world of opinion, my son, is as marvelous as the solid external world, or the fairy-like internal ideal world in which we pass our lives. It is this which makes the Tomkinses live

in continual terror of the Jenkinse; this which makes people clothe themselves in the most unseemly costumes at most unseasonable periods; it is for this that people furnish their houses; for this they wear their jewels; for this they exhibit their plate, and dress their lackeys up like macaws; and for this they keep their carriages: for all is done, not to please themselves, not to minister to their own comforts, nor to add to their own happiness, but merely to please their neighbors; and yet not to please them either, as true kindness loves to please others for the mere pleasure it finds in pleasing, but to please them as actors strive to please, for the hollow vanity of the mere clapping of the hands they get from the spectators. And when we think that if there were only the same pains taken to benefit others as there is to please them, with the view of extorting the small encouragement of a pat on the back from the beholders, how different a world it might be! why, then we can hardly help believing that the love of applause has turned this same world of ours into a playhouse, where scenery and decorations, dress and mimicry, are the chief attractions of the time. Again, lad, it is for this mere opinion of people, the majority of whom can never be known or seen, or even heard of, that the author writes, the poet weaves his verses, the artist paints his pictures, and the warrior risks his life, even as it is this same public opinion that the truly righteous man gives no heed to, and the martyr braves. Again, Ben, look at the tyranny of fashion, which is only public opinion expressed on the small matter of dress. Why, if Nero had passed an edict condemning women to compress their ribs, for the greater part of their lives, in an iron-bound corselet, think how historians would have raved about the devilry of the ingenious inhumanity;

and yet, if one fashionable fool thinks it the perfection of human beauty to cut her body into two compartments like a wasp, and to make them seem as if united by a mere ligature of a waist, instantly the whole legion of fashionable fools voluntarily condemn themselves to the same torture. One idiot, again, parts his hair down the middle, and then immediately every other idiot in the world falls to halving his locks in the same manner; one monkey trims his whiskers this way, and instantly the whole cageful of monkeys coax theirs into the same contortions; one thinks it the acme of elegance to wear his hands in his breeches pockets, and the next day nobody can keep their fingers out of the sides of their small-clothes. Surely, Ben, that little extra spoonful of brains which man has had given to him, to make him something more than an ape, has been wasted upon the majority of skulls; for, as we laugh at the ortolan, that is fattened by being made to feed six times a day, by means of half a dozen sham sunrises per diem in the shape of a lantern thrust every four hours in at a hole into a darkened chamber, so these people of fashion are as silly as the poor deliciously-fat birds, ever mistaking the light of a farthing rush-light for that of the true glory of the day, and tricked, by their love of paltry splendor, into the exaggeration of their bulk, only to tickle the taste of the voluptuary."

He paused for a moment or two, and then added, "Nevertheless, Ben, this same world of opinion can work its marvels as well as its follies. It was this that snatched Martin Luther from the stake, and this that drove the bigoted James from the English throne; it is this, too, that keeps society in check far better than any statute-book could ever accomplish. Farther, it is merely the still small voice within us—the outspeaking of the

heart itself—that makes the murderer’s sleeplessness so terrible to him; and it is this small voice again that makes the martyr find a consolation even in the flames.”

“Why, it seems, uncle, as if there were two sides to every one of our feelings,” advanced the youngster; “for no sooner do you show me that what you called ma-ma-malevolence is bad, than you begin to let me see how good it can be, when properly used, to overcome the difficulties that plague us.”

“Yes, Ben,” rejoined the uncle, “as even benevolence itself may run into maudlin dotage.”

SENTIMENTS ENGENDERED IN US BY OUR OWN
OPINION OF OURSELVES.

“Now, my patient little listener, we will begin with the consideration of the first class of the moral sentiments, and what did I tell you they were, Ben?”

“Here it is, uncle,” cried the eager boy, for he had jotted it down again upon the paper before him; “*sentiments engendered in us by our own opinion of ourselves.*”

“Just so, Ben,” nodded Uncle Benjamin; “*engendered*, mark! for there is always a certain amount of moral criticism, of pondering over and scrutinizing our own conduct, *preceding* the development of the sentiment in our bosoms; and then, according as we get to think well or meanly of ourselves, according as we pluck up our shirt collars, and smile blandly at the image of ourself in the ideal looking-glass, or according as we shake our head and scowl at the reflection, so does the opinion that we form of ourselves blend with a certain affection of our nature, and become a sentiment of either *self-approbation* or *disapprobation*, as the case may be. Nor does the process

end here; for this sentiment of approbation or disapprobation unites again with the natural likings and dislikings of our natures, and develops, in its turn, an emotion of some form of lasting love or hate for our own self, and thus we get to feel some one of those delicate shades and gradations of the affectionate emotions that I before showed you make up the chromatic scale of love; the result of the entire mental process being the development of a feeling of self-respect, self-regard, self-esteem, self-admiration, or self-honor, even up to that form of self-worship and self-glorification which comes of self-veneration."

"Oh!" exclaimed the little fellow, delighted to be brought back again to the chain of love, "how plain and easy it seems to come, uncle!"

"Ay, boy, it is easy to put the puzzle map together when you are well up in the geography of the countries it relates to, but it is no child's play, I can tell you, to make the map itself. It requires many long voyages of discovery, and many observations to be taken, before the longitude and latitude, and the bearings of the different points of the human mind and heart can be settled, and before the thoughts and feelings can be traced down as plainly as the land itself upon a chart for our guidance. But oh! these tropes and figures, Ben, they are the true flowers of speech, that always lead us children out of the hard, dry, dusty road before us. Now, of all the different forms of self-love, my boy," he proceeded, "the only one that a truly wise and great man can ever allow himself to be seduced into by the witchery of his own conceit is the one at the very bottom of the scale, viz., *self-respect*, and which is only just one rung of the ladder above utter indifference. The rest, lad, are all personal vanity and coxcombry; for your fool has ever the crest

of the coxcomb for his coat of arms. We might as well be down on our spiritual knees, worshipping the mud idol of our own selves, after we have tricked the dirty deity out in all the tinsel and trumpery jewelry of man's vanity—as well do this as be forever playing the 'fon,' like the spoony boy Narcissus, and making sheep's-eyes at our own florid portrait, as imaged in the shallow basin of the fountain of our own conceit. Depend upon it, lad, a man that knows himself thoroughly knows that there is no beauty in him when he comes to be turned inside out, for then there is such a hideous display of stomach and bile that the human anatomy is by no means pleasant to behold. To see our own fetch at any time, Ben, should set the mind thinking how we should look in the felon's dock at that great time when there is to be no special pleading, but all are to be judged as they really are and might have been. The felon's dock, boy, tries the handsomest countenance; and rely on it that many of those that seem to have angel's faces now will look hardly a whit better or fairer than felons under the searching glance of the Great Judge's scrutiny.

"I do not wish to knock all the self-love out of you, my little man," he added, "but I say, never let your self-regard go beyond the bounds of self-respect, even if you can honestly mount so high. And beware of self-admiration and self-adulation as you would wish to ward off madness and dotage. I do not wish to teach you that you are a born devil, my dear boy, for little children have been said by Him who knew them best to be as pure as the kingdom of heaven; but the misfortune is, the mirror grows tarnished by age, and soon ceases to reflect the light of the skies. I do not want you to believe there is no hope for you, for I tell you, lad, that you are ever hopeful, and

that you can never be so utterly good, nor so utterly bad either, that there may not be hope of you still. Think of what you are, and forever contrast the image with what you might be. Have faith in the possible goodness of your own nature, even while you have a consciousness of the *positive* shortcomings—the meanness and baseness of it; have ever before you a pattern self for yourself to copy, and be forever comparing your own self with your own model nature. Let the moral looking-glass reflect both back and front: look back, and have a sense of what a shapeless, soulless, bodily lump you are; and then look forward, and see God's image stamped upon your features; and after all, shake hands with yourself, and pledge your honor to yourself that you will still strive and struggle to be the fine, upright, and fair-faced fellow you *may be*, and not the cringing and limping moral hunchback which honest retrospection shows you are. Therefore, I say again to you, Ben, be ever self-respectful; lift your hat and bow your head to your own superior nature—that nature which is, and always should be in advance of you; but never be self-enamored, and rather pass by your other self without so much as an approving nod, and hang your head in very shame at the shabbiness of the contemptible scoundrel directly you are alive to the dirtiness of your friend. *Self-respect* and *self-faith*, Ben, these are the only self-sentiments that can be honestly encouraged or even countenanced in the heart of man; with the exception, indeed, of what is termed *self-approbation*—but certainly not *self-satisfaction*—at our own conduct.”

“You may depend on my minding what you say, uncle,” the pupil assured the teacher.

“This sentiment of self-approbation, on the contrary,” the other went on, “is the immediate re-

sult of the operations of the conscience or moral judgment, for right and wrong are but the true and the false of the heart; and the same faculty which compares, weighs, deliberates, and determines upon the rectitude or error of intellectual propositions, also comes to the decisions upon the propriety or impropriety of human conduct. Hence the feeling of approbation that ensues in the mind directly we have an intuitive perception that such an act is *right*, is tantamount to the feeling of conviction which follows immediately we have an intuition that a certain statement is *true*; and this explains why the morals of nations differ, in the same manner as different countries have different kinds of truths, and even different tastes, and *that* with one and the same nerves, brain, and heart. For as it is *not* true that there is no such thing as truth, so it is *not* right for skeptics to assert that there is no such thing as rectitude in the world; since in the same manner as it is demonstrable from the very nature of the forms of things that all the angles of a triangle *must* be equal to two right angles, so is it morally certain, from the very constitution of our innate sympathies and antipathies, that it is impossible the benefactor could ever be disapproved of for benefiting others, for the pure sake of the benefit conferred, especially when it is felt that he has violated no superior claim in so doing."

"So, then, it is as plain to see what is right and wrong, as it is to tell what is true and false," murmured the younger Benjamin, still pondering on the problem.

"As plain when the matter is self-evident," was the reply, "and yet as difficult when the relations are involved. 'Which was first,' says Plutarch, 'the bird or the egg?'—who can riddle the truth out of that vexed question? So, in like manner,

we may ask, which is first, country or child? Brutus preferred his country; should he have preferred his child?"

The boy was about to take up the gauntlet, and have a tilt with the old man in favor of "the child," but the uncle cut him short by crying, "To the point, boy! to the point! Now this feeling of self-approbation is the all-sufficient reward that good and great men work for. It is only the little moral fop that wants and craves for the approbation of others. Indeed, according as a man loves the applause of his own heart or that of others, so are we enabled to gauge the greatness or littleness of his soul. The moral hero listens only to the voice within him, for this he knows is but the echo of the divine decrees—the whispering of an angel's tongue prompting him to the right course—the trumpet of the unseen herald proclaiming the law of nature to him, and crying '*le roi le veut*;' and so the cheering of his own heart is like the music of the spheres to his conscience—a soft mellifluent concord flowing out of the very harmony of things. But as for the applause of others, what is it but the poor actor's reward? And he who *acts* his part well—who mimics the man of probity, honor, and loving-kindness to the life—who can play the fine walking gentleman with propriety in front of the footlights, even though he be the dirtiest and shabbiest of varlets when unseen of men, is sure to get a round or two for the clap-trap moral sentiment that he invariably utters as he quits the scene. Be assured, lad, there are two standards of right and wrong, of dignity and villainy—an external and an internal one; and that the man who conforms to the goodness of men is the petty moral coxcomb, tricked in all the canting fashion of the time—the vagabond waif and stray that always

goes with the current, and ready even for cannibalism, if human haunches came to be thought as thoroughly in good taste as those of venison; while the man who studies only the goodness of his own heart, and squares his conduct with his conscience, has all the sturdy, stalwart element of the honest old martyr in his bosom—of the faithful servant who likes always to have his orders *direct* from his master.”

“I can understand now, uncle, what is meant by listening to the voice of one’s own conscience,” the godson observed, “and shall strive to have always an easy one myself; and I know mother has often told me how people suffer from remorse after a wicked act, and that it is only their own guilty conscience, as she says, upbraiding them for their wickedness.”

“And that brings me, lad, to the last part of our present theme,” the godfather added, “namely, to the varied feelings of pleasure or pain which are developed in the bosom directly we come to reflect upon our own conduct, and to approve or disapprove of what we have done. Some time ago I told you that many of the emotions subsided into a subdued and more or less permanent form of pain or pleasure, which are called ‘tempers;’ and so with the sentiments, Ben: many of them have a tendency to develop a vivid feeling, which has all the character of an emotion; but with this simple distinction, that there is always a sense of right and wrong, approbation and disapprobation, connected with it, rather than merely good and evil. Such states of mind may be called *moods*, for they have also many of the characteristics of temper. Of these moods, the feelings of *self-complacency* and *remorse* may be cited as instances, proceeding as they do from certain sentiments which are engendered by our own opinion

of ourselves; so *anger* and *gratitude* are the *moods* of mind begotten by the sentiments engendered by our opinion of others' conduct toward us, and thus we come to speak of an *angry mood* and a *remorseful mood*, even as there is again the *proud mood*, or the *humble mood* of mind, which arises whenever we compare our conduct, our gifts, or our possessions with those of others, and think ourselves the better or worse for them than they. The delight of the feeling of *self-complacency* which springs up within us whenever we review our past conduct, and feel that we have violated no tie of kindred, broken no law of nature in our acts, but that we have fulfilled some little of the duty that was imposed upon us when we were ordained to form part of the great human chain, each link forever helping and being helped on by the rest through life—this is the exquisite consolation of an easy conscience, which all allow to be the very *summum bonum* of existence—that fine foretaste of heavenly enjoyment which follows the consciousness of having done one good act—of having foregone some little pleasure, suffered some little misery for the sake of another's happiness—of having rendered back some fraction of those gifts which we hold on trust for the good of our fellows. This is given us as the liberal and honestly-earned wages of good work in this world, whereas the applause of men is but the petty prize held out as a bribe for sorry workmen to try and work better. To strive to win the applause of our neighbors, however, for the mere sake of the trumpety vanity of the cheering voices, without doing the good for which alone the applause is honestly due, is to endeavor to trick the paymasters into paying the wages without doing the work at all. This is the true cheaterly and infamy of modern society—the obtaining of moral credit

under false pretenses—the moral swindling that is daily practiced by high and low, rich and poor, gentleman and sweep. Nevertheless, though we may cheat others, lad, we can not well trick ourselves. We know our ingrained meanness, even though a hundred charity-dinners toast and huzza at our magnanimity; and even if the trickster be caught in his own trap, and be himself tricked by the speciousness of the hollow plaudits into the conceit that he is a bright grain of the salt of the earth, assuredly the time will come when the delirium of the fever shall pass away, and the soul shall be roused by an angel's trumpet out of the long trance that has been on it, and see itself as in a black mirror, without a speck of color to give a meretricious tone to the hard lines and ugly forms of the picture."

Young Ben stopped painting as his uncle halted a minute on coming to a resting-place in his discourse; but the little fellow merely looked up to assure the old man that he was still ready for his words.

"Remorse, Ben, I should tell you, is not a necessary and immediate consequence of iniquity. A dog has no conscience, lad, and a man may live the life of a dog; be as savage and remorseless as a blood-hound, or as pampered and inoffensive as a lapdog, and yet be as unabashed as the mastiff or the poodle after all. To develop conscience, calm and patient reflection is requisite; and if there be neither time nor humor for this, of course the great judging principle can never pass sentence, since the culprit has escaped trial. Nevertheless, if we be really something *more* than dogs—if we have a principle of volition within us—a principle that transcends organism, since its office is to be ever at war with the mere organic instincts of our nature, and if the dumb beasts have

only these same organic instincts to guide them, surely we do not die the death of dogs; and then, how shall offended justice be filched of its due? Remorse may not come for a time; it may remain as dead in us as the faculty of perceiving light and color did in the born-blind boy till he was couched by Cheselden; but *when we see*—when the nine days' puppyhood of human life has passed away, and our eyes are fairly opened, and we come to behold ourselves as we really are, why *then* remorse shall burst upon the head like a storm, as assuredly as the thunder after excessive heat."

SENTIMENTS ENGENDERED BY OUR OPINION OF
OTHERS.

"We now come to the *sentiments engendered by our opinion of others*, don't we, uncle?" asked little Ben, as he turned to his paper, and refreshed his memory with the notes he had made.

"Yes, my patient little philosopher," answered the uncle, who was not a little astonished at the boy's continuity of attention, "and the pleasure we derive from such sentiments consists chiefly in the delight we find in loving and being grateful to others, as well as in approving and in thinking well of them; while, on the contrary, human nature is capable of finding a savage enjoyment in detracting from the merits of others—in censuring and satirizing them, as well as in venting our anger or indignation upon those who have either offended ourselves personally, or committed some flagrant injustice against our friends or neighbors; for indignation is but sympathetic anger, the sense which makes us feel a wrong done to another, the same as if it had been done to us. And here I should point out to you what is the peculiar characteristic of this class of sentiments,

namely, its tendency to inspire us with trust in those about us; for if we live in a world of opinion, lad, at least we live in a world of *faith* to give us confidence in the general probity of our fellows. Faith, Ben, is usually supposed to apply to religious matters, and to be that principle of our soul which transcends reason as a means of developing belief. For instance, we can not rationally understand the infinitude of space, and yet we have a faith that the universe is endless, and feel morally certain that there can not possibly be any limit or boundary to it, since if there be a wall round it, as you would say, boy, what is on the other side of the wall?"

"Ah! that's what I never could make out," the little fellow observed, ready to fly off into the new mystery. But the godfather was too intent upon the work he had in hand to be drawn aside from his object; so he merely said, "No, nor the greatest philosopher either. However, Ben, faith is as necessary for worldly guidance as it is for transcendental knowledge itself; and our daily life is one continuous round of credence. Indeed, if it were not for the credulous principle within us, we should grow up as ignorant and barbarous as savages. You believe the world to be a huge ball, Ben, but you believe this only because people tell you so, and despite the testimony of your own eyes, which assure you that it is merely an enormous plate of land and water. You believe that there are shores across the sea, even though you see none, and see, too, that the water itself ends at the horizon; and you believe this simply because your father and I tell you that we came thence; and yet, when poor Columbus reasoned with the bigoted potentates of Spain and Portugal, they laughed such notions to scorn, and preferred the avouchment of their own eyesight to

the demonstrations of his logic. You believe the million strange tales of history, and yet you could never have known one fact recorded there of your own cognizance, nor have even so much as set eyes upon the old chroniclers, nor, indeed, have ever spoken with any one who did. When, too, you come to study the discoveries and elaborations of physical science, you will find how heavily your faith has to be taxed, and that if you pause to test and prove for yourself each new truth as it startles your mind, you will find that you will advance no quicker than the tame elephant, which dreads a pitfall at every step, and will not move a foot till it has tried with its trunk the solidity of each paving-stone it has to pass over. Indeed, lad, we are born credulous, even to superstition, and credulous we must be to the last, if we would hold the least communion with our fellows; for it is only the silliness of skepticism that would have us believe all men liars till we have proved them truthful, even as it is the roguery of lawyers to make us think all men are rogues till we find them honest. Why, lad, if it were not for the abiding trust of faith, how could we have any sense of the future? But as it is, the child lays its little head on the pillow, and gives itself up to the temporary death of sleep, confident in the new life of to-morrow. The philosopher and the boor see the gunpowder explode once, and instantly the boor and the philosopher too have faith that the wondrous powder will, under the same circumstances, continue exploding forever after. The farmer sows his grain in perfect faith that season will follow season as before, and husbands the crop in perfect faith that year will succeed year to the end of time. The swain writes to his absent lover in faith—in faith that the letter will reach the girl, even though it have to travel thou-

sands of miles before it gets to her hand—faith that the magic little ink-marks he traces on the paper before him will whisper in her ear the very words he wishes, and pour his heart out to her as he is then doing; ay, and in faith, too, that she will kiss the letter as he kisses it, and that their lips will thus be joined again, even though miles of space lie between them. And farther, to round the perfect circle of our faithful lives, the gray-beard lays his head upon the pillow like the tired child, and gives himself up to the temporary sleep of death, confident in the new life of to-morrow.”

“Oh, isn’t it pretty!” the little fellow exclaimed.

“*Pretty*, child!” echoed Uncle Ben; “it is simply true, and truth is always more or less beautiful. Indeed, Ben, doubt and mistrust enter the mind only through the hard lessons of experience. We have an innate tendency to believe—to believe in nature, and believe in man too; even as all men have an innate propensity for truth-speaking and frankness, and this has to be checked and perverted before they can lie and deceive; for the truth ever rises first to the lips, and falsity and secrecy are merely the dishonest after-thoughts of the craven heart. Now it is this sense of the spontaneous truthfulness of human nature that gives rise to that spirit of trust in our fellow-creatures which is one of the grandest and kindest characters of our soul. Again I say to you, boy, let your ear be ever stone-deaf to the base attorney-precept which would have you believe all men rogues till you find them honest; for, rest assured, trust between man and man is as necessary for the business and friendship of the world, as even faith in the uniformity of nature is for our continued physical existence. The entire machinery of commerce is trust and credit; and even

in what are called ready-money transactions, the same principles must have sway for a time; for either the seller must part with his goods, or the buyer with his money, one before the other, unless they stand, the one holding and the other grasping the wares, while each does the same with the gold and silver, both relaxing their grip of their former possessions only at one and the same time. But when you come to look into the wondrous mechanism of the world's merchantry, lad, and see the all-pervading element of trustfulness which permeates the monetary affairs of all great nations, you will find how ship-loads of treasure are consigned to utter strangers in remote countries without deed or document from those to whom they are intrusted; how dealings are daily made for thousands, and often millions, by mere word of mouth, without a line to vouch the bargain; how a man's mere signature will pass current in the market as the representative of a mass of gold that no cart could carry; and how a simple slip of printed tissue-paper will go from hand to hand, and be changed for an infinity of goods, and yet none care to carry it to the bank, and get the gold for it that it is *believed* to be convertible into."

"I declare, uncle," interrupted the boy, "all this seems more wonderful to me than any thing you have yet told me."

"Indeed, my lad, be assured that untrustfulness is the *enormity*, and not the rule of human life and conduct (otherwise the world could not go on as it does); be assured, too, that the attorney-creed is the simple consequence of lawyers having to deal with the exceptional cases of breach of faith in society rather than being witness to the innumerable daily instances of the faithfulness and ordinary integrity of merchant life. For it is self-

evident that if, year after year, the bad debts in trade in the least exceeded the good ones, commerce itself must collapse after a time, and every atom of capital ultimately disappear from the land; while, on the contrary, the growing riches of a country are ever a golden proof not only that the principle of faith in nature has made men labor and husband still as before, but that the principle of trust in man has not been abused, and that more have turned out trustworthy than roguish."

"Indeed—indeed, uncle," the little fellow cried out, "this is the most cheerful view of human nature that you have yet given me."

"It is, my lad," responded the mentor; "and all the world is cheerful, if we will look at it with but just a glimmer of daylight about it. And now, Ben, I come to you yourself," the old man said, solemnly; "you see what a grand and noble principle is this propensity to *trust* in man, so do *you* never do a thing to abuse it. Remember, the man who trusts and believes you honors you; he pays you the finest and most elegant tacit compliment it is possible for one man to pay another. Let the truth, then, be ever on your lips, like the light of the morning sun, gilding the crimson edges of the clouds, and spit the rising lie from your teeth before your coward heart has time to shape it into words. Do *you* ever bear in mind that man's innate belief in the truthfulness of his fellow-man is so fine and generous a gift that it has all the impress of the godhead's own righteousness upon it. Do *you* then ever see it as a sacred thing, and regard lies and equivocations as the very blasphemy of honor. Remember, too, you damage not only your own integrity by falsity, but you undermine a man's trustfulness, and so make him doubt and suspect others."

The boy again began to scribble round the

drawing; and when he had finished, the uncle once more proceeded with the exhortation.

“Be just and righteous to the man, too, who makes you his trustee, no matter upon how small a business. Break faith with none; for remember, the one who trusts you is himself trusted by others, and if you fail to keep your bond with him, you make it hard for him to meet his engagements with those to whom he himself stands pledged. Commerce, Ben, is the broad arch overspanning every city and country, with nothing but the honor of men for the keystone to bind the whole together, and with each atom of the structure bearing upon, and not only sustained by, but sustaining the others. Moreover, I say, be not only strictly just, but have *you* ever the generosity to be *fair* in all your dealings. Justice is but negative virtue, doing no man wrong; but I say to you, be more than *negatively* virtuous; be *positively* righteous enough to be liberal rather than mean and grasping in your transactions, and prefer to give an advantage to the man with whom you deal instead of taking advantage of him; so, when the scales of equity are trembling with the exactness of the equipoise, do *you* be the one to throw in the market handful that shall change the rigid straitness and squareness of the arrangement into the grace of the well-turned balance.”

Again the lad fell to scribbling the moral memorandum on the margin of the paper before him, and when he had finished he looked up as usual in the old man's face, and said, “Yes, uncle, I am listening.”

“Moreover, Ben,” then went on the good counselor, “as you wish to be trusted yourself, and feel how galling it is to be doubted and suspected, be it your rule ever to put your trust in others, and let not the exceptional rogues and cheats of

the world ever beat out of you your faith in the general trustworthiness of your fellows. A bum-bailiff believes every man to be a swindler; but do you have a soul above the catchpoll's, and think well and kindly of men, as you yourself would be well and kindly thought of. Remember how difficult it is in the tangled yarn of human motives to pick out the very 'cue to action,' and that the parsimony, which is wise husbandry in a prudent man, is but base avarice in the miser; the punishment, which is kindly chastenment from the hands of the wise governor, is simply bloody malevolence when the blow is prompted by revenge. Be *you*, therefore, the one ever to translate the passages in a man's life freely rather than crabbedly, and to choose the finer spiritual rendering in preference to the harsh literal construction of the act. Be slow to suspect, for an eagerness to believe in meanness is but the mean prompting of a mean nature; and have faith in no man's baseness till the creed is fairly forced upon you; but *when* you find your old friend out, why, then fling the dog from you as you would a fawning hound with dirty paws. Moreover, I say to you, trust even the untrustworthy, so long as they remain true to yourself; for if one breach of faith with another is to put an end to all faith in us, how can the fallen ever hope to rise? Be assured, too, that by trusting those who have broken trust, the chances are you so rouse in them the dormant sense of honor, that even *they* will scorn to abuse the generosity that gave them credit for a virtue which others supposed to be dead in them. Therefore, I tell you, lad, lend your money, as I have done, to the starving thief, in the face of the whole world, and let the whole world see that even *he*, if you pique his honor, can render you every farthing of your due. To

give others credit for being as honorable as yourself till you find them dishonorable is not only to be a gentleman, but to create gentlemen. It is to raise men to a dignity that the monarch himself can not confer; for, though a king may make a man a lord, he can not make a man a gentleman, for that is the Almighty's own peerage, over which none can take precedence."

More notes were made, and there was the same silence as before during the pause, for little Ben could do no more than listen, record, and ponder. The theme, he well knew, was far beyond his powers to grapple with; so, like a wise little fellow as he was, he became a good listener instead of being only an indifferent talker.

"And now, my son," presently resumed Uncle Ben, "there remains but the small matter of pride and humility to glance at, and then our task is done."

The only remark the boy hazarded was, "You said that we felt proud when we compared our conduct, our gifts, our possessions, our station in life with that of others, and fancied ourselves better than they for what we do or have—that's what you said, uncle."

"I know, lad," smiled the godfather; "pride always comes of one of those human comparisons that are truly said to be odious. Even when the pride is just, we merely put ourselves in the scales against a heap of rags and bones, and find a small delight in seeing the human refuse kick the beam; but in false pride it is a mere *bubble* that we strive to give gravity to. As well might the peacock's feather itself be proud that it no longer trails in the dirt, as the upstart fool of a mandarin who wears it. But to my mind, boy, it is the light weights, after all, that win the race, for the humble are ever the wise. The humble man flings

himself upon his knees, and looks upward, in very worship of the greatness and the goodness he loves to contemplate; the proud man, on the other hand, draws himself up, and looks down, in scorn of the baseness and the littleness he delights to contrast with himself; the one gets a reflected grace from the glory he is forever regarding, the other a smudge of the soot from the sweeps with whom he is continually measuring lengths. Besides, pride is merely the cockcomb crest, as I said before, of the poor mumming fool in the mask. For what has the proudest of us to be proud of? Is it your person, man? why, that is merely the showy binding which is ever relied on as a means of fudging off a trumpery book. Is it your clothes? why, the tailor's dummy might as well lord it over the scarecrow. Is it the strawberry-leaves of your grace? but what are the mere leaves of honor without the fruit? Is it your learning? what is it but the chattering of the Greek alphabet after all? Is it your wisdom? what are you, Mr. Philosopher, but the monkey hammering away to get at the ticking of the watch? Is it your art? a grasshopper might as well be proud of the power in its hinder legs, as the artist of his handicraft. Is it your goodness? pshaw! had you any of the true stuff about you, pride could not enter your heart, seeing that you are no better than the idiot—the mere creature of the great inscrutable will.”

The task was now fairly ended; for, though there were still the feelings of anger and gratitude belonging to the class, Uncle Ben had already spoken of these while treating of the affectionate emotions, so that he merely pointed out to the boy that the grateful impression which preceded the feeling of love is more a sense of delight than

gratitude, and that the impulse of thankfulness is strongly felt only when we are convinced that the good done us is a voluntary act of grace conferred upon us, and that merely with the view of doing us the good.

The third and last class of sentiments, viz., those which are *engendered in us by others' opinion of ourselves*, the uncle merely particularized, without entering into the details of each distinct feeling, saying that the pleasures we derive from this group of sentiments consist of the delight we feel in being *loved* by others, or in being *admired* by them, as well as in being *pitied, respected, honored, revered*, and *approved* by them; while, on the other hand, he said it was possible, under certain conditions of mind, for man to find a perverse enjoyment in being *hated, despised, contemned*, and even *persecuted* by his fellows. Indeed, after all he had propounded about the love of approbation, which he told the boy was the one feeling underlying almost the whole of the class, it was idle for him to expand the subject into tediousness.

So he concluded by simply informing his little godson that the love of the approbation of others is the main element in what is called *vanity*, even as the love of our own approbation is the ruling principle in what is termed *pride*. Farther, he said that the reason why praise is so agreeable to weak natures is because it serves to increase people's faith in their own powers, and this is necessary for their very existence; so that where this self-faith is the feeblest (because the powers are felt to be the weakest), the desire for praise and admiration is always found to be the strongest. Hence the love of approbation, he added, is the distinctive mark of modesty and diffidence, and is as pardonable, and even beautiful to behold, when

not made an all-absorbing passion, in the feminine character, as it is a sign of effeminacy and foppery in the masculine mind.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BURDEN OF THE SONG.

UNCLE BEN'S evening meal did not take long to discuss. The bowl of milk was soon emptied, and the hot, buttered corn-cake that Dame Franklin had sent up with it was rapidly made away with, for the old man was anxious to get the lesson ended that night. So, when the boy had removed the basins, and swept the crumbs from the table, another log was thrown across the dogs on the hearth, and the little room made to flicker again with the ruddy flames in the dusk of the "tween-lights."

The old man drew his chair round close to the fire, and sat watching the burning fagots as he proceeded to put the finishing touch to the view of life he had sketched out for his little pupil.

Little Ben placed himself on the hassock at his uncle's feet, and said, as he laid the old man's veiny hand in his own little palm, and kept trying to smooth the wrinkles out of the back of it, "I know what you're going to tell me now, unky, dear. You're going to point out to me what is my duty to those poor boys we saw in the poor-house and the jail; ain't you, now?"

The godfather shook his head, and replied, "Not so, my boy; they are only a mere fraction of the mass to whom we owe a duty. I might, had I cared to harass your little soul into goodness, have taken you to the mad-house, and shown you the host of pauper lunatics and idiots there;

or I might have led you to the quarter of the town where the blind beggars mostly live, and have let you see them with their blind wives (for the blind mostly marry the blind), sitting in their clean and tidy homes, without a candle, in the dark, and have let you hear them tell their blind dreams and stories of the death of the faithful dogs that they still love well enough to weep over. I might have shown you how even they, beggars as they are, seldom or never shut the door against the beggar who is worse off than themselves; and how, though they have hearts full of pity for suffering, they are still callous enough to relish, with all a true beggar's zest, any roguish cheat of mendicancy. I could have taken you likewise, lad, to the crippled and the maimed, and have brought you face to face with the half-beggar hucksters of the town, that pretend to sell some petty wares about the city so as to avoid the imprisonment of the jail as regular mendicants on the one hand, or of the poor-house as indoors people on the other. I might have shown you, too, the petty markets frequented by the very old and very young for trades that require but a few halfpence as capital to start in; I might have let you see these poor, struggling, half-starved things, shivering at early morning in their rags, and might have let you hear how even they—merchants who are literally not worth twopence—are trusted, ay, and seldom or never break faith with their creditors either. And when you had read the sorry leaf out of life's book from beginning to end, I might have whispered in your ear, Ben, that these were not the voluntary beggars of the world—not the professional mendicant cheats that prefer lying and louting to honest labor—but God Almighty's own beggars—the blind, the crippled, and the infirm."

"I wish you had taken me to see all this, un-

cle," broke in the little fellow, as he still fondled with the old man's hand.

"Nevertheless, Ben, this is not the *rule* of want," went on the other; "it is good to know that such misery exists about us, so that we may have a sense of the favors vouchsafed to ourselves, even if we have no desire to relieve the suffering. But there is little good in the knowledge as a matter of wisdom, for the study of exceptional cases gives the mind but a sorry understanding after all. What I *do* want to wake you up to, however, is the *law of human suffering*, lad, and the reason why I took you to the poor-house and the jail was merely to shake you well, and rouse you to listen to the tale I had to tell."

"The law of human suffering!" echoed the boy.

"Yes, the law!" reiterated the teacher, "for it is the rule of life that more are born to want and suffer than to feast and be merry, Ben."

"Well, but, uncle," remonstrated the little fellow, "I'm sure I don't see so many poor people about as you'd make out."

"How should you, lad, when the truly honest and deserving poor are always the secret sufferers, and not the ostentatious beggars that love to parade the afflictions on which they trade?" was the gentle rebuke. "Besides, *you* are born in the sphere of comparative comfort and competence, Ben; and such is the caste of class-life among us, that the people belonging to one division of society have no more knowledge of the people in another grade, even though they live continually about them, than they have of the inhabitants of the remotest countries. Hence the well-to-do, having no communion with the hard-to-do, are naturally skeptical when they are told that their happiness and ease is the anomaly in life, and that suffering and trouble are the normal lot of hu-

manity. Now look here, little man: in every state, as nearly as possible two thirds of the population are born to a life of hard labor, and live continually, as it is called, 'from hand to mouth;' so that, as almost all trades have their brisk and their slack seasons, and many a calling depends on the very elements themselves for the pursuit of it, you can readily understand that the mass of the people must have regularly-recurring periods of bitter privation to pass through every year of their lives. Think, for one moment, of the immense host of stomachs that depend on the very soil itself for their bread—the multitudinous body of ground-laborers (including the great agricultural troop), and the miners, road-makers, and excavators, that are more or less required in all nations. Think, too, of the immense army of carriers, carters and porters, bargemen and boatmen, merchant-seamen and dock-laborers, coachmen, stablemen, and messengers—why these, lad, generally make up two fifths of the entire body of grown men in every civilized community, and upon the labor and health of these, some thousands, if not millions of families, are dependent. Think then of the brutal ignorance in which this tremendous crowd of people are left to wallow generation after generation, and next think of their comfortless homes and their aching limbs after a heavy day's labor (you have never done one yet, my boy), and then you will be able to make some allowance for the attraction they find in the stimulus and cheering fire and company of the tap-room. And when you have made this allowance, and seen that thrift and providence, under such circumstances, are moral impossibilities, you will be able to have some faint idea of what kind of a season *winter* must be to such people, and to their wives and children—winter, when there

is always less to do and get, and more wanted. Why, if we can feel for the birds of the air, and the robins, when the snow is on the ground, surely the heart can not be utterly steeled against the thousands of little half-feathered human birds—such as the children of the ground-workers—that suffer when the earth is like a block of marble with the frost, as much as, if not more than, the robins themselves at such times.

“The skilled laborers again,” the uncle resumed, “such as the tailors, the shoemakers, the weavers, and the vast body of metal-workers, and wood-workers, as well as the builders of every community, are a multitude that are becoming almost as large as the tribe of unskilled workmen themselves, and in many of these trades there are the same periodical fluctuations as in those that depend upon the seasons and the earth for the subsistence of the people belonging to them. So that when I tell you that as many as two thirds of the people in most countries are wagemen, living generally from hand to mouth, and that a very large majority of them are hardly a half-gallon loaf beyond starvation, you will understand that I do not speak at random, and that *want and suffering is the rule of life, and comfort and happiness only the exception.*”*

* The numbers and proportions of the different classes of society in our own country at the time of taking the last census were as follows :

Total population of Great Britain in 1851 (in round numbers), twenty-one millions.

But of these not quite half were children and young people under twenty years of age, the majority of whom were incapable of earning their own living; the returns being
 4,765,000 males in Great Britain under twenty years of age
 4,735,000 females “ “ “ “ “ “

9,500,000 of young people of both sexes.

While, on the other hand, out of the eleven and a half mil-

“Oh, uncle,” exclaimed young Ben, “how can you tell me such things after the fine, pleasant

lions of grown people, rather more than half were women, the majority of whom also were incapable of supporting themselves; the returns being (in round numbers)

5,500,000 males in Great Britain above twenty years of age

6,000,000 females “ “ “ “

11,500,000 of grown people of both sexes.

So that out of a gross population of just upon twenty-one millions, but little more than a quarter, or five and a half millions, were grown men, upon whom the support of the other three fourths of the community more or less depended.

Now these five and a half millions of grown men throughout Great Britain were thus distributed as to their occupations:

In the first place, there was upward of one million of agricultural laborers, shepherds, drovers, farm-servants, woodmen, and men employed about gardens, and the like.

And besides these there was upward of a quarter of a million of general laborers, such as ground-workers, navigators, railway laborers, roadmen, coal-heavers, and so forth.

Then there was more than a quarter of a million of miners and quarrymen, and upward of another quarter of a million of carriers and carters, railway-men and omnibus-drivers, coachmen, grooms, and stable-men, boatmen and bargemen, canal service-men and merchant-seamen, messengers and porters, warehousemen and packers, and others engaged in the conveyance of goods or persons from one part of the country to another.

Hence there was an aggregate of very nearly two millions (one million nine hundred and fifty thousand) of unskilled laborers among the five and a half millions of men throughout Great Britain; or, in other words, more than a third of the grown male population of the country existed in the semi-brute state of mere “hewers of wood and drawers of water.”

The remaining three and a half millions of men in Great Britain were thus occupied. First, there were more than two millions of artisans, or skilled laborers, following callings that required more or less of an apprenticeship before they could be profitably pursued, and these were made up of more than a quarter of a million of builders (such as bricklayers, slaters, masons and plasterers, etc.); upward of a third of a million of wood-workers (such as carpenters and joiners, cabinet-makers, and carvers and gilders, musical instrument-makers, chair and box makers, turners, frame-

views of the world you have given me? But why should all this want and suffering be, if God is as good and kind as you say He is?"

makers, block and print cutters, clog-makers, coopers, shipwrights, coach-makers, wheelwrights, sawyers, basket-makers, lath-makers, cork-cutters, etc.); upward of another third of a million of textile manufacturers (including the cotton-factory workers, and the several working manufacturers of woolen cloths, worsted and stuff materials, carpets, silk and ribbon, flax and linen, fustian, rope, sail-cloth and lace, as well as the printers and dyers of calico); and one hundred and twenty-five thousand workers on textile materials (such as the great body of tailors, umbrella-makers, hatters, etc.); upward of a quarter of a million, too, of leather-workers (such as curriers and tanners, saddlers, and whip and harness makers, glovers and shoe-makers); more than a third of a million metal-workers (such as iron manufacturers, blacksmiths, locksmiths, gunsmiths, farriers, anchor-smiths, boiler-makers, file-cutters, nail-makers, needle-makers, engine and machine makers, tool-makers, mill-wrights, implement-makers, wire-workers, braziers, button-makers, coppersmiths, whitesmiths, tinmen, zinc-workers, platers, goldsmiths and silversmiths, watch-makers and philosophical instrument-makers); nearly one hundred thousand workers in clay, stone, and glass (such as the brick-makers, potters, and earthen-ware manufacturers, pipe-makers, and glass manufacturers). Nearly nineteen thousand workers in bone and hair (such as the comb-makers, brush and broom makers, horse-hair-workers, and hair-dressers, and wig-makers); twenty-five thousand and odd printers and paper-workers (such as compositors, pressmen, paper-stainers, bookbinders, and paper-hangers); nearly fifty thousand chemical manufacturers (such as the manufacturers of acids, artificial manures, cements, ink, colors, disinfectants, varnishes, medicines, etc., as well as the dyers and fullers, soap-boilers and tallow-chandlers, provision curers, French polishers, gas manufacturers, paper-makers, patent firewood and lucifer match manufacturers, fire-work makers, etc.); besides, there were upward of two hundred thousand of workers at provisions (such as bakers, confectioners, and millers, butchers, maltsters, and brewers, fishermen, and even milkmen). Then add to these ten thousand general mechanics (branch not mentioned), and we shall have an aggregate of two millions and sixty odd thousand of skilled workmen above twenty years of age in Great Britain. Moreover, there were up-

“Why should hunger, which is one of the chief evils of a life of poverty, be a pain, lad?” was the

ward of one hundred thousand clerks and officials throughout the country (including government clerks, law clerks, commercial clerks, parish clerks, as well as the toll collectors, and commercial travelers, besides the various parish and church officers, and those attached to the different charitable institutions and law courts); there were also nearly another hundred thousand gentlemen's servants, and nearly the same number (ninety-two thousand) of guardians of the public peace (such as policemen, soldiers and pensioners, sailors in the navy, and marines); and, lastly, there were nearly twenty thousand itinerant traders (such as showmen, and men with games and sports, hawkers and peddlers), together with not quite forty thousand males above twenty years of age belonging to the helpless and dependent class (such as paupers, vagrants, alms-people, beggars, lunatics, and those living on their relatives).

Now, putting the whole of these several classes of skilled and unskilled laborers, clerks and officials, policemen and common soldiers and seamen, as well as the servants, itinerant traders, and dependents all together, so as to form one body, we have a total of four millions three hundred and sixty odd thousand of grown men (with families generally), who, if they are not all strictly wagemen, at least mostly live like them from hand to mouth upon their immediate earnings, and whose earnings, moreover, seldom exceed one hundred a year, often fall below fifty, and in a large number of cases hardly ever rise above ten shillings per week. Four millions three hundred and sixty odd thousand of grown men, living more or less from hand to mouth, the majority of whom are seldom half a quartern loaf beyond starving, and that out of only five and a half millions of grown men altogether! so that if Uncle Ben had said that three fourths of the people in most communities are born to want and suffer, the statement would have been more correct.

It may be useful to the young reader to know what classes constitute the more lucky portion of the community—that portion which is either so well paid for the services rendered by them as to enable them to live like gentlemen, or who are engaged in trade or commerce, or else living on their means as independent people.

Well, *imprimis*, there are sixty-seven thousand men belonging to what are styled the learned professions: thirty thousand clergymen and priests, seventeen thousand lawyers,

interrogatory in reply. "Why, because, as I told you before, if it had been made a pleasure, we

and twenty thousand doctors. Then there are fourteen thousand officers belonging to the army, navy, or East India service, on either full or half pay.

Moreover, there are another sixty-seven thousand grown men belonging to the literary and artistic classes (such as authors, editors, scientific "professors," teachers, schoolmasters, music-masters, and others; musicians, actors, artists, engravers, carvers, pattern designers, draughtsmen, medalists and die-sinkers, architects, surveyors, and civil engineers).

Farther, there are upward of a hundred thousand connected with the moneyed or capitalist classes, as well as what may be styled the "commission" business of commerce (such as those who are returned as independent and annuitants), of whom there are about thirty-three thousand in the last decennial report, and not quite twenty thousand landed proprietors, as well as twelve thousand house proprietors throughout Great Britain. Then there are two thousand ship-owners; not quite two thousand bankers, and nine thousand merchants; besides a host of ship agents, brokers, agents and factors, salesmen, auctioneers, accountants, pawnbrokers, general merchants and dealers, as well as coach and cab owners—in all, one hundred and fifteen thousand people.

Next, there are upward of a third of a million farmers and graziers throughout the country.

After these come the tradesmen and dealers, of whom there are altogether as many as three hundred and seventy-eight thousand, including thirteen thousand general "shop-keepers," five thousand and odd cattle and sheep dealers, three hundred horse-dealers, twenty odd thousand inn-keepers, twelve hundred livery-stable-keepers, six thousand board and lodging-house keepers, thirty-seven thousand licensed victualers and beer-shop-keepers; nearly nine thousand wine and spirit merchants, eight thousand corn-merchants and flour-dealers, nearly the same number of green-grocers, three thousand cheesemongers, not quite two thousand poulterers, and six thousand seven hundred fishmongers; as many as fifty-five thousand five hundred grocers, and three thousand tobacconists; and about twenty-two thousand others dealing in vegetable or animal food, or else in drinks and stimulants; fifteen hundred "water providers," the same number of dealers in salt, and only as many oil and colormen, besides two thousand others dealing in oils and gums; eleven thousand and odd druggists, over ten thousand coal-merchants and

should have sat still and should have starved with delight. Even so with human misery: if all were well-to-do—if there were no sickness and no suffering in the world, there would be no need of sympathy, nothing to be grateful for, no reason for human love. If man wanted nothing at the hands of his parents or his neighbor, if he were able to shift for himself directly he came into ex-

dealers; nearly nine thousand dealing in wool, and three thousand woolen-drapers; six thousand clothiers, and three thousand hosiers; nearly twenty-eight thousand linen-drapers; about five thousand dealing in silk, as silk-merciers, etc., and thirteen thousand others engaged in furnishing articles of dress; five thousand and odd dealing in hemp, and eighteen thousand in flax; sixteen hundred fellmongers, three thousand grease and bone dealers, and only five hundred and sixty dealing in feathers and quills; three thousand five hundred stationers, and two thousand and more dealing in paper; six thousand five hundred publishers and booksellers; six thousand four hundred people dealing in timber, three thousand five hundred in glass and earthen-ware, and six hundred in precious stones; besides whom there are the dealers in the different metals, or metal goods, as three hundred and twenty in copper, five thousand in tin, two thousand in lead, thirty in zinc, six thousand and more in the mixed metals, and about twenty-five thousand in iron and steel, including nearly seven thousand ironmongers.

Now add to the numbers of the above-mentioned classes twenty odd thousand men above twenty years of age returned as sons and scholars, and nearly fifty-five thousand others "of no stated occupation," and we have a gross total of one million and eighty-six thousand grown men in positions of comparative comfort, against four million three hundred and sixty odd thousand in comparative indigence. Or, assuming each of these men to be married, and have two children respectively, we shall, if we multiply these totals by four, come to something like an approximate notion as to how many of our twenty-one millions of people enjoy lives of ease and plenty, and how many live lives of care, if not distress. The result shows that the proportions are four millions of well-to-do folk and seventeen millions of struggling poor in the country.

A brief summary of the whole is subjoined:

istence as readily as the young grub, why, he would have no more love than a grub, no more

Number of Men above Twenty Years of Age, belonging to the Wage Class, and others living from Hand to Mouth in Great Britain, calculated from the Census of 1851.

Laborers (agricultural and general, as well as those engaged in mining and the carrying trades)	1,944,300
Artisans	2,061,400
Clerks and officials.....	112,350
Gentlemen's servants	96,150
Policemen, and common soldiers, and seamen...	92,000
Showmen and hucksters	18,300
Dependents (including paupers, vagrants, alms-people, beggars, and living on relatives).....	38,000
	<hr/> 4,362,500

Number of Men above Twenty Years of Age belonging to the Moneyed and Capitalist Classes, as well as to the Professional, Artistic, and Trading Classes in Great Britain, calculated from the Census of 1851.

Military, naval, and East India officers (on full and half pay)	14,000
Professional men.....	67,900
Literary and artistic men.....	67,000
Moneyed classes, capitalists, merchants, and commission agents.....	115,650
Farmers and graziers	367,000
Tradesmen and dealers.....	378,710
Sons and scholars belonging to wealthier classes	21,700
Of no stated occupation	54,800
	<hr/> 1,086,760
Total number of males above twenty years of age in Great Britain.....	5,458,815
Total number accounted for in the classes above given.....	5,449,260
Unaccounted for.....	<hr/> 9,555

It is impossible to give the returns *exactly* on this subject, owing to the confounding of the employers with the employed in the last census returns, as well as owing to the disgracefully imbecile manner in which the various occupations of society are classified in the government report, the logical arrangement being such as would shame a school-boy; for,

affection and gratitude than a house-fly. But as it is, this sense of sympathy has been made one of the most tender and graceful emotions of our nature, being a double blessing—blessing him that gives, as Shakspeare says, and him that receives as well; and rest assured it was for the development of this, the finest feeling of our soul, that some have been born to want and suffering, and some, on the other hand, endowed with the power to commiserate and relieve.”

on account of an insane attempt at what is styled a “subjective” classification of the people, we have the woolen and silk manufacturers there grouped under the same head as the cow-keepers and the fishmongers, the soap-boilers and tallow-chandlers, fellmongers and tanners, merely because they are all engaged upon *animal matters*; so, again, we have in the last census report the cabinet-makers and timber-merchants grouped with the green-grocer and confectioner, and the cotton and lace manufacturers lumped with the oil and colormen and brewers; the paper-makers and cork-cutters classed with the grocers and tobacconists, and all for the extremely simple reason that they are every one employed upon *vegetable matters*; even as the chimney-sweeps go with the coal-miners and the glass manufacturers, the coal-heavers with the workers in precious stones, the road-laborer with the goldsmith and silversmith, and the brickmaker with the blacksmith, solely because they are one and all employed upon *minerals*. Then we have the carpenter and joiner classed with the actor, engraver, and musician; the bricklayer and pavior with the civil engineer, under the miscellaneous head of those engaged upon art and mechanics; though the turners and block and print cutters are lumped with the bakers and the brewers under the head vegetable workers, even as the carvers and gilders and electro-platers are classified with the railway navigators under the mineral order. As well might the arrangement have been according to the four elements, viz., those with *fire*; those working upon or under the *earth*; those working with *air* or gases; and those working with or upon the *water*, as have adopted the childish plan of those working with *animal matters*, *vegetable matters*, and *minerals*. Indeed, the classification of the people given in the last census is the very fatuity of system-mongering, compared with which the crudity of an alphabetical arrangement is the height of enlightenment.

“I see, now, what it all means, uncle; and that is the reason, I suppose, why we are told that from those to whom much is given much is expected.”

“Be it then your aim, lad, to do your duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call you,” was the simple reply.

There was a slight pause, and then the uncle, reverting to the starting-point of the long discourse, asked once more the following question:

“And *now* do you know how to spend your money when you’ve got it, Ben?”

“Oh yes; I know what I shall do with mine,” cried the little fellow, jumping up from his stool and shaking his head as he paced the room with the excitement of the thought.

“What?” quietly inquired his godfather.

“Why, I shall give it all away to the poor,” was the earnest answer.

“Trash, Ben! trash! and mere boyish sentiment,” rejoined the mentor. “This is the same as the old monkish folly—the folly of ascetic bigots, who thought the world a thing to fly from, and who gave up their riches to the Church, ay! and made a legion of beggars in return. Now I tell you, lad, beware of the cant of charitable donations, and rely more on helping, comforting, and assuaging than giving. Be assured that you do no good in making a beggar of a man, and leading him to believe in the chance half-guineas got out of charity rather than in the certain weekly income to be gained by industry. Be assured that the kindest act you can do even to a born-beggar is *not* to give, but to teach him to be self-reliant by developing in him the means to earn. So I say to you, give only where it would be a mockery to offer to lend, namely, to God’s own poor—the blind, the crippled, the idiot, and the infirm. But with the honest poor, be ever suffi-

ciently respectful of their independence and their misery (for suffering should at least meet with *this* from us) to treat them as honest, independent men, and aid and assist them in their trouble and want with any advance you can; but remember *they* are not beggars, but workmen, and therefore withhold the beggar's dole. Still, in all you do, lad, ever bear in mind that giving is merely charity made easy to the rich. It costs so little to give and depart, and requires such a deal more self-denial to stay and tend, that those who believe in the all-sufficient power of money believe also in the charity of the pocket rather than the heart. But do *you* believe, lad, there is a benevolence beyond gifts—the benevolence of wishing to see the needy and the suffering grow thrifty and sober, cleanly and courteous; of wishing to see them find pleasure in the more graceful and refined enjoyments of our nature; of wishing to see them alive to the beauties of the world about them, as well as the graces and dignities of life and action; to see them well-housed, and justly dealt by, and kindly treated; and not only does true benevolence wish to see all this compassed, but it strives its best to promote the end. This well-wishing and generous-striving are often more genuinely charitable than even liberality in giving. Nevertheless, where there is an urgent necessity for pecuniary relief, I say to you, let no base love of your money stand between you and your duty; for if you have been lucky enough to escape the common lot of want and pain, you should at least be grateful enough for the favor that has been shown to you to share a *little* of the bounty with those whom God has left unprovided for, and left them unprovided for, too, solely that you and they might know the sweet friendship of befriendingment.”

“But, uncle, why *shouldn't* I give all my money away to the poor if I please?” asked the lad, who didn't half like the rebuff he had met with.

“Why, boy, because there is a scale of heinousness in crime that tells us there is a scale of duty in virtue also,” Uncle Benjamin made answer. “Parricide is felt to be the greatest atrocity of which human nature can be guilty, and we know that it is so simply because we know and feel that it violates the highest of all social ties—the tie between child and parent. Hence the first duties we have to fulfill are the home ones, Ben; and *when* you have done *all* that love could wish or want for those of your household, why then pass on to your friends, and do all the duty of your love to them; and after that, widen the circle of your loving-kindness, and do what is due to those that want and suffer in your own neighborhood; and when this is done, if your heart have any surplus love left, why then extend your charity to your whole country; but beware, lad, beware—”

The boy waited eagerly for the conclusion of the sentence, but Uncle Benjamin remained silent, and merely shook his head and smiled at the little fellow.

After a while the old man beckoned to the lad, and said, as he drew his godson to him, “Give me your ear, Ben. Beware of the cant of loving the whole world,” he whispered. “Depend upon it, there is quite enough to do if you do only half what you ought to your relatives, friends, and neighbors. Stick to the neighbor, lad! stick to the neighbor!”

“Love your neighbor as yourself,” murmured the little fellow.

“Ay, boy; and, depend upon it, you'll find you have made a second self, and a better self, outside yourself in so doing, for true gratitude is more

than equitable ; it gives back and adds an interest that never can be got by law. Remember the wisest man tells us

“ ‘The quality of mercy is not strain’d,’ ”

added the godfather, as he laid his hand on his godchild’s head :

“ ‘It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless’d ;
- It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.’ ”

And this, Ben, is the burden of our song.”

The little fellow flung himself upon his knees on the hassock at the old man’s feet, and burying his face in his lap, took up the words, and cried aloud in thankfulness for the creed, “ ‘It is twice blessed. It blesseth *him* that gives and *him* that takes.’ ”

Presently Uncle Ben added, “ And now the lesson of life is ended, and this the moral of all our teaching : labor thriftily at your business, boy, have graceful amusements, and do your duty.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE START IN LIFE.

A WEEK elapsed, and Uncle Ben was sitting up late in his own room transcribing into his volumes of manuscript sermons the short-hand notes of the last important discourse he had heard, when suddenly his little godson bounced into the room shouting,

“ Oh, uncle, I’ve chosen a trade at last. What do you think it is? Now just you guess.”

The old man shook his head as much as to say the task was hopeless.

“ Father’s been so kind, you can’t tell,” the boy

rattled on, for he was too elated with his new prospects to be other than loquacious. "He's taken me round to see all the different kinds of businesses in the town, and I went with him a little way into the country too, so that I might be in a position, as he said, to choose fairly for myself.* Wasn't it good of him? And he told me, do you know, that he was quite pleased to find I had got such altered views of life, though he said he didn't care much about your—what ever were the words he used?—oh yes, your 'hoity-toity notions' about the pleasures of poetry, and so on, you know. Still he was delighted when he found that I saw the errors of pride and vanity, and that I could understand how necessary it was to be trustful in the world, and so on, uncle."

The old man merely smiled in his turn at his brother's hard, utilitarian theory of human enjoyment; but the pair of them had too often discussed the question for Uncle Ben to be at all astonished at the "hoity-toitiness" that was ascribed to him.

"Well, and what did you see, my little man?" asked the godfather, as he drew young Ben to his side, and curled his arm about the boy's waist.

"Oh, I saw ever such a lot of things, uncle—such a lot that I hardly know what I have seen, I declare," was the simple answer. "I never thought there was so much work going on in the world before. Let me see, now, how did father begin? Oh, first he told me, as we went along, that the simplest form of labor is that of collecting the wealth that Nature produces of her own accord, and this, he said, includes the work of the fisherman, the fowler, and the wild hunter, as well as that of the sea-weed and manure collectors, the woodmen, and the wild-flower gatherers, together

* A fact.

with the pickers-up of shells and minerals along the sea-shore."

"I know, Ben," nodded the uncle; "all which Master Josh got from me, for it was only the other night I was telling him about it, after you had gone to bed. Well, and after that, I suppose he told you, come the *extractive* processes of wealth-getting?"

"Certainly; but first father said," added the youth, "that it would be needless for me to go and see any of the work of collection, because such labor would be wholly unsuited to me. And it was the same with the extraction of wealth from the earth, he told me, for this includes the different forms of mining and quarrying; though, if I liked, I might see a stone-quarry, for father said he knew many a fine fellow engaged at that business."

"Go on, Ben," still nodded the old man; "and then followed all the different kinds of labor engaged in *production*?"

"Yes, uncle," answered the youth, "such as farming, grazing, and cattle-breeding; flower-gardening, as well as the growing of fruits and vegetables. But I told him I thought I shouldn't like to belong to any of those businesses, for I didn't know why it was, but I felt as if I had no taste for them. But father said that for his part he preferred a country life to a town one, and he thought the people in the country more honest and better natured than those that lived in the cities."

"Yes, exactly what I observed," tittered the old one; "and next, of course, he said there came the different trades that are engaged in working up the materials of wealth that the others are employed in collecting, extracting, or producing from the soil?"

“So he did,” young Benjamin exclaimed; “and these he explained to me might be arranged into three classes, according as they—as they—”

“Why, according,” the godfather prompted the lad, “as they are engaged in working up the raw materials into *fabrics* or *stuffs*, and these *fabrics* or *stuffs* again into *articles* or *commodities*; or else according as they ere employed in *improving* them, that is to say, in strengthening, finishing, or beautifying the fabrics or articles manufactured by the others.”

“Yes, that’s it, uncle, that’s it,” went on the lad; “fabric-makers, commodity-makers, and improvers—they were the three great forms of handicraft, father said, in all civilized countries. And besides these, uncle, he told me there are the *helpers*, or those whose business it is either to *design* the work, or to *make every thing ready* for it, or else to *assist* the men while doing the work itself, such as architects, pattern designers, draughtsmen—”

“And civil engineers too, all of whom make it a business to plan the work that has to be done,” Uncle Ben proceeded, as he found the little fellow at a loss to recall the difficult details, “for these are the great designers of the world’s handicraft; while the excavators, road-makers and menders, as well as the riggers and stowers of ships, are the fitters and preparers for other forms of labor, even as the hodmen, the wheel-drivers, the layers-on, the feeders, and stokers, and, indeed, all those lower grades of manual laborers (whose duty it is to act as the fetchers, and carriers, and attendants of the skilled workmen), are merely the assistants of the others.”

“Then father told me, too, uncle,” the boy went on again in his turn, “that after the goods are manufactured by means of all these different kinds of work—”

“And aids to work,” suggested the other—

“There is an immense number of people engaged in what he termed *distributing* them into the different markets, all over the world sometimes,” added the boy, “and for this purpose, he said, there is the great machinery of the *carrying trades*.”

“Including the merchant-seamen,” broke in the uncle, “bargemen, boatmen, and canal-men; the coachmen, guards, and wagoners; the carriers, carters, and trammen (there were no railways then); the truckmen, porters, messengers, and postmen; the dock-laborers, warehousemen, and storekeepers, as well as the packers and the like.”

“And an equally large number engaged in commerce also,” resumed the lad.

“Such as ship-owners and merchants,” explained Uncle Ben; “brokers, factors, agents, and their clerks; wholesale dealers and travelers; retail dealers and shopmen; auctioneers, town travelers, and commission agents; tally-men, hucksters, hawkers, peddlers, and packmen, besides the attendants at fairs and markets.”

“Oh, isn’t it wonderful,” burst out the little fellow, “that there should be so many different kinds of business in the world! Why, it would have taken us years to have seen all of them.”

“Ah! but we have got only half through the list yet, lad,” urged the persistent old man.

“Yes, I know; for father told me,” proceeded the godson, “that over and above these there are the *capitalists*, the *employers*, and *superintendents*, who, though they do none of the work themselves, are always engaged either in aiding and providing it for others, or else in watching and testing the work done; and these, father said, might be called the *foster-workers* of society.”

“Of course!” cried Uncle Ben, “the very word

I gave him, and a good term it is too, I flatter myself; for, though the man of money is not directly one of labor's own children, he is certainly her foster-child, at once maintained by her, and maintaining her, as he himself advances in life. And under this class, lad, we have what are called 'sleeping partners,' as well as the whole legion of bankers and their clerks, of bill-discounters, bill-brokers, and scriveners, mortgagees, and pawn-brokers, and, indeed, all those whose vocation it is to lend, advance, or procure capital or money for such as stand in need of it; while, on the other hand, there is the large class of work superintendents, as supervisors, overlookers, foremen, pay-clerks, inspectors, examiners, viewers, and so on."

"Well, I declare, I never thought society was arranged in any thing like the way it is," observed the lad.

"Ah! but we haven't done yet, little Mister Short-sighted, I can tell you," added the old man, as he covered the boy's eyes with his hands to show him how blind he was.

"But we must have done, uncle," remonstrated the lad, as he broke away from the old man; "there can't be any thing else, for that was all father went over to me."

"Can't there, indeed, Mister Clever?" was the playful answer. "Well, sir, I must tell you what your father forgot: that there is still a large class that live, not by making or producing any thing, nor yet by helping or encouraging others to do so, but simply by *doing* something for the rest of the world."

"Well, I can't see how you can make that out, uncle," argued the boy, "for if they don't produce any thing, as you say, I don't understand how they can have any thing to sell."

“Indeed, sir!” answered the godfather, patting the boy on the cheek; “then how do you think doctors and clergymen, play-actors and servants, soldiers and watchmen, manage to live?”

“Ay,” ejaculated Master Ben, pulling a long face; “and how would you describe their work, uncle?”

“Why, I should style them *servitors*,” said the elder Benjamin, “for the vocation of every one of them consists in rendering some *service*, or doing some good office to others in the community; and as such services lie in ministering to the entertainment, the well-being, or the security of the public, I should class them either as the *entertainers*, such as actors, authors, artists, musicians, dancers, conjurors, and even servants, all of whom are engaged in rendering some temporary service to others, or else as the *advisers* and *instructors*, like the members of the learned professions, and the several teachers and professors of the different branches of learning and science; or else I should group them under the head of public *guardians*, a class which would include the ministers of state, the government officers, and the soldiers and sailors engaged in the defense of the country, as well as the legal authorities, and all their dependents, together with the several parish functionaries of the kingdom. Of these classes, the last two (the advisers and guardians) are occupied generally in rendering some *permanent* service, or in doing some lasting good office, rather than (like the entertainers) affording a mere *passing* gratification to the other members of the community. And with these, Ben, we come to an end of the several vocations that make up the complex machinery of civilized society.”

“Well, I declare,” exclaimed the little fellow, “it is a tangle—such a tangle that it seems al-

most impossible to unravel when a chap comes to think of it all."

"Ay, but a little orderly arrangement, a few mental pigeon-holes, can soon enable us to have the matter at our fingers' ends, and to take a bird's-eye view of the whole," explained the uncle. "It is this mere tidying work of philosophy, as I said before, which is the mainstay of the comprehensive faculty of the mind. Thus we see now that the different members of society are engaged either in producing something directly or indirectly, or else in serving some one temporarily or permanently; and that those who are concerned directly in production are occupied either in getting the materials, or in working them up into commodities, or else in improving the products, or helping the workers; while those who are indirectly concerned in the same business are occupied either in distributing the goods, that is to say, in carrying them to their different markets, or in selling them to the consumers, or else in fostering the work itself by providing the capital or superintending the labor; whereas those who are concerned in doing some service rather than producing any *thing* for the community, are occupied either with entertaining, or with advising and teaching, or else with protecting and guarding the public. And this, Ben, makes up the entire mechanism of civilized society."

"I see, uncle," added the boy; "it looks a great deal simpler now that we go over it all more rapidly."

"Well, Ben," asked his uncle, "and which of the wheels of this same wonderful piece of machinery are you going to work at, lad?"

"Why, I really don't know now, uncle, under which head to place the trade I've chosen," said young Ben, with an air of no little perplexity.

“Well, are you going to produce any thing, or to serve any one, Ben? that’s question number one,” interrogated the elder Benjamin.

“You see, uncle, I’m not going to produce any thing exactly, but only to add something to a thing that’s already made,” the little man replied, still boggling over the difficulty.

“Oh, then, you are going to be an improver of some product after it’s made, are you?” inquired the godfather. “Well, are you going to strengthen it, boy, to put the finishing touches to it, or to beautify it?”

“Do you know, I don’t think I’m going to do any one of the three. I’m merely going to add something to it, uncle. Now you guess what it is, sir,” said the youth, kneeling down on the hassock in front of his godfather, and shaking his forefinger with mock authority in his face.

The old man thought of the little fellow’s vow that he would be an artist; so, with a toss of his head, he answered, “Oh, I know—you’re going to be a painter—a house-painter, perhaps,” he added, with a laugh.

“No, I’m not,” answered the youth; “I’m going to be a printer—a printer of books! what do you think of that, uncle?”

“Why, I’m glad to hear you’ve chosen so sensibly, lad,” the godfather made answer, as he laid his hand approvingly on the little fellow’s head.

“And do you know why I preferred that trade above all others, uncle?” the lad asked, as he looked up affectionately in the old man’s eyes.

“Let me hear your reason, Ben,” said the other.

The little fellow stretched up his hands, and pressed the old man’s cheeks between his palms as he replied, “Why, uncle, because I remembered all the nice things you told me about the pleasures of good books, and I thought if I became a

printer it would be having a business and the best of all amusements too."

"I'm glad my counsel has guided you so well, my child," smiled out the old good counselor.

"Yes, and what's more, uncle," added the kneeling boy, "now I'm at your feet, thanking you for all your goodness to me, I'll promise you that while I do my work I'll not forget my duty."

The simple expression of the lad's gratitude was nigh unmaning the kindly-natured old boy, his uncle; so, when he had gulped down the ball that seemed to rise in his throat, the Puritan godfather said, "Get up, Ben. I like no one to go upon his knees to his fellows;" and when he had stood the lad erect before him, and made him look full in his face, he added, "and now give me your hand, like friend to friend, and promise me one thing more before we have done."

The boy gazed straight into his godfather's eyes as he answered, "I will."

"Promise me, sir," went on the other, "that in after life, when any mean or savage thought crosses your mind, you'll think of Uncle Ben, and beat down the ugly impulse before it has time to express itself in action."

The boy merely bowed his head, and answered, "I do promise you this."

And then the old man shook the youngster warmly by the hand for a moment, and at last, starting from his seat, darted hurriedly from the room, crying, "Good-night! May God bless you."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAST DAY AT HOME.

UNCLE BEN *would* have a feast to celebrate his godson's start in life. Josiah, of course, was as strong as usual against "carnal joys" and the "love of the flesh-pots," but the mother, mother-like, was soon won over to the gastronomic theory of boyish happiness (for, Puritan as was her stock, she had still all a matron's instinctive belief in the loving-kindness of plum-cakes and puddings—so long as they were not made too rich, she added); so the united forces of wife and brother were brought to bear against the half-ascetic creed of the stern old tallow-chandler, and even he (though he had all the martyr element in his veins, and could have borne the stake without wincing) wanted hardness of nature sufficient to hold out against brother Ben's kindly banter about brother Josh's own early love of pudding, and the wife's insidious coaxing and motherly appeals.

Accordingly, a day for the feast was soon fixed, and the thirteen members of the Franklin family all duly apprised and bidden to the merry-making, and in a few days afterward the dame was again engaged in thumbing patches of lard over the broad sheet of paste that was to roof in another apple and pumpkin pie almost as big as a sponging-bath. Then there was the like brisket of corned beef wabbling away, with the dough-nuts bumping against the lid, on the hob, and another turkey and pair of canvas-back ducks twirling in front of the huge kitchen fire, and making the

whole house savory with their tantalizing perfume. Deborah, too, filled another gallon measure of dried apples and peaches out of the store-closet, to be duly stewed for the supper, and on the dresser stood another bowl of curds as big as a kettle-drum, and another huge jar of honey to serve the children for dessert.

And the day was not far advanced before the boys and girls, and the grown young men and their wives and little ones, all came swarming back again to the hive. Little Esther and Martha came first this time, one bringing a bead purse, and the other a knitted worsted comforter for young Ben; and scarcely had they kissed the little fellow, and wished him every success in life, before Jabez and Nehemiah, the carpenter's and mason's boys, came tearing over the house, the former laden with the promised rabbit-hutch; and after them came Zachary, the ship-builder, with his motherless little boy as before; and John Franklin, the tallow-chandler from Rhode Island, and his young Quakeress wife with her infant in her arms; and Abiah, the sister who had married the trader in furs and beaver-skins, but who, to the great disappointment of the boys, was now away on his travels among the Indian tribes; Thomas, the eldest brother, and hereditary smith of the family, came too, and Ebenezer, the young farmer, with his intended bride by his side, as well as sister Ruth, the captain's wife, with her little brood of chicks at her heels—indeed, all were there as at the previous feast, even including James the printer, to whom little Ben was going to be bound, and Uncle Ben's own son, the cutler—all the Franklins were there excepting poor Josiah the outcast.

And the merry-making and the games were as hearty as ever; and when the supper was over, and the bowls of Dame Franklin's celebrated "lamb's-

wool" placed upon the table, Uncle Ben bade all present fill their mugs to the brim, and gave them the toast of the evening—"Health and success to young Benjamin Franklin; and may he live to be the man we wish him."

The candle-store in Hanover Street fairly shook again with the volley of brothers' cheers that followed the sentiment; and when silence was comparatively restored, the little fellow stood up, in obedience to a summons from his uncle, and made his first speech like a man—a speech that was full of faith and hope for the future, and regret for the past—a speech that made the good old mother weep tears of joy, and the father shake him warmly by the hand, and bid him "God speed;" and a speech, too, which set all the sisters hugging and kissing him, and vowing "he was their own dear Benny, that he was."

And when all was quiet in the house, and Ben, and Jabez, and Nehemiah were up in their room, playing with Master Toby, the pet Guinea-pig, as they prepared for bed, little Benjamin cried suddenly as he was taking off his shoes, "Oh! I forgot; I haven't wished Uncle Ben good-night."

So down he scampered, unshod as he was, and, with only his little knee-breeches and his shirt to cover him, burst suddenly into the old man's room.

Uncle Ben was on his knees beside his bed; and as the little fellow crept up and stooped to kiss him, he felt that the cheek of his best friend in the world was all wet with tears—

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